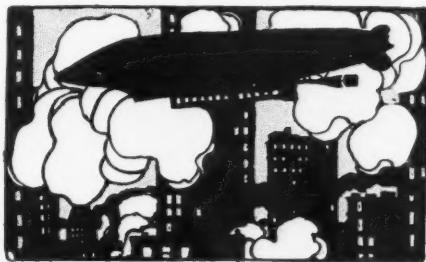


# COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Vol. XLV

NOVEMBER, 1908

No. 6



## Man's Machine-Made Millennium

By Hudson Maxim

Illustrated by William R. Leigh

**Editor's Note.**—It is a wonderful picture that Hudson Maxim has conceived in his scientific mind and thrown on the screen in this article. Daringly peering into the future, he makes one gasp as he predicts the machine-made millennium.

The discovery of a radio-motor, says Mr. Maxim, will make power so cheap that none will work save for recreation; crystallization of fertilizer out of the atmosphere will make the earth so prolific that farming will be a pastime; disinfectant solutions forced through the body will exterminate all germs, and disease will be eliminated; life insurance companies will become simply accident insurance companies, and man's life will run its allotted span; criminals will no longer be imprisoned, but will be segregated in a great reservation where they will live out their lives, the right to propagate their kind denied them, thus eventually cleansing the world of its criminal element; the mastery of the air will liberate mankind from the limitations of navigable rivers and railroad tracts; gold will be so common that it will be used for rifle bullets; diamonds as big as the Kohinoor will be made for a dollar, and the city of the future will not be a collection of buildings, but one vast arcaded building with its subdivisions carefully allotted for the needs of its inhabitants.

**C**OULD we fly out through space, and with a speed sufficiently great, we should overtake the rays of reflected light that left our earth thousands and millions of years ago; and had we infinite eyes we could, as we went, look back and behold the history of our earth unravel, see the return of man to the ape-like thing, see him and all animate forms finally converge upon the moneron plunged in the azoic sea.

What a wonder-world would the panorama be, could we similarly take wing into the future and follow man up the ascending scale until he shall have reached the zenith of physical, intellectual, and ethical life, whence he will look back upon us, his progenitors, with the same curious regard that moves us as we look down the line of our ascent upon the little lemur, parent of the ape-progenitor of man! Following down the descending scale,

we should see the cooling sun grow dim and the parching earth drink up the seas, and see man become a cave-dweller again, mining for moisture, more precious than gold.

#### FORETELLING THE FUTURE

No man is able to foretell the future except from his knowledge of the present, and what he foresees must result from present tendencies. There can be no effect without a cause, and there can be no cause which is not in itself an effect of a preceding cause. Every effect is in turn a cause for other effects exactly equal to itself. There can be no more effects in nature, therefore, than are exactly equal to producing causes.

Every atom in existence follows a course mathematically exact—a course determined for it by the combined forces exerted upon it of all the other atoms in existence and as exact as the orbit of a star. We know, therefore, that the sum of all the forces of all nature at the present moment is exactly the sum of the combined forces exerted between atoms. Hence we know that all events of history, and all phenomena, and all evolutions of organic and inorganic, animate and inanimate nature, during all time, have been exactly those that have resulted from the sum of the combined forces of all the atoms in existence acting upon one another.

There is no haphazard in nature. There is no such thing as luck or chance. Our lives are part and parcel of the great cosmic procession, and even our free will is predestined to will as it does, for we can no more will without a cause for willing than a sun can be deflected from its orbit without cause for that deflection.

Standing here upon the threshold of all that is yet to be, had we infinite knowledge of causes now operating, and of their trend, we should have infinite foresight too; but our knowledge is so small and our powers are so finite that we can at best but speculate and generalize.

#### WHAT WE CAN PREDICT

Yet there is much that we can predict with some degree of assurance. It is safe to predict that man's advancement from now on will be vastly more rapid than it has ever been before, and possibly the millennium of intellectual achievement may not be so far ahead as has been the habit of our conjecture.

The present is an age of mechanical and chemical engineering and invention, an age

of science, an age of material achievement; and it will be followed by a sociological age, an era of achievement in ethics and philosophy and the development of higher physical health—an age of intellectual and moral perfecting.

Even at the present time, from a humane point of view, we are standing miles higher than the ancients stood. In olden times there was no recognition of such a thing as inalienable human rights; and when one people were able to rob or enslave another people with profit, it was looked upon as weakness and bad business not to rob and enslave them.

When Julius Caesar fell upon the German camp, while negotiations for peace were pending, and surprised and slew two hundred and fifty thousand men, women, and children in a few hours, it was thought a very masterful stroke of Roman policy, for the Romans saw no use in those Germans.

One of the greatest blessings of modern civilization is that it widens the range of human usefulness. It would now be considered an extravagance and a waste of human life to fall upon a neighboring people and cut them down to the last person.

There is a growing recognition of the fact that this world we live in is only a larger country. Patriotism is outgrowing national boundary lines. There is a growing spirit of international brotherhood, a growing knowledge of the truth that all mankind feeds at a common board and sits by a common fireside and that selfish sea-gull ethics do not pay.

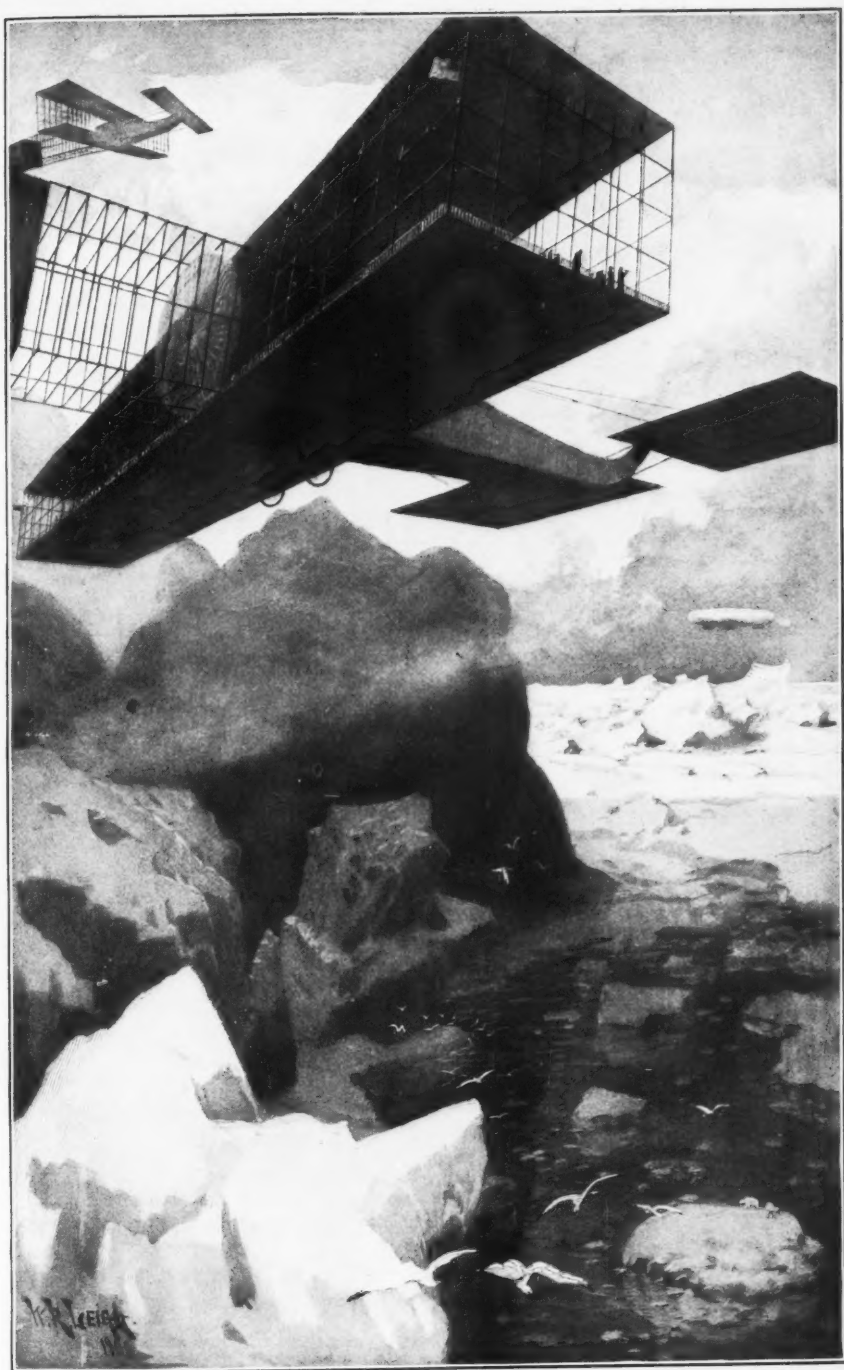
The warmth of the fire is better enjoyed when shared than when monopolized at the cost of crowding others into the cold. The half of a sweet morsel shared is better than the whole unshared. Mutuality in the enjoyment of possessions is what gives them most value.

#### MUTUALITY IN POSSESSIONS

Carnegie is but placing libraries in his larger house. J. P. Morgan, in his gifts of valuable paintings to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, is but hanging them upon the walls of the great house he shares with others. Rockefeller is expending millions to better his environment and to purchase the goodwill of the tenantry of the great house in which he and his children must live. Philanthropists expend large sums every year on the great human habitation, thereby making it more comfortable for themselves.

A great French philosopher once truly





WE SHALL SOON BE ABLE TO TOUR THE ARCTIC WASTE

said: "All law, all philosophy, all wisdom, depend upon the practice of these principles. Moderate thyself. Instruct thyself. Live for thy fellow creatures that they may live for thee." He is the best business man who abides by this teaching.

There is a no more common error of belief than the one that altruism is a mere matter of sentiment, for it has a practical business side, a side befitting cold, calculating policy. Perfect selfishness and perfect altruism lead to a common goal, where life is found to be an equation—the individual on one side, other people on the other side.

If two persons were to proceed with equal wisdom, one actuated by purely selfish motives and by policy, the other by purely altruistic motives with no idea of policy, the one would serve others by his own self-service, and the other would serve himself by his service to others. The unselfish man would find it necessary to conserve himself in the interest of others, and the selfish man would find that he must conserve others equally in the interest of himself.

If, for argument's sake, we were to assume a condition of mechanical and scientific perfection, where every want except human companionship and sympathy could be supplied by pressing a button, there is no place in the world that would not be a prison-house if these requisites to happiness were lacking.

The first step to be taken toward the coming millennium is to fit the great human procession for millennial possibilities. There can be no millennium, no way of making complete living common, until there shall have been weeded out of the great human garden the obnoxious plants that now grow rank in the hothouse of unbridled passions, fertilized by drugs and watered with alcohol.

"The wrong are weak: the right are strong:  
This mean the two terms, right and wrong.  
And truth sought out to any length  
Finds all wrong weakness; all right, strength."

Thus it is that, before we pass into any human paradise, we must go by the somber prison-house, the reformatory, and the hospital.

#### HUMANITARIAN PROGRESS

Just as we now elect what immigrants shall come into our country to reside and mingle their blood with ours, so we have the right to choose—and shall soon know enough to exercise that right—what blood we shall let continue to flow into the great human stream. The reform will come not by punishing the

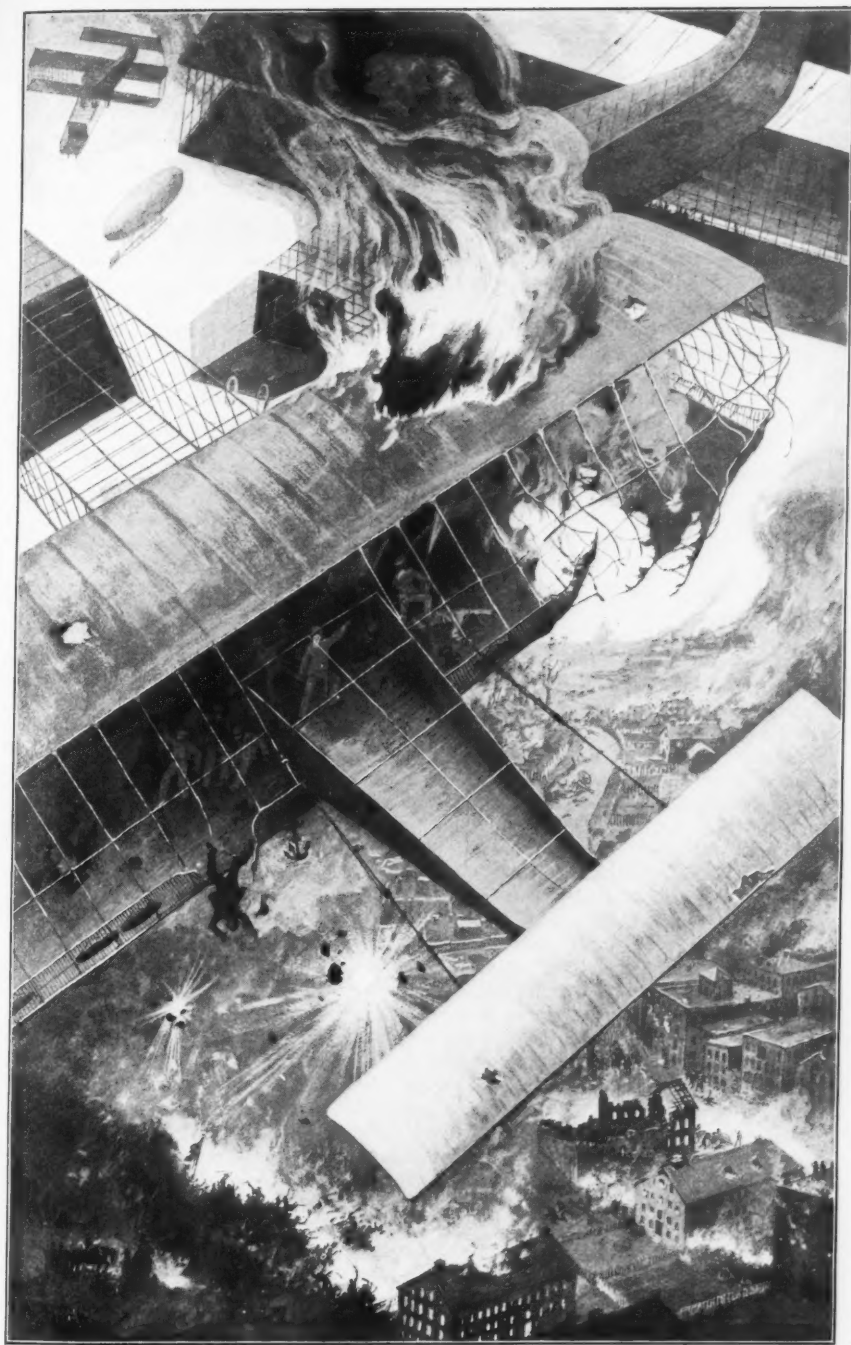
offender, but by his isolation. The criminal will then be classed with the leper, and men will no more think of punishing for theft or murder than we now think of punishing for insanity or smallpox. But the public will be protected much more efficiently than it is now. It is the ignorance of barbarism that leads us to imprison men for crimes they cannot help committing, releasing them after a stated period with the impulse toward crime unchecked. This is as unwise as it would be to imprison a leper when the first flush of his disease appeared, then to release him to mingle with the human throng and contaminate others, and again to imprison him for that contamination, releasing him again after punishment, to continue the contagion.

The remedy will be the establishment of a great institution for the reception and isolation of all human derelicts. It will be a national institution. It will not be like any prison we now know, for it will be warded by kindness. A large tract of fertile country will be set apart. It will be an enormous garden, and the tenantry of that great park will have their little farms and cottages. There will be cities with beautiful residences, schools, colleges, clubs, libraries, and art-galleries—in short, every convenience and luxury common to the civilized life of that time. There will be but one restriction—the lives of all who enter there, although lived and ended in comfort and even luxury, shall not be perpetuated in others. There will be no son and no daughter to inherit the property of the thrifty manufacturer, house-owner, or landholder, for all property will belong to the commonwealth, and on the death of a tenant the property occupied by him will revert to the commonwealth to be assigned to some new offender sent in from the outer world.

Man is a warring animal. The first sun of civilization's dawn broke through a war cloud, and what light it has since shed upon mankind has been through rifts in clouds of war. The history of nations is the history of wars; but while armies of men have met and hewn each other down, there have been enemies in the ranks of the combatants on every side far more deadly than he of the two-edged sword.

#### WAR WITH DISEASE

In every war pestilence has slain dozens to every one that has fallen in battle. There are no rifts in the clouds of war waged with the deadly germs of disease. It is a con-



AERIAL SCOUTS HOVERING OVER CAMP AND FLEET AND FIELD

stant and ever-present bloody battle. The beautiful daughter, health and happiness smiling in her face, kisses a playmate on whose lips are the bacilli of tuberculosis, and she falls a victim to the White Plague; or it is diphtheria, or scarlet fever, or typhoid, or any of the legionaries of ghost-boned pestilence.

We have no weapon with which we can attack that enemy. We must stand by, impotent spectators, while our loved ones are actually devoured by the microscopic wolves of disease. We have a few antitoxins which help a little, some new methods of treatment, and the surgeon's knife. But what we need is a tower of refuge with a veritable pool of Bethesda, where the victim of disease may enter and pass out purified and clean.

What is needed is the discovery of some electro-chemical process by which the germs of disease may be killed in the living tissues, lymph, and blood without injury to the cells of the living body. Such a desideratum is one of the reasonable probabilities of the near future, wherein the victim of any germ disease whatsoever can be made clean and whole in a day. He who shall discover or invent this thing will be the greatest benefactor of the human race that history has ever had or can ever know. For there is no room for another so great.

Chemists, electricians, and physicians should give this problem serious attention. I have the following suggestion to make, which may possibly help some:

It has been known for a long time that if a diaphragm be introduced into an electrolyte, and an electric current of sufficiently high voltage be employed, the contents of one electrode chamber will be forced through the diaphragm into the other electrode chamber until a certain difference of pressure will have been established between the solutions in the two compartments. This is called electro-osmosis, or cataphoresis. Tanners employ electro-osmosis in the tanning of hides to force a tanning solution into the skins, thereby saving much time and expense.

My suggestion is to interpose the human body as a part of the diaphragm in electro-osmosis, or cataphoresis, and thus to force remedial agents or germ-destroying chemicals into and through the human tissues, lymph, and blood. If the human body were to compose a portion of such a partition, might not a solution of chlorin, for instance, be employed in one of the compartments, and a current of electricity of such character be

used as would force the chlorin into and through the human tissues, lymph, and blood, destroying the germs of disease without such concentration as would injuriously affect the tissues and fluids of the body?

It is well known that chlorin is one of the most powerful germicides known to science, a far less concentrated solution of it being required as a germicide than of most other germ-destroying agents, such, for example, as carbolic acid and corrosive sublimate, or permanganate of potash. If the bandages of a fresh wound be immediately wet and kept wet with a weak chlorin solution rendered slightly saline with common salt, the wound will nearly always heal by first intention, and there will be no soreness. This evidences that a chlorin solution sufficiently strong to kill infectious germs may be employed without injuriously affecting the tissues of the body.

The animal organism is a complex one. It is a sort of electric generator. The blood is alkaline, while the lymph or juice of the flesh is acid, and they are separated by an impervious membrane, so that a person may have a disease of the blood without having a disease of the lymphatics, and may have a disease of the lymphatics, such as tuberculosis of the lymphatics, known as scrofula, without producing tuberculosis of the blood. Hence, in order to be sure of destroying every disease germ in lymph and blood, bone and muscle, it would be necessary to penetrate them all, and simultaneously, with a germ-destroying agent, and such would be the aim of germicidal electro-osmosis.

#### CONQUEST OF THE AIR

The conquest of the air, which we are already beginning to realize, is one of the great achievements that will make for the millennium. Whatever facilitates travel and transportation makes the remote near, the foreigner a countryman, and the alien a neighbor and a friend.

The great Fulton taught us how to defy the hurricane and to reduce the ocean to a ferry. Franklin discovered the Archimedean lever in the electric switch and turned on a power that is lifting the world. Morse made electricity our Mercury, annihilating time and space in the transmission of intelligence, and Alexander Graham Bell has brought the world's ear to our desk and makes it listen. Now, with the advent of the flying-machine, we shall soon be able to leave the earth-road

and go coursing on the unobstructed sky-way. We shall soon have our automobiles of the air, and shall then be able to tour the Siberian sky, the Arctic waste, and chase the mirage over arid Saharas as commonly as we now tour an adjacent state.

#### NEW SOURCES OF ENERGY

There is one stupendous problem which man must soon solve, for upon its solution hangs the very possibility of continued human civilization and progress. We must have a supply of heat and power inexhaustible in quantity and cheap of production. This problem solved, human ascent becomes easy.

Had we an engine which would utilize the energy latent in coal with an economy equal to that with which the sea-gull utilizes the carbon it consumes in its food, we should be able to develop ten times the energy that we now do from the fuel we consume to turn the wheels of industry and trade. But, even were we able to invent such an engine, it would not long suffice to supply our needs, for the great coal-beds could last but a few centuries. At the present rate of coal-consumption all those great stores of carbon that the sun stored up for us in the carboniferous period will be exhausted in a few generations.

Not only this, but we are also burning up our air, as Lord Kelvin has shown us. Every ton of coal consumed renders unfit for breathing twelve tons of air. So that, even if we had coal enough to last us indefinitely, we should not have enough oxygen in the air to burn it up, but should fill the air with carbonic acid gas to suffocation.

Possibly we shall invent some motor which will utilize efficiently the heat of the solar rays. It is estimated that the total amount of energy received by the earth from the sun is equal to that which would be developed by a continuous Niagara seventy-five thousand miles wide—wide enough to encircle the earth three times. But this enormous energy, great as it is, is received upon such a vast area that the great difficulty lies in its concentration. Water-power is an indirect utilization of the heat of the solar rays, but were every stream and fall harnessed to maximum duty, the energy developed would not long be sufficient for man's needs.

The discovery of radiant matter has opened a new vista to our view and possibilities so stupendous that we hardly dare, with our present knowledge, to deem them probable. We have discovered that the internal molecu-

lar energy of matter is perfectly inconceivable in amount, and if we ever succeed in harnessing it to human use we shall be able to light, heat, and run the world from the dynamo.

Every molecule of matter is made up of a vast number of small particles known as corpuscles, and these corpuscles are constantly moving about at a velocity of a hundred thousand miles a second—more than half the speed of light. This means that in one pound of ponderable substance there is sufficient energy to hurl a one-pound projectile at a velocity of a hundred thousand miles a second.

#### GLIMPSES OF THE FUTURE

Every human want has its expression in terms of heat and power, and when heat and power are made cheap enough the earth will be a playground, and every land and every sea will pulse and vibrate under the human finger and the guidance of the human brain. When that day comes all our fields can be fertilized from the air by the formation of nitro compounds directly from atmospheric nitrogen by the electric current, and agriculture will become a pastime. There will be electrically heated hothouses covering thousands of acres, and the country farm, even in the northern clime, will have its summer and its winter crops. Methods will be discovered of stimulating the growth of plants by electrical warmth and light. In gardens so tended there will be currants as large as damsons, damsons the size of apples, apples as large as melons, strawberries as large as oranges, with the texture and flavor of old Kent. In short, fruits of all kinds will be raised, with flavors to suit the most fastidious taste.

Wireless telephony will then embrace the world, and it will be as easy to hold converse with the antipodes as it is to-day for New York to speak with Brooklyn.

The lonely farmhouse will be no more, but the people will group themselves in little cities with metropolitan recreations and amusements. Every little village will have its theater, but the actors will live and play in New York, London, or Paris. The country stage will be a screen, and "Hamlet," played in London, will be transmitted by television, telephone, and telharmonium and reproduced upon the stage screen at Chautauqua. The Patti of that time will need to make no farewell tours, for every country stage will tour the world. Last night, a London play; to-night, a Parisian success; and to-morrow



evening, a howling New York farce, to be followed by three days of grand opera sent in from St. Petersburg.

On the great ocean liners passengers may at will enjoy drama, tragedy, or grand opera from New York, Paris, London, Berlin, Tokio, or Peking; and the cost of such a voyage will not be greater than the expense of a present day's outing.

Recent experiments have renewed the hope of the old alchemists that we may yet transmute the baser metals into gold. If we succeed, then gold will find new and extensive uses. Gold, slightly alloyed, would make ideal rifle balls, for it could be made to possess exactly the requisite hardness, while its density would give projectiles a tremendous carrying and penetrating power. Such a bullet would be recommended by the peace men, for who would not prefer a gold bullet to a lead one healed in his flesh?

The inventor of the first machine gun provided it with one barrel for shooting round bullets, and one barrel for shooting square bullets, the round bullets being for Christians and the square bullets for Turks. It is hard to make bullets of any description kind, but the round gold bullet would be the most merciful.

The warfare of the future will be like a chess tournament. Every move will be under the eyes of the world, for concealment and secret maneuvers will be impossible. Newspapers will have their aerial scouts hovering over camp and fleet and field, and every move of ocean craft or land squadron will be reproduced on maps in every stock-exchange and newspaper office throughout the world, and each move will be the study, plan, and conjecture of thousands of observers.

In 1896, at Faraday House, in London, I conducted some experiments with electric furnaces and succeeded in making microscopic diamonds by electro-deposition. I have since then been hoping to take up the work again. I am confident that either by the process I then discovered, or by some other, diamonds will soon be made cheaply and plentifully and large in size.

Artificial diamonds are needed much more in the arts than they are as gems. I predict that diamonds will soon be made so cheaply that they will be no more expensive than many other electro-chemical products. Diamonds as large as peas will then be sold at twenty-five cents each with a profit, and dia-

monds as large as the Kohinoor will not cost more than a dollar.

#### THE COMING CITY

The stranger visiting New York is awestruck by the sky-piercing office-buildings; but could that stranger go to sleep as Rip Van Winkle did and return after a few centuries he would find the larger part of the present city razed to earth and rebuilt, and from the old foundations would rise up monumental structures compared with which our mightiest buildings of to-day would be as a hunter's cabin of logs and boughs.

Instead of individual buildings, disunited and independent in architecture, that great city of the future will be as one enormous edifice. The present streets upon the surface of the ground will become the basement, and the business thoroughfares will be upon an enormous platform a story high; and stupendous banks of streets, arcades and corridors, parks and playgrounds will rise one above another, tier on tier, to eye-tiring heights, supported by vast columns several blocks in diameter at the base, traversed by great streets and thoroughfares and rising to a height of two thousand feet or more. Each tower will be so built as amply to house several hundred thousand persons, and there will be homes in sky-hung parks and gardens up in the clear, cool, pure air, and from their commercial work down near the earth business men will take express elevators to their homes in a veritable "airy, fairy dream-land of nightingales," where the clouds hover and smile in the evening sun long after the ink of night has engulfed the lower floors.

Viewed from a distance, the great city will have the aspect of a frail structure of webs and ribbons of steel through which the sun and air will find a freer access to the earth than they now find between the present city walls.

At night, when the millions of lights emblazon the sky and throw their united fire far into the outer dark, the city will resemble an enormous torch about which fast-fleeting flying-machines will flit and plunge like giant moths about a giant flame.

The night sky of the suburban dweller of that millennial time will be made meteoric with luminescent cloud-racing craft whose radiance will dim the stars and shame the envious moon.



MOVING A BARN FROM TEXICO INTO FARWELL

## Stealing a Border Town

THE SIGNIFICANT STORY OF TWO SOUTHWESTERN TOWNS.  
SHOWING HOW THE INFLUENCES FOR DECENCY AND  
ORDER HAVE COME TO PREVAIL IN THAT GREAT REGION

By Eleanor Gates



HE purloining of a red-hot stove has long stood as the classic example of a monumentally brazen theft. Was not the East the scene of that particular bit of ingenious "lifting"? But now, as a sample of daring larceny that can compete with the stove episode, mark the spectacle that the West can offer—the West, which has its own way of doing the unusual on a gigantic scale. Down where an invisible line upon the level prairie divides the Panhandle of Texas from the territory of New Mexico, in broad daylight, and before the astonished eyes of all men, with a gradualness that has made the agony long drawn out, there has been a barefaced, and far from unsuccessful, attempt to get away with a whole town.

It was another town that did it, an eighteen-months-old baby municipality of the boom variety. The town it preyed upon was itself

an infant, since it was formed only five years ago. And the unique contest is still being waged daily. On the one side, lusty and strong, is Farwell, Texas; on the other, in New Mexico, defiant, but dwindling, is Texico.

Five years ago, where runs that invisible line, the prairie lay virgin and unoccupied save for a single track of the Santa Fé system and the roaming herds of the great "X I T" outfit. Then, one day, those flat miles, all old-rose where the sun shone upon the low broom-grass, showed a brown dot. This dot did not trespass upon the Texas side of the line, for those acres were private property. It appeared upon New Mexican soil. It was the lone, pine, shanty-roofed shack of a squatter.

That shack did not stand alone for long. It became noised about that the new Belen cut-off would start from this point. At once many other buildings sprang up about the habitation of the squatter. The majority of

## Stealing a Border Town

them had square, flat fronts and dignified hip-roofs, and they ranged themselves, for the most part, in two lines; between them, a wide, muddy street. What buildings were not in this street clustered behind the double line. Some of these were neat frame dwellings; some were only shacks, like that original one; and a very few were dugouts. But all—main-street buildings and flanking houses—were thoroughly far-Western in appearance. They were even more. For among them were some characteristic border-town institutions. And this whole aggregation was Texico.

As fast as the town went up men and women crowded in to fill it. The Belen cutoff became an actuality. Workmen were brought south from Kansas City, and north from Dallas and Fort Worth. At the heels of the workmen came that ubiquitous parasite, the saloon-man, and his inevitably attending crew. Next flocked the home-seekers. Soon the single wide, muddy street took on an air of permanence and prosperity. Standing on the railroad track, which was laid at right angles to it, and looking westward along the thoroughfare, a visitor could read the left-hand signs thus: gambling-hell, restaurant, saloon, gambling-hell, billiard-parlor, jewelry-shop, livery-stable, saloon; and on the right-hand side: livery-stable, ice-cream parlor, gambling-hell, saloon, café, bank, pool-hall, gambling-hell, saloon. The far end of the street opened out upon shimmering stretches of grassy table-land whose limit was the distant edge of the sky. From its near end, an early riser could look back across other stretches and see the very first tiny crescent displayed by the rising sun.

Before very long the fame of little, new Texico grew, and tales of her gaiety spread—even as far as Chicago! People said, almost under their breath, that there was a real border town down in New Mexico, and that "good times" were back again; that the chips clicked and the dance-halls resounded and the bars were noisy, even as in the "old days." All of which drew more, and still more, people to Texico.

But there was a skeleton at her uninterrupted feast of joy. There were men who held that that first squatter's shack was *still* the shack of a squatter, and couldn't do anything else but squat; and, what was even more deplorable, that each and every blessed building in Texico was squatting, without a

solitary right to the land upon which it sat. When one inquired why to these startling contentions, the answer invariably was, "the unsurveyed strip."

The stories they tell of that "unsurveyed strip" vary with each teller. In the main, however, the stories agree that it was all the fault of the government surveyors. It is claimed that when a party of these gentlemen were traveling southward, to lay out the eastern part of New Mexico, they ran short of provisions at a point which is usually designated as "some miles up the track." They found it necessary, therefore, to stop work and go aside for supplies. When they returned their second start was made, through some unexplained mistake, at a distance below where they had left off. In consequence of which, it is alleged, there was left, unsurveyed, a rectangular body of land of considerable dimensions. This is referred to as "the unsurveyed strip." (Alas, why should a town be so rashly foolish as to choose to establish itself upon a reputed no man's land!)

But wait! There are men who claim that "the unsurveyed strip" is a myth. These men hold that titles are good in Texico, and they are willing to "chance it." It ought not to be difficult to find out who is in the right. But nobody seems to have taken the trouble. Which makes it possible for the unconcerned to reflect that, after all, actions speak louder than words.

For that myth, so called, has led to some queer doings in Texico, by the light of the big, white stars. At night, houses took to spooking about from lot to lot! For instance, a man would proudly look about his own plot of ground before he went to bed, and rejoice at its generous width and length, and at the fine open space about his front door; and he might think of keeping a cow in the near future, or perhaps some hens. Then, what an awakening in the morning! Perhaps he would hear, close at hand, just outside his window, a strange yawn, or the crackling of a fire, or the frying of batter. He would spring out of bed, jerk aside his curtains—and discover that, between dark and dawn, there had sneaked into his yard through a fallen fence panel another house, which had settled itself alongside of his with an exasperating air of finality.

"Here you!" he would call out to his unwelcome visitor. "What in the Dickens do you mean by coming onto my land?"

A frowzy head would pop out of the new neighbor's window. "Your land?" would



THE BEGINNING OF TEXICO. THE LONE PINE SHACK OF A SQUATTER  
SHOWING A BROWN DOT ON THE VIRGIN PRAIRIE

come back the answer, with a sniff. "It ain't your land. You know very well that this hull town is on the unsurveyed strip, and you, nor any other man, ain't got no right to a square inch of it. I'll put my house where I dinged please."

He has, and there it stays, until he sees a more desirable spot.

The next night some more houses would go trapesing about. Perhaps Jones felt that he'd like to live near Smith, his wife's cousin. Over he'd go, residence and all, and bring up in Brown's dooryard. And what if Brown had only just neatly planted that yard to cow-peas?—it "ain't his to plant"!

There were periods when no moving went on. Calmness sat upon the spirit of the Texicans, and they declared stoutly that their land was their own. But some day, perhaps just after a new consignment of home-seekers had arrived, that calmness would be rudely interrupted. A doubting Thomas would tell what he believed to the newcomers. And, one fine night, some of these would take their temporary homes on sets of trucks and jerk them over to coveted spots. Whereupon the spooking about after sunset would begin more feverishly than ever before. During one of these "jumping" manias a half-dozen men carted their houses upon portions of the town's streets; and one impetuous gentle-

man transferred his belongings to, and took up his lodgings in—the schoolhouse! But this was going a little too far. When the town saw the irate teacher and the tearful children brought up before a barred door it invited the new occupant to "come out." And he came.

But the midnight transferring of property had gotten to be a disease to which every home-seeker was prone. And no cure developed. Doubtless, to many who have never lived in the West, the cure that would first suggest itself is the gun. But on the Pacific side of the Mississippi the gun is not used nearly so often as writers of fiction, and playwrights in particular, would have us believe. For a firearm was never flourished in Texico to shoo anybody away from anywhere. If a man had "shot up" a fellow squatter, he would only have courted unwelcome attention from the authorities, which at this day and date is an unsafe thing to do in the West. He is on that alleged "unsurveyed strip," and can only ask himself, even as he gnashes his teeth and calls the other man names, "What am I going to do about it?"

The answer is, "Nothing."

By this time Texico was a very presentable town, as boom towns go. Its bank ranked as its most important commercial institution, for all that it was low of stature, of rough boards, and furnished with a store-like



THE WIDE, MUDDY MAIN STREET OF TEXICO, CONTAINING SOME CHARACTERISTIC BORDER-TOWN INSTITUTIONS

square front. It was sandwiched in between a pool-hall and a resort that was partly oyster-house and partly fruit-stand. But its position was a misfortune, not a failing. For saloons were thick, and if it had taken to night-wandering it would not have been able to secure a reasonably prominent position unflanked by a saloon.

Doubtless the Cosy Cottage Hotel ranked next. It was two stories high (which lent it some distinction), and stood, as now, close to the railroad station. Also, it had two entrances. If a guest was to room down-stairs, he went in at the front door; if he was to sleep

on the second floor, he ascended by means of an outside stairway. Beds were twenty-five cents.

Lastly, contrasting with that merry dozen or more of saloons, dance-halls, and gambling-hells, was one well-built church.

Just across the track from Texico, so close that a child could have tossed a rubber ball upon them from the eastern end of the main street, lay the "XIT" lands of Texas. These lands, a little over five million acres in extent, were set aside by Texas in 1879 for the financing of the state Capitol at Austin. And upon a portion of them (some eight



FAR DIFFERENT WAS THE APPEARANCE OF FARWELL, WHERE EACH NEW RESIDENCE WAS COSIER THAN THE LAST



hundred acres, to be exact) there appeared, one day, a great many pretty, white stakes, all set out in straight lines.

Poor, unsuspecting, light-hearted Texico looked across. "Why, what's over there?" she inquired.

And the answer came back, from a solitary building at the center of the stakes, "This is the site of Farwell."

Texico had a sense of humor—then. And she haw-hawed; in fact, she just "hollered."

licking, border-town sister was fond of saying mournfully that the poor, weak, little thing was bound to "go under." After which Texico forgot everything but her games, her luring dance-halls, and the delight in her cups. And so, gaming and dancing and drinking, she failed to watch what was going on.

Farwell had cash behind her—seemingly unlimited amounts of it. So she promptly began the erection of numerous buildings. Up went a fine brick block close to the railroad



POST ON THE STATE LINE; TEXICO ON THE LEFT, FARWELL ON THE RIGHT

But, pshaw! she wouldn't be small. She was growing, and could afford to be kind and patronizing. So good-naturedly, but not without raillery, she welcomed the new town, and called it her "twin."

Fateful appellation! For has it not been observed of twins that if one is lusty the other is apt to be puny and weak? Of course Texico had an overwhelming advantage, but—who could tell?

During those early days of Farwell her rol-

track. Up went a second beside the first. Up went residence after residence, each more modern than its predecessor. Up went stables, a bank, two churches (parsonages attached!), stores of different kinds, blacksmith shops, a steam laundry, a drug-store, a building for an undertaking establishment, a photographer's studio—equipped to the last skylight—a lumber-yard, and a large ice, light, and cold-storage plant. And they were all empty!

## Stealing a Border Town

Before long there were enough empty structures in Farwell to warrant its being called a town. And when citizens of Texico inquired, sometimes facetiously, who were going to occupy them, the younger of the twins replied with an invitation. "Come over on *this* side of the track," said she.

At this point, and for the first time, there were people who saw through the whole scheme, and they were forced to admit that only a "long" head could have devised it. *Texico's reputed lack of land titles had rendered her stealable!*

It was now that the process of undermining began. There were people in Texico who had grown so practised in the art of moving that it would have required no effort for them to go a couple of blocks; and the substantial portion of the border town would not have mourned at losing them. But when the exodus started, these were not the people who accepted the invitation. Alas, no! The first man to leave Texico was the proprietor of one of its biggest stores!

And why not? The little ramshackle, wooden affair on disputed land had been exchanged for a fine brick building with splendid counters and ample shelves, a generous floor-space, and plate-glass windows for displays. But this man was not content with a mere move. He established a fine millinery department under his new roof, *with a trimmer that came all the way from Chicago!*

Mark how invidiously the infant Farwell was beginning to fatten upon the strength of its twin!

After this the exodus took on added celerity. "Over here," ran Farwell's greeting, "are no saloons, no pool-rooms, no gambling-hells, no questionable characters. And to this land a genuine warranty deed can be given."

Men, women, and children hastened across to accept her substantial hospitality, and Texico began "to smile on the other side of its face," and talk about "sheep." Which made no appreciable difference. Even to firms that had not spooked, the idea of a change of base was not difficult to grasp. A Texico livery-stable keeper went over to Farwell and turned groceryman, then liveryman again. Next, the newer town swallowed up a druggist, a hardware dealer, and a drayman.

The new bank—a fine affair of gray concrete, plate glass, shiny wood, and electrical fixtures—now secured a banker; and two large brick structures north of the station be-

came wholesale houses. Then a wall-paper and paint-store came into being. Texico gasped at the magical summoning of all these Chicago-like advantages. And as Texico marveled, the town-site manager of Farwell presented to its amazed attention two *new* propositions. The first consisted of plans for a thirty-thousand-dollar hotel, to be Mission in style and electric-lighted throughout. (Woe to the Cosy Cottage!) Then he had a great Court House Square laid out close to the proposed hotel. About it were put growing trees and a fine, painted fence. Outside the fence, white hitching-posts were placed—enough for all the farmers' teams in three counties!

Some very noticeable inroads had been made, by now, in Texico. But she still had her dance-halls, her saloons, her pool-rooms, and her gambling-hells, so she was, even if dwindling, certainly not dull.

At the head and front of the gambling interests was a man who owned half the saloons in the place. But, influential as he was, he could not stem the exodus from Texico, or furnish the town with fresh residents. A new, strong force was militating against the place. It was Public Opinion. As far away as Clarendon, Texas, one could see the workings of it. A traveling man who was passing through that Panhandle town announced rather ostentatiously that he never spent the night in Texico. Farwell for him.

Now, I was started for Texico. But that righteous declaration set me thinking, and as I approached the twin cities I felt that I should seek shelter in Farwell. I did. The thirty-thousand-dollar hotel was not completed. I spent my first night, therefore, in a two-story affair the rooms of which were walled off with single boards placed upon end and hidden by fantastic wall-paper. The acoustic properties of this retreat were incomparable, and I felt constrained to admit that if the Texico hotels were any noisier I was indeed fortunate in having escaped them. For nobody but a "worker in a boiler-factory could have slept longer than three hours in Number Eleven. Every word, every movement, every snore, reverberated throughout that second story. And at five o'clock a bell began ringing wildly. I thought the hotel was on fire, and arose with alacrity. It was a mistake. From below, chaotic noises ascended—dishes and pots rattled, heavy steps resounded up and down, the stairs creaked, voices chortled,



THE NATIONAL BANK OF FARWELL IS SURROUNDED BY EVIDENCES OF COMMERCIAL PROSPERITY

and the new frame structure trembled as if it had the ague.

At sunup, after making my toilet in half a lard-pail of warm water (which I had expressly stipulated the evening previous), I asked for my bill.

"Going outen town to-day?" inquired the landlady.

I hardly knew—maybe, perhaps.

"Well, if you don't, you're coming back to-night." This was taken for granted.

Now, getting recklessly brave, "No, I reckon I'll sleep in Texico," I said.

At once a cold eye pinned me; then the proprietress raised her brows, her face eloquent with suspicion, if not disgust. It was as plain as the smut on her pale cheek that she had sudden misgivings about having entertained me. *Sleep in Texico!*

Her attitude made its impression, and as I went about that day I found myself shying again at the thought of sleeping in Texico.



TEXICO'S NATIONAL BANK IS NEXT DOOR TO A POOL-HALL



THE GAMBLING-DENS OF TEXICO WERE AS DREARY AND UNTEMPTING AS HER SALOONS

So, as night came on, I weakened and, after all, stopped on the conservative side of the invisible line.

But not all the cold stares and elevated brows in the Panhandle could have kept me from eating across the tracks. For there in Texico, in a rattletrap, disreputable-looking shack, was Harry's Café—of blessed memory! Though far from Kansas City, yet, ah! how, after many boom-town hotels and much boom-town grub, *how* good were "Harry's" juicy steaks, lamb-chops, fresh oysters, and eggs in any style—all flanked by "hot biscuit" and canary bath-tubs of fried potatoes. It was almost as if one had happened upon a Harvey "layout"!

But home-seekers do not select a town for its restaurants, and none of these people could reach the twin cities without hearing about that "unsurveyed strip" and Texico's badness. Naturally, they wished to settle upon land to which they could get a title. And they were of a kind that shied—just a little—at *too* much gaiety in a town.

The moment Texico realized that she was getting a harmful reputation with the home-

seekers, that this, as well as the "strip" story, was eating into her vitals, reform began to work. Its long, active arm raked an undesirable element (that was not strong enough to defend itself) away from the main street and into the distant Y formed by the railroad tracks. Then it jerked the dance-halls up by the roots.

Farwell only smiled, and its town-site manager, a young giant named Avery who is held to be a wizard in land deals, calmly set engineers to work on a water and sewerage system.

Those two masterful strokes dealt by reform did not seem to help Texico noticeably. So reform, discouraged, took a recess. The saloons were thrifty, which lent the town a note of false prosperity; for the very men who wanted their families to live in Farwell would cross the tracks to patronize a bar. Injustice, that, since they were adding to the life of Texico's worst institutions while they scorned her as a residence-place. They were enjoying themselves within her confines and then righteously shaking her dust from their boots.

After hearing of Texico's badness, how-

ever, the actual sight of it was disappointing. Her saloons, each with its cluster of hang-dog, half-hearted men, were as dreary as those of any other small town. And her gambling-hells were as untempting as her saloons. The buildings that held them were one story in height, rough, unpainted, and unfinished inside or out, and showed their rafters overhead, beneath the inevitable corrugated-iron roofing. Each "hell" had a round, rusty, forlorn-looking stove, some deal tables, benches, a few chairs, and a bar that did not glitter. Squatted on this furniture were a few meek-looking men, who were obviously bored, but seemed to have nothing better to do. Poor things! they were all transplanted farmers' lads, trying to be "real Western," and it was plain that they did not know how. If a woman visitor came to look in upon them, some of them ducked their heads sheepishly. Others, the *very* young ones, got up and straddled about. Who would not be a bad man!

It was just after the routing of the dance-halls that a third factor entered into the Texico-Farwell contest. This factor came in the shape of a half-dozen very clever and ingenious real-estate men, who had an inspiration.

Real-estate inspirations are not uncommon these days in the Southwest, and they may happen to be of a legitimate nature, or they may not. But they are always shrewd. For example: A number of land-agents brought a

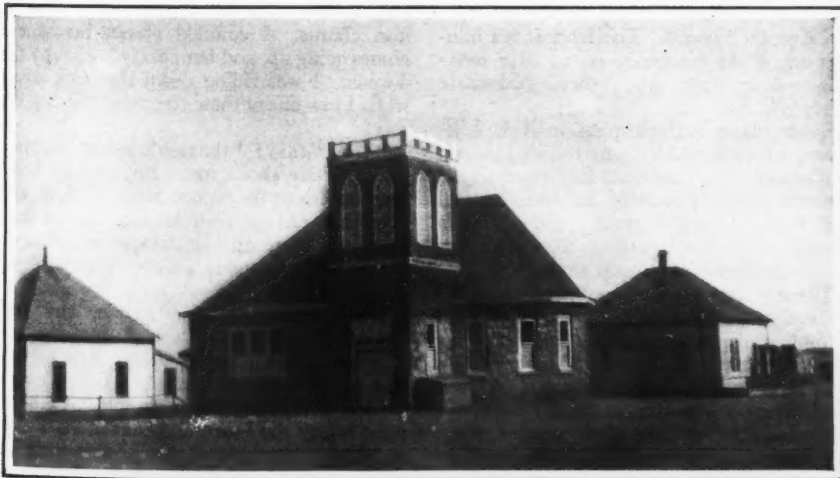
car-load of home-seekers into the twin-city section, via Amarillo. Now, at Amarillo, when the train was stopped, it was approached by several loyal townsmen who talked to the travelers through the windows. Then, growing bolder, some of the Amarillans strove to enter. But the real-estate men had forestalled anything of the kind. The townsmen found that the doors were locked!

It was these same inspired real-estate men who hatched a unique plan whereby to secure settlers for the outskirts of a thriving place. When prospective buyers alighted from a train, a line of automobiles was drawn up at the station to receive them. Naturally they were delighted. Few of them had ever ridden in a horseless wagon before, unless it was in one "drawn by mules." So they wipe their boots, take a seat, and then inquire about land. "Hope you got some," they say, "clost to town."

"Sure," answers the agent, taking the wheel. "Be there in a jiffy. It's just ten minutes out."

The buyers lean back, cross their knees complacently, and chew at a toothpick as nonchalantly as is possible under the exciting circumstances. Gee! Can't she go!

But they do not realize how fast "she" really does go. *Toot! toot!* and they are at the end of Main Street. *Toot! toot!* and they are skimming by a fine stand of Milo maize. "Now, just look at that for growth!" cries the real-estate man, turning on more power.



THE CHURCHES OF FARWELL HAD PARSONAGES ATTACHED





HOTEL DE CAMP, CLOVIS, NEW MEXICO, A BOOM TOWN WHICH THE TEXICANS HAVE BEEN INVITED TO OCCUPY

*Toot! toot!* The car turns, scoots north for another five minutes, and, "Here's the property, gents!"

The home-seekers are pleased with their ride, with their release from a stuffy car, and with the agent (for has he not told them the truth about the distance?—it is only ten minutes out). They look about, smoking the agent's two-bit cigars. They see the land through the tender haze of their cigar smoke. They nod approval. They buy on the spot. Then, *toot! toot!* and they are back in town.

Later on, driving a slow team over that same road, hauling lumber, or food and furniture, they come to a full appreciation of Mr. Agent's "joke." The land is ten minutes out, *if the automobile is run at a forty-mile-an-hour rate*. Ah, "them real-estate fellers is slick!"

But to return to the inspiration of the half-dozen, which inspiration, by the way, was a legitimate one. These men had observed the strained relations existing between Farwell and Texico. So they said, "Let us boom another town close by, where titles are clear, and invite Texicans to come there."

These gentlemen went southwest along the railroad to a station called Clovis, and set out a whole grove of white stakes upon the gray mesquit-grass; which grove bore instant fruit in the shape of attractive and comfortable houses. The rent of these houses was inconsiderable, so was their market price, and very soon they were all occupied. Then Clovis caught the boom-fever. Brick stores

began going up. Streets were laid out. Trees were planted. And, to add to the bright outlook, the Santa Fé system began the erection of some giant roundhouses and shops.

Clovis is eight miles away from the twins, across fields of alfalfa and Milo maize. From a rise of ground her new roofs may be seen shining in the sun. At Farwell, it is the Texas sun; but across that line, in Texico and Clovis, it is the New Mexican sun that is shining, and over there (if one may believe the Farwell wags) it is quite "some hotter."

Arriving at Clovis, I found building progressing at a great rate. From the flat town-site hammers were sending up an ear-splitting iron chorus. I counted eleven permanent homes going up, and temporary houses by the dozens. I was riding down the main street when I saw one of these structures coming my way!

"Well," said I, "the residences of this town are cavorting about, too. But they are bold! Over in Texico they spook about at night, but here they change their location in the daytime. Is there an 'unsurveyed strip' here, too, or are all the houses in the country getting the habit?"

The explanation was simple, and had nothing to do with land titles. It seems that whenever a man wanted a temporary habitation he did not fare forth and secure a carpenter, and guide him to the plot of ground upon which the board-and-canvas shack was to stand. No, indeed! Carpenters were far too scarce to be led about in such a time-

wasting way. The man, the lumber, and the canvas sought the carpenter. That gentleman constructed a pair of rude runners out of two heavy scantlings. Upon these he built the house. Then up came two mule teams, hitched to wagons, and the wagons were fastened to the runners of the house. Whereupon the house started for its particular lot, and the carpenter began on another.

After seeing that one little habitation go trundling merrily along the street I wouldn't have been surprised to come upon some enterprising Westerner who was peddling houses: "Here's a fine new shack! Only forty dollars! Stove-pipe hole all ready for the pipe!" and crying it up and down the prairie streets. (Later on, returning to the twin cities, I met a barn!)

Some of the temporary houses employ building-paper instead of canvas for a covering, which makes them a dead black. Across one of these shacks—a funereal affair not more than eight by twelve—ran this inviting sign: "Beds by the day or week; 25c. per day; \$1.50 per week."

Another of these boom-town hotels was more pretentious, and rejoiced in the name Hotel de Camp. It was fully fifty feet long, and contained five bedrooms, divided off by upright boards. These boards were not set close together; and, dressing of a morning, a guest felt easier when the blanket of his bed had been pinned across one wall and the gay-flowered quilt across the other. In rainy weather, of course, a visitor can have running water in his room. But, ordinarily, morning ablutions are performed in public. In the "front room," where numerous hats and coats decorate a line of nails, stands a bench with a tin basin, a water-pail, a dipper, and a cake of laundry soap. "Step right up, ladies and gents," says the genial manager, "and wash yourselves."

It developed that the boom at Clovis did not frighten Farwell. In fact, the huskier of the twin cities was inclined to sniff at any mention of the new rival. But what was Texico's situation? Clovis and Farwell each had an arm of that weaker of the twins, and were ready to jerk her limb from limb.

"But, look here!" she cried. "Don't be too hasty. I'm strong yet. I still have my gambling."

Alas! that, too, was soon to be denied her, for, "After January first," ran the word throughout the places where the chips rattled and the wheels spun, "*no gambling*."

Contrast what was happening in Farwell. The new Mission hotel was taking on its roof; the post-office was an established fact; a new station (to be built a hundred feet from the Texico station) was assured; and no longer could the facetiously inclined poke fun at that big, empty, post-rimmed square, for Farwell had received 130 votes out of the 229 cast in the county, and the court-house was a certainty.

This, then, is how the whole thing was accomplished, and in an incredibly short space of time. But the future holds out a happy solution of the matter. If one rides aside to that hillock from which Clovis can be glimpsed, and looks back upon Texico and Farwell, it is seen that distance does a pretty thing: it appears to bring the two together. Above them rise three spires; out of their scores of chimneys the smoke ascends; circling them, and never separating them, are the green fields and the old-rose prairie on fire with sunlight. Is it not likely, then, that whenever Texico can boldly announce that she is titled and sound—is it not likely, despite the invisible line, that time will do what distance only seems to do, bring about peace between the wrangling "twins," and—unite them?





G. PATRICK NELSON

"ALL AT ONCE SHE CAME ACROSS A LITTLE SILK SHIRT"

(*"The Marriage Problem in Goshen"*)



# The Marriage Problem In Toshen

By Eliza Calvert Hall

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson



UNT JANE folded the country newspaper that she had been reading and laid it on the family Bible at her elbow. Her face was grave, and she sighed as she took up her knitting.

"I sometimes think, honey," she said, in answer to my look of inquiry, "that if I want to keep my faith in God and man I'll have to quit readin' the newspapers. I try to believe that everything's goin' on all right with the world and that whatever happens is for the best, but I can't open a paper without readin' about some husband and wife that's parted from each other, and that looks like there's somethin' mighty wrong with this day and time. Me and Uncle Billy Bascom was talkin' about it last week, and Uncle Billy says, 'If folks'd only forsake their sins as easy as they forsake their husbands and their wives nowadays, this'd be a sanctified world.'"

"No, child, the partin' of husbands and wives is one new-fangled way I can't git used to. Why, as far back as I can recollect there never was but one woman in the Goshen neighborhood that left her husband, and that was Emmeline Amos, that married Henry Sanford. Emmeline was a first

cousin to Sam Amos. Sam's father was Jeremiah Amos, and Emmeline's father was Middleton Amos. Emmeline was a pretty little thing, and sweet-tempered and smart about work, but her mother used to say that Emmeline had a mind like a piece o' changeable silk. She'd want a thing, and she wouldn't rest till she got it, and the minute she got it she'd fall out with it and want somethin' else. If she went to town and bought a blue dress, before she got to the toll-gate she'd want to turn back and buy a pink one, and about the only thing she was constant in wantin' was Henry.

"They'd been sweethearts more or less all their lives, and it was a settled thing that they expected to be married as soon as Henry got his farm paid for. But before the day was set the war broke out, and Henry enlisted. It went mighty hard with him to leave Emmeline, but a man that stayed out o' the army for the sake of a gyrl didn't stand much chance with the gyrl or anybody else them days. Him and Emmeline wanted to be married before he went, but the old folks said no. Emmeline's mother says, 'This'll give Emmeline a chance to know her own mind and change it—if she's goin' to change it—before it's too late. If Henry comes back, well and good;

## The Marriage Problem in Goshen

and if he don't come back it'll be all the better for Emmeline that she didn't marry him, for,' says she, 'a young gyrl's chances o' gittin' married are better than a widder's.'

"So Henry went, and Emmeline stayed and waited for him good and faithful. Towards the end of the war—I don't ricollect what battle it was—Henry got shot in the shoulder, and after stayin' some time in the hospittle he managed to come back home more dead than alive, and it was many a week before he was strong enough to be married. As soon as he was able to be up and walk around a little he begun to talk about marryin', and they said old lady Sanford took a lookin'-glass down from the wall and held it up before him and says she: 'Son, look at yourself. Do you think you can make a bridegroom out of a skeleton?' Says she, 'There's jest two people in the world that wouldn't run from you if they saw you now, and one of 'em's your old mother and the other's the undertaker.' Says she, 'Wait till you look like a human bein', and then it'll be time to set the weddin' day and bake the weddin' cake.'

"Well, finally along in the fall they got married and settled down to housekeepin' as happy as you please. Emmeline was a mighty neat orderly sort of a gyrl, and she went to work puttin' things to rights and makin' the house look homelike, and one mornin' she concluded she'd straighten out Henry's trunk. I've heard her tell about it many a time. She said Henry had his outside clothes all mixed up and his neckties and his socks scattered around all through the trunk, and she was foldin' things and stackin' 'em up together and singin' 'Flow Gently, Sweet Afton,' and all at once she come across a little silk shirt. She said for a minute or so she couldn't take it in, and when she did she dropped the shirt like it had been a rattlesnake, and she got so weak and faint she had to sit down on the side o' the bed. She said she didn't know how long she set there lookin' at the shirt and thinkin' terrible things about Henry and makin' up her mind what she'd say and do when Henry come in from the field. She said she knew she ought to be cookin' dinner, and she went down in the kitchen and tried to, but to save her life she couldn't, her hands trembled so, and she couldn't keep her mind on what she was tryin' to do. So she went back up-stairs and set down by the trunk and waited. And when Henry come in and

didn't see her in the kitchen and no signs of dinner anywhere, he come runnin' up-stairs to find her and started to put his arms around her and kiss her, but she pushed him off with both hands. And says he, 'Why, Emmeline, what on earth's the matter?' And she said she tried to answer him, but her voice wouldn't come, and she jest p'inted to the shirt lyin' on the floor.

"At first Henry didn't understand; but he looked at the shirt and he looked at her face, and then he burst out laughin', and says he, 'Well, that does look pretty bad, sure enough; but I know you've got too much confidence in me to let a little thing like that worry you'; and he tried to take hold of her hand, but she jerked it away, and by that time she was so mad at him for laughin' at her that she didn't find any trouble about talkin', and the madder she got and the more she talked the harder Henry laughed, and says he: 'Oh! come now, Emmeline. You mustn't be so hard on a man. I never loved that woman like I love you. I never was married to her, and I never wanted to marry her. Ain't that enough to satisfy you?'

"Emmeline said she didn't know she could feel so wicked; but when Henry said that she felt as if she wanted to kill somebody—she didn't know whether it was Henry or the other woman—and she jumped up and run out o' the room, slammin' the door behind her as hard as she could, and locked herself in the spare bedroom. She said Henry went down-stairs, and she could hear him goin' around in the kitchen and pantry lookin' for cold meat and bread, and she looked out o' the window and watched till she saw him go back to the field. And the minute he was out o' sight she packed her trunk and went to the stable and saddled the mare her father had made her a present of when she married, and then she dressed herself and wrote a note sayin' she'd gone back to her father's house and she'd send over for her trunk the next day. She pinned the note to Henry's pillow, and then she got on her horse and started for home.

"Old man Middleton was sittin' on the front porch smokin' his pipe when Emmeline rode up, and he hollered out to his wife that here was Emmeline, and they both come runnin' out to meet her. You know how it is with the old folks when a gyrl comes home to make 'em a visit after gittin' married. They're proud of her for marryin'



well, but they've been missin' her and they're mighty glad to have her back in her old place. But as soon as they'd hugged her and kissed her they both said, 'Where's Henry?' and, 'Why didn't he come with you?' Emmeline said for a minute she wished she was back at home, for she knew how bad they'd feel when she told 'em what she had to tell. But she thought she might as well have it over and be done with it and says she: 'Henry's at home, and I'm at home, too. I've left him, and I'm never goin' back to him.'

"Well, Emmeline said they both fell back on the porch steps like they'd been shot, and as soon as they could speak they both said: 'Left him! What for?' Emmeline said she felt so ashamed of Henry she'd made up her mind from the first that nobody ever should know about that little silk shirt. So she says: 'I've found out that Henry's not the man I thought he was. I've left him for good and all.' And old man Middleton says: 'Why, daughter, what's he done amiss? I've known Henry

from a boy up, and there ain't a man in the county I'd rather have for a son-in-law.' And Emmeline says, 'Yes, I used to think that way myself, but I've found out different.' And the old man says: 'Has he struck you or mistreated you in any way? He's been too well brought up for that. He ain't close-fisted about money matters, I know, for I've had dealin's with him myself, and, besides, you ain't been married to him long enough to have to call on him for anything.' And Emmeline says, 'No, he's as free-handed as he can be, and I've got nothin' to complain about except that I didn't know him as well as I do now, and since

I know him, why, I don't want to live with him.'

"And then her mother begun questionin', and all she could git out of Emmeline was ~~that~~ Henry wasn't the man she thought he was; and at last the old lady lost her patience and says she: 'In the name o' peace! Have I got a child with so little sense as to think that that's any reason for leavin' a man? Of course he ain't the man you thought he was, and you ain't the woman he thought you was. But what o' that? If husbands and wives took to partin' on that account the world would be full o' grass-widders and grass-widderers.'

Says she, 'You're welcome to stay here till Henry comes for you, and I'll give out to the neighbors that you're makin' us a visit, but back to Henry you've got to go. Gittin' married,' says she, 'is like buyin' a piece o' dress-goods at the store. As long as you haven't had it cut off the bolt you can change your mind, but if it's once cut off you've got to pay for it and take it home and make the best o' your bargain.' Says she, 'You had plenty o' time to



"OLD MAN MIDDLETON WAS SITTIN' ON THE FRONT PORCH SMOKIN' HIS PIPE WHEN EMMELINE RODE UP"

find out what sort o' man Henry was, and you turned your back on two good chances whilst you waited for him, and now there's no slippin' out o' the trade. I don't propose to have any widders in my family,' says she, 'except the sort that can put up a tombstone and wear a black veil.' Says she, 'Take off your bonnet and make yourself at home till Henry comes for you.'

"And, bless your life, Henry wasn't long comin', either. Before they got the supper dishes washed up, here he come as fast as his horse could bring him. Old man Amos went out to meet him and took him around to the side o' the house and says he: 'Son, I

want you to tell me what all this to-do is, anyhow. I can't git head nor tail of it from Emmeline.' And Henry says: 'Well, Father Amos, it's this way. Emmeline's been goin' through my trunk, and she found a little somethin' or other that belonged to another woman that I used to know long before I knew her, and that's what upset her.' And the old man shook his head and says he, 'You ought to 'a' destroyed all such things before you married; and that was a mighty keerless trick, leavin' your trunk unlocked, though two to one Emmeline would 'a' got into it anyway. It's my belief,' says he, 'that women carry skeleton keys to keep the run o' their husband's private affairs.' And Henry says, 'I've done all I could to pacify her; I've told her I never loved that woman like I love her and never was married to the woman and never wanted to marry her, and what more can a man say?' And the old man says, 'Well, that ought to satisfy any reasonable woman, but in matters like this women don't seem to be able to use their reason.' Says he, 'It looks like they expect a man to be jest like Adam before Eve was made for him,' and says he, 'You'll have to hoe your own row with Emmeline in this affair, and her mother and me'll help you all we can.'

"Well, all three of 'em argued with Emmeline, tryin' to persuade her to go back home, but nothin' they could say had any effect on her. And finally Henry says, 'Well, Emmeline, if you will leave me I reckon I'll have to put up with it, but I've got jest one favor to ask of you.' Says he: 'You know how my mother and father have set their hearts on havin' you for a daughter-in-law and how anxious they are to see you. Now all I ask of you is to let me take you to see my folks, and you make 'em a visit. If I was to write to my mother,' says he, 'that my wife had left me, I believe it would be the death of her. She's subject to spells anyway, and the doctor says any little shock'll carry her off. So you let me take you up to mother's, and you make her and father a little visit, and then I'll bring you home and try to break it to mother the best I can.'

"Emmeline thought a minute, and finally she says, 'Well, I'll go for your mother's sake, but not for yours.' So Henry he went back home to git somebody to look after his stock while he was gone, and the next day he come for Emmeline, and they started to

his mother's. It was pretty near a day's journey, and there couldn't 'a' been a nicer trip for a bride and groom, ridin' through the woods and over the hills about the middle of October, the leaves jest turnin' and the weather neither hot nor cold. I reckon, child, you don't know what it is to make a journey that way. That's one o' the things folks miss by bein' born nowadays instead of in the old times before there was any railroads. I ricollect when they begun puttin' down the track for the first railroad in this county. Uncle Jimmy Judson went to town on purpose to see what it was like, and some o' the town folks explained all about layin' the ties and the rails and showed him a picture o' the cyars and the locomotive, and Uncle Jimmy looked at it a minute or two, and then he shook his head and says he, 'None o' that sort o' travelin' for me—shut up in a wooden box with a steam-engine in front liable to blow up any minute and nothin' but the mercy o' God to keep them wheels from runnin' off this here narrer rail-in'.' Says he, 'Give me a clear sky overhead, a good road underfoot, good company by my side, and my old buggy and my old mare, and I can travel from sunup to sundown and ask no odds o' the railroad.' And I reckon most old people feel pretty much like Uncle Jimmy.

"I ricollect Parson Page sayin' once that the Christian's life was a journey to heaven, and Sam Amos says, 'Yes, and generally when I start out to go to a place I want to get there as soon as possible; but here's one time,' says he, 'when I wouldn't care if I never got to my journey's end.' And that's the way it was with me when me and Abram'd start out in our old rockaway for a day's travel through the country, goin' to see his mother or mine. No matter how much I wanted to see the folks I was goin' to, I'd feel as if I could keep on forever ridin' through the thick woods or along the open road, the wind blowin' in my face and the sun gittin' higher and higher towards noon and then night comin' on before we'd be at our journey's end.

"I've heard Emmeline laugh many a time about that ride. Her mother come out to the gate and put a basket o' lunch under the seat and says she, 'Now, Emmeline, you be a good gyrl and don't give Henry any more trouble, and, Henry, when you two come back you take Emmeline right home with you; don't you bring her here.' And old

man Amos give a big laugh and says he: 'Come back home if you want to, Emmeline. My door's always open to my own children; but if you come Henry's got to come, too, so either way you fix it there won't be any part-in.' Emmeline said she wouldn't let Henry help her in the buggy. She got in on one side, and he got in on the other, and she set as far off from him as she could, and they started off, old lady Amos callin' after 'em: 'You jest remember, Emmeline, as long as Henry's above the sod you're Henry's wife. There's only one thing that can part you, and that's death.'

"Well, Emmeline said Henry was as nice and polite as you please all that day. He talked about the weather and the birds and the trees and the flowers, and p'inted out things along the way, but she never opened her mouth till dinner-time. They stopped by a spring to eat their dinner, and Henry watered the horse and fixed the check-rein

so's he could graze, and then he set down some little distance away from her, and she opened the basket. She said of course she couldn't be mean enough to sit there and eat by herself, so she told him to come and have some dinner. And he come over and set down beside her, and she waited on him, and they drank out o' the same cup, and Emmeline said you could hear the spring drippin' and the birds and the squirrels

chirpin' and chatterin' in the trees; and every now and then a pretty leaf'd come flutterin' down and fall in the spring or on her lap, and Henry talked so kind and pleasant that Emmeline said she got to thinkin' how happy she'd be if it wasn't for that little silk shirt, and she'd 'a' given anything she had if she'd jest kept out o' Henry's trunk. And when they'd got through eatin' Henry took hold of her hand and says he, 'Emmeline, can't

you trust me a little bit?' And she jerked away from him and begun getherin' up the provisions and foldin' the napkins. And Henry says: 'Well, pretty soon we'll be at mother's. Maybe she can set matters right.' And they got in the buggy and started again, and Emmeline said the nearer they got to Henry's home the worse she felt, and finally she broke down and begun to cry, and she cried for three miles right straight along.

"It was about sunset, and Henry kept tellin' her to cheer up and

look at the pretty clouds and the light comin' through the red-and-yeller sugar-maples and the beech-trees. She said he was mighty cheerful himself, and it made her mad to see how easy he was takin' it. When they got within sight o' the house Henry says: 'Now dry your eyes, Emmeline, or mother'll think you ain't glad to see her. She's goin' to be mighty glad to see you.' Old man Sanford and his wife, honey, was a couple that thought



"ALL THREE OF 'EM ARGUED WITH EMMELINE, BUT NOTHIN' THEY COULD SAY HAD ANY EFFECT ON HER"

more o' their daughters-in-law than they did o' their own children. They'd had nine sons and never had a gyrl-child, and they'd always wanted one, and the old man used to look at the boys and say, 'Well, your mother and me didn't want this many boys, but you children would be boys, and now you've got to make up for the disapp'intment you've been to your parents by bringin' us in some nice, pretty daughters-in-law.' And every time one o' the boys got married the old man he'd say, 'Well, my daughters are comin' at last,' and the old lady used to say that her daughters-in-law paid her for all the trouble her sons had been to her.

"It was milkin'-time when they drove in at the big gate, and the old lady was jest startin' out with her quart cup and her bucket. Henry hollered, 'Howdy, mother!' and she dropped the milk things and run to meet 'em, and Emmeline said she never had such a welcome in her life. The old lady didn't take any notice o' Henry. She jest hugged and kissed Emmeline and pretty near carried her into the house. Then she took notice of how Emmeline had been cryin', and she turned around to Henry and says she: 'Henry Sanford, what have you been doin' to this poor child to make her cry? It speaks mighty poorly of you to have your wife cryin' this soon in your married life.' And Henry put his hand in his coat pocket and pulled out a little bundle and handed it to his mother and says he, 'Mother, I want you to tell Emmeline whose this is.' And the old lady opened the bundle and says she, 'Henry Sanford, what do you mean by pokin' this old shirt at me when I want to be makin' the acquaintance o' my new daughter-in-law?' And Henry says, 'If you'll tell Emmeline all about this shirt, mother, it'll stop her cryin'.' Emmeline said the old lady put on her specs and looked at 'em both as if she thought they might be losin' their senses and says she: 'Well, honey, I don't see what this old shirt has to do with your cryin', but I can mighty soon tell you about it. It's one of a half a dozen that Henry's father didn't have any better sense than to buy five or six years ago when he was layin' in a stock o' summer goods. ("Old man Sanford run a country store, child, along with his farmin'," interpolated Aunt Jane.) And,' says she, 'after they'd stayed in the store three or four seasons I took 'em and wore 'em to keep 'em from bein' a dead loss. And when Henry

come out o' the army he was half naked and more'n half dead, betwixt the Yankees and the chills and fever, and I put these shirts on him to protect his chest.'

"Well, Emmeline said as soon as the old lady begun talkin' her heart got as light as a feather, and she felt like a thousand pounds had been lifted off of her mind. But she said she looked around at Henry and he was watchin' to see how she'd take it, and all at once he burst out laughin', and that made her mad again, and she thought about all the trouble she'd been through, and she begun cryin' again and says she: 'Oh! why didn't you tell me that? Why didn't you tell me?' Emmeline said Henry's mother come over and put her arms around her and says she: 'Henry Sanford, what prank have you been playin' on your wife? Tell me this minute.' And Henry begun explainin' things and tryin' to smooth it over, and I reckon he thought his mother'd see the joke jest like he did, but she didn't. She looked at Henry over her spectacles mighty stern and says she, 'Henry, I've always been afeard you didn't have your full share o' punishment whilst you were growin' up, bein' the youngest child, and if it wasn't that you're a married man I'd certainly give you one o' the whippin's you missed when you were a boy.' And Henry says, 'Well, maybe I ought to be punished for not tellin' Emmeline, but I jest thought I'd play a joke on her, and if Emmeline had only had a little confidence in me it wouldn't 'a' worried her the way it did.' And old lady Sanford, she says: 'Confidence! Confidence! There's jest one person I put my confidence in, and that's Almighty God.' Says she, 'If a man's crippled in both feet and the front door and the back door's locked and I've got both my eyes on him I may make out to trust him a minute or two, but that's about all.' Says she, 'Of course a woman ought to trust her husband; but that don't mean that she's got to shut her eyes and her ears and throw away her common sense.' Says she, 'Emmeline don't know as much about you as your father knows about that old roan mare he bought day before yesterday. A man's jest like a horse,' says she; 'you've got to break him in and learn all his gaits and tricks before there's any safety or pleasure travelin' with him. Here you ain't been married to Emmeline a month yet, and you talk about her havin' confidence in you!' Says she, 'I've been married to your father

forty-five years this comin' January, and I've never seen cause to doubt him, but if I was to find another woman's gyarment amongst his clothes I'd leave him that quick.'

"And about this time old man Sanford come in, and when he'd shook hands with Henry and hugged and kissed Emmeline he begun to take notice of how she'd been cryin', and the old lady she told him the whole story, and, bless your life, the old man was madder'n she was. He turned around to Henry and says he, mighty stern and solemn, 'Son, I feel that you've disgraced your raisin'.' Says he: 'A man that'll cause a woman to shed an unnecessary tear is worse'n a brute, and here you've let Emmeline cry her pretty eyes out over nothin' right at the beginnin' of her married life. If you treat her this way now, how'll it be ten years from

now?' And then he patted Emmeline on the shoulder and says he: 'Never mind, daughter, if Henry don't treat you right you stay here with pappy and mammy and be their little gyrl. Henry always was the black sheep o' the flock, anyhow.'

"And at that Emmeline jumped up and run over to Henry and threw her arms around his neck and says she, 'You sha'n't talk that way about Henry. He's not a black sheep, either! He's the best man in the world, and it's all my fault and I'll never mistrust him again as long as I live.' And then Henry broke down and cried, and the old man and the old lady they cried, and they all hugged and kissed each other, and such a makin' up you never did see. And in two or three days here Henry and Emmeline come ridin' back home and lookin'



"HENRY KEPT TELLIN' HER TO CHEER UP AND LOOK AT THE PRETTY CLOUDS"





"THE OLD LADY LOOKED AT 'EM BOTH AS IF SHE THOUGHT THEY MIGHT BE LOSIN' THEIR SENSES"

like a sure-enough bride and groom. Emmeline said they went over the same road, but everything seemed different; the birds sung sweeter, the sun shone brighter, and the leaves were prettier, for you know, honey, the way things look depends more on people's minds than it does on their eyes. They stopped at the same spring to eat their dinner, and Emmeline said she promised Henry she'd never mistrust him again, and he promised her he'd never play any more jokes on her. I reckon they both must 'a' kept their promise, for from that time on there never was a more peaceable, well-contented married couple than Emmeline and Henry. Emmeline used to say that she did all her cryin' durin' her honeymoon and Henry'd never caused her to shed a tear since.

"Nobody ever would 'a' known about her findin' the shirt and leavin' her husband if she hadn't told it herself, for the old folks on both sides felt so ashamed o' Henry and Emmeline for the way they'd acted that they never would 'a' told it. But Emmeline told

Milly Amos and Milly told Sam and the first thing you knew everybody in Goshen was laughin' over Emmeline leavin' her husband, and everybody was disputin' about which was in the right and which was in the wrong. I ricollect Sam Amos sayin' that any woman that went rummagin' around in a man's trunk deserved to find trouble, and his sympathies was all with Henry; and Milly said Henry ought to 'a' told Emmeline whose shirt it was and not kept her grievin' and worryin' all that time. And Sam says, 'Yes, he ought to 'a' told her, but if he had 'a' told her it wouldn't 'a' helped matters, for she wasn't in a frame o' mind to believe him.' Says he, 'You women are always suspicionin' a man, and if you come across a piece of circumstantial evidence you'll convict him on that and hang him in spite of all he can say for himself.'

"I ricollect our Mite Society got to talkin' one day about husbands and wives leavin' each other and whether it was ever right or lawful for married folks to part and marry again. Maria Petty says, says she, 'There's

some things that every woman's called on to stand, and there's some things that no woman ought to stand.' And Sally Ann says, 'Yes, and as long as you women think you have to stand things you'll have things to stand.' And Milly Amos says, 'A husband and a wife can part when there's no children, but,' says she, 'if they've had children you might put the husband on one side o' the world and the wife on the other and they're husband and wife still, for there's the children holdin' 'em together.' I ricollect everybody had a different opinion, and the longer we talked the further we got from any sort of agreement about it."

And as it was in Goshen so was it in Athens when Plato wrote and taught, and so it is to-day wherever human wisdom offers its varying solutions to this problem of the ages.

"What do you think about it, Aunt Jane?" I asked.

Aunt Jane was silent. Intuitively she felt the magnitude of the question. We had laughed over the comedy of her story, but its rustic scenery had shifted, and we were standing now in the tragic presence of a social sphinx whose mystery calls for baffled silence rather than confident speech.

"Well, honey," she said at last, thoughtfully and hesitatingly, "if folks could only love each other the way me and Abram did they'll never want to part; and of course if they love each other they'll trust each other; and if the love and the trust runs short, why, then they ought to be patient and try to bear with each other's failin's. But, as Maria Petty used to say, there's some things that no woman is called on to bear, and no man, either, for that matter, and if married folks

feel that they can't stand livin' together I ain't the one to judge 'em, for I never had anything to stand, and happy folks oughtn't to judge the folks that's unhappy. It does look like to me that if the husbands and wives in Goshen could stay married anybody could, but maybe I don't know. And when a person gits all twisted and turned so's they can't tell what's right and what's wrong, why, it ain't time for passin' judgment and givin' opinions, and I reckon I'll jest have to fall back on that text o' Scripture that says all things are workin' together for good. Not some things, honey, but 'all things.' Did you ever think o' that? The things you want and the things you don't want; the things you complain about and the things you rejoice about; the things you laugh over and the things you cry over—all o' 'em workin', not against each other, but together, and all workin' for good. I ricollect hearin' a sermon once on that very passage o' Scripture. The preacher said that that text was like a sea without a shore; its meanin' was as wide and as deep as the love of God, and if we could only take it in and believe it we'd never have any fears or any misgivin's again. And then there's that verse o' Brownin's that says God's in his heaven and everything's right with the world. So I reckon in spite of all this marryin' and partin' and marryin' again the world's in safe hands and movin' on in the right way."

Aunt Jane was smiling now, for on these winged words of apostle and poet her soul had risen into its native atmosphere of serene faith, casting upon the shoulders of Omnipotence the burden of world-sorrow and world-sin that only Omnipotence can lift and bear.



# THE ROMANCE SYNDICATE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

Illustrated by  
Gordon Grant



DALLAS



WAYNE

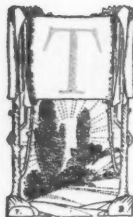


KONGSVOLD



DANGERFIELD

## PRELUDE



THE four friends had met at a farewell luncheon in Dangerfield's studio, over against the gardens of the Luxembourg. Two of them, Wayne and Dallas, were Americans; Wayne a student of architecture, Dallas a very busy idler who worked harder at his pastimes than most men do at their professions. Dangerfield, a painter, was English, but of a Gallic temperament, warm, emotional, hot-tempered, lovable, a man of ideals and traditions. The fourth was Kongsvold, a Norwegian, a big, blue-eyed giant with the fierce face of a viking and the heart of a child. He alone of the four had for his works tasted of fame. This work consisted for the most part of lovely marines done in pastel: sunsets, wet beaches, gentle things which were poems in many hues.

They were going their four different ways, not to meet again for half a year. Wayne was sailing for New York the following day to summer with his people at Newport and Bar Harbor. He was to leave shortly after luncheon with Dallas in the big, six-cylinder car belonging to the latter, and they were to spend the night at Rouen and arrive in Havre the following morning. From Havre Dallas planned to follow the coast to Calais, where he would cross to Dover, there to join a party on a yacht en route for Kiel. Dangerfield, who alone of the four was not rich, planned to spend his summer in Brittany. Kongsvold was going back to Norway.

And so the four had met to say *au revoir*, and the time had come to say it, for the big car was already thudding and hammering beneath the window, and it kept on thudding and hammering in the angry, impatient way peculiar to big cars until it so got upon the nerves of the company that Dallas poked his head out of the window and called down to his *mécanicien* to stop the motor.

Kongsvold raised his glass, and the sunlight shone through it so that a ruby splash fell upon his yellow beard. "Skoal!" he said in his heavy bass.

"Skoal!" responded Wayne.

"*A bientôt*," said Dangerfield. "That is less grim." His pleasant voice was husky, for his emotional nature was stirred at the parting. "Here's how!" said Dallas indifferently.

They drank, then set their glasses down again, for their host could not afford to buy new ones.

"I wonder," said Dangerfield, "what strange things we will have to tell each other when we meet six months from now. What adventures will have happened to us?"

"None," said Dallas. "The age of romance is past. Wayne will be in love with two or three more women, and Kongsvold will probably have drifted through the Skager-Rack on the bottom of a Norwegian sea-skiff; but that's natural and to be expected."

"How about yourself?" asked the Norwegian.

"Oh, I'll have a liver and an excess of uric acid from that old brown Rhine wine of the Kaiser's. We're to be his guests, I believe. Adventures don't happen to me."

"Adventures happen to everybody," said Dangerfield, "if they accept them. Most people don't, either through diffidence or hurry or fear or that most *bourgeois* of traits, a sense of order."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Wayne.

"Everything," said the artist quickly. "I'll admit that romance is not crowded on people as it was in troublous times, but it still abounds; the door is always ajar, if one chooses to push it open and enter."

Kongsvold's bushy eyebrows knit. "Please explain," said he.

"Yes," said Wayne. "We don't want to miss anything, you know."

"Very well, here's an example. Last night I dined with friends at Ranelagh, over near La Murette. It was a late party, and when I came out I decided to walk, in spite of 'apaches.' Coming through the *Chaussée de la Murette* I saw a man who was a long way ahead walk to one of the statues near the entrance and strike a match, apparently to light a cigarette, but I also noticed that he *did not* light a cigarette. He held the match for a moment and then threw it away. The act struck me as peculiar, and by the time I had reached the statue I was getting more and more puzzled." He paused.

"Well?" said Dallas.

"What happened?" asked Wayne.

Dangerfield smiled. "That's just the point. Now what would *you* have thought?"

"I probably wouldn't have thought of it at all," said Dallas. "There's no great significance in a man's striking a match."

"Probably a sulphur match," said Wayne, "and while he was waiting for the fumes to go it blew out. Last one he had."

"Go on," said Kongsvold.

"That illustrates my theory," said Dangerfield. "Nobody would have given the thing a thought; but because my nerves were irritable I was not satisfied. So I sat down on a bench and waited."

"For what?"

"I don't know, to puzzle it out, perhaps. While I was sitting there another man came down the path without seeing me, and as he got abreast of the same statue *he* lighted a match, held it a minute, then threw it away."

"Well?"

"Then I got up and walked down the path, and when I got abreast of the statue——"

He looked at his listeners. "What?"

"Oh, I don't know; go on!" said Dallas.

"I know," said Wayne. "A beautiful woman stepped from the shrubbery and——"

"Oh, rubbish! Have you always got to have the beautiful woman?"

"Wayne has," said Dallas. "Well, what *did* happen?"

"I've illustrated my theory again. Ordinarily nothing would have happened. As it was, I lighted a match."

"How wasteful! What then?"

"Nothing happened until I came out of the park. Then a man who was standing on the corner as if waiting for a tram—they had stopped running for the night—stepped up and said, 'Monsieur is expected.'"

"*Merci*," said I.

"If monsieur will wait one moment," said he, and walked around the corner." Dangerfield paused again.

"Go on," said Wayne.

"That's exactly what I did. I went on, and so——"

"What?"

"Nothing. The thing is a mystery."

"Coward!"

"You were right," said Kongsvold. "You might have been attacked. It was not your affair."

"I see," said Wayne thoughtfully.

"So do I," said Dallas. "But that was a very unusual affair."

"Not at first; at least, no one would have suspected it," said the artist.

"Then you claim," said Wayne, "that such incidents are always being presented, but that we don't notice them."

"Precisely. If we four, now about to separate, were to be on the watch for such opportunities of romantic adventure we would certainly find it. I'm sure of it."

"Perhaps," said Wayne. "Look here; let's organize forthwith a Society for the Advancement of Romantic Adventure. We will all four go our different ways, and at the end of six months we will meet here and report. We will all agree to follow up any respectable clue——"

"Don't limit yourself like that," interrupted Dallas ironically.

"Any old clue," corrected Wayne, "which promises to lead to romance. Six months from this date, or, let us say, the night of Réveillon, we will meet here, and the man or men who can report nothing which the others will pass upon as being true romantic adventure must provide a dinner at Paillard's or one of the other expensive restaurants, a

box at the theater, and a supper at the De Paris or Durand's."

"Take you," said Dangerfield. "I'll risk it, and I'm only going as far as peaceful old Brittany, or Devonshire, perhaps."

"I'm game," said Dallas. "I don't mind paying the bill to hear of what fools you fellows make of yourselves. How about you, Kongsvoeld?"

The Norwegian's blue eyes twinkled. "I am a very quiet person," he answered. "I cannot imagine how anything romantic or exciting could happen to me, unless it was to strike a rock with my boat. But I am glad to try."

"I've got you all beaten at the start," said Wayne, "as I sail for New York to-morrow on a French boat. It's an agreement, then. A rendezvous here on Christmas eve. In the meantime we hereby promise to leave no clue uninvestigated which might lead to romance, no matter how busy we may be, nor how——"

"Sober," said Dallas.

"Shut up, scoffer! No matter how badly scared. We are under mutual agreement to hunt for——"

"Trouble."

"Romance!" Wayne raised his glass. "Here's to romance!" said he.

The four drank.

"And now," said Dallas, glancing at his watch, "*Auf Wiedersehen!*"

## I

### WHAT HAPPENED TO DALLAS

AFTER leaving Wayne at Havre, Dallas headed his big car eastward and proceeded toward Calais at about ninety kilometers an hour. Dallas was a native of Chicago, and the passion which ruled him was the love of swift motion. If ever a man was the victim of "speed mania" it was Dallas. As a means toward this end he had made an exhaustive study of gasoline-engines, and because the geographic and sociological conditions in France permitted of greater speed in motoring than could be obtained in the United States, he lived in France, although detesting the French. Although women had never fascinated him, by some trick of fate which he fervently cursed he had always proved fascinating to women. In the end this had cost him more than had his petrol-engines, for which he possessed a real passion. Although but thirty-eight he had been

twice married, both times unhappily; the first marriage had resulted in divorce, the second was about to result in divorce.

So, as he sped upon his journey to Calais, where he was to embark for Dover, he was not a promising subject for romantic adventure. Yet he was quite happy. The perfect harmony of his magnificent motor filled his ears with a deep, satisfying, soul-uplifting symphony, and eyes and nose and touch likewise assured him that all of the organs of the complex monster beneath him were performing their functions in perfect accord. As usual when driving at a high speed on a clear track, his control of the car had become automatic, subconscious, while his mind was on other things. The beauties of the route were quite ignored, and he was reviewing the incidents of the farewell luncheon with his friends.

"Idiotic idea," he said to himself. "Romance! Shucks! It will be interesting though to hear of the different kinds of asses Wayne and Dangerfield make of themselves trying to mix up with other people's business in their search for adventure."

It occurred to him with a sudden and disagreeable force that, due to the generous influences of the moment, he also had agreed to follow, in the interest of romance, any positive clue which might present itself. His clear features clouded at the idea. He was a man of unpleasantly rigid principles, and once having agreed to a compact would keep it at any cost.

"Very well," he said to himself. "I'll do my part, but I can see right now what my finish will be!" His face hardened, and he slightly accelerated his speed. "It will be a woman, of course—and another blow to the Trust Company!"

So distasteful was the picture presented that, as if to flee from its impression, he again increased the speed. At the time he was about halfway between Rouen and Abbeville, and the perfect road led straight away to infinity, rising and falling gently on the long, low undulations and bordered by its double row of slim, straight Normandy poplars. There was scarcely any traffic, and such as there was, well trained to the speed of big cars making the run to the north, hauled to one side at the heliographic flash of the lamps and the distant blare of the bass horn.

Dallas, his soul disturbed by the vexing pictures of what romance had meant to him,



even while his senses were comfortingly soothed by the perfect beat and rhythm of his six big cylinders, had gradually raised the speed until, with the droning hum of a mammoth insect and the rush of air of a meteorite, the tremendous car bore through the leagues like a flashing comet with a fan-shaped tail of dust.

"This is the true romance!" thought Dallas, his heart aglow. "Talk about sensation! *This* is living, feeling gloriously—*Holy——!*"

The last was aloud as Dallas threw his weight upon the emergency-brake, and the monster screamed with pain as its momentum dragged the heavy wheels, fixed and motionless, through the top-dressing of the perfect road. A twist of the steering-wheel flirted the massive fabric so sharply to the side that the frantic hold of the *mécanicien* was torn loose, and the man was sent spinning out of the car and across to the opposite bank. With a shuddering groan the car came to a stop, barely in time to miss the hind wheels of a brougham which had dashed straight across the road, coming apparently from out of the earth and plunging into it again on the other side.

Dallas, pale and speechless, quivering from shock and anger, slowed down the motor and sat motionless, staring in the direction in which the vehicle had disappeared. Next he looked across the road to where his howling *mécanicien* had scrambled to a sitting posture and was frantically searching his person for broken bones. Finding none, the man climbed to his feet.

"Hurt?" asked Dallas sharply, in French. His face was drawn and white.

"I cannot yet be sure, m'sieu'."

Dallas threw up his lunettes, took off his hat, pulled a handful of clean cotton-waste from the corner of the cushion behind him, and wiped the cold damp from his forehead, then looked in the direction of the vanished

vehicle and called upon the generous vocabulary of his native city for expressions befitting his emotion.

To the right there debouched upon the highway a narrow, sunken lane, cut deeply, after the French fashion, the sod from its bed being piled on either side into hedges so high that behind their fringe of bushes the carriage had been quite hidden. The first consciousness Dallas had of its presence had been the swift apparition over his right mud-guard of a pair of galloping bays and a vision of the driver leaning forward to lash them with his whip.

Instinct and the powerful brake had averted a tragedy, and there were left only a

haze of dust, the whimpering *mécanicien*, and the vague impression of a woman's face, eyes wide with terror, staring from the window of the brougham directly over the hood of the motor.

"Look at the tires!" snapped Dallas, with another Chicago expression.

"They are badly chafed, m'sieu'."

"Why shouldn't they be? Go over the brakes. Keep your hand off that,

donkey—do you want to blister it?"

The man went shakily about his examination while Dallas scowled down the lane. It was nothing more than a cow-path, scarcely wider than the carriage which had dashed through it. Why such a route should be selected at all was puzzling enough. Dallas turned and looked questioningly at his *mécanicien*. The man shook his head.

"It was a lunatic," he said, "or else——" He shrugged.

"There was a woman in the carriage," said Dallas.

"Ah! that explains it. It was an abduction, an adventure."

The American's face hardened. "An adventure!" he muttered. "I thought so! Just my confounded luck; going so nicely, too! Now I suppose I'm bound by that fool agreement I made——"



THE MAN WAS SENT SPINNING OUT OF THE CAR

"Monsieur?" asked the *mécanicien* inquiringly.

"Oh, nothing!" snapped Dallas. "Get in."

The man climbed up to his seat. Dallas threw in the reversing-gear.

"But, m'sieu'—"

"I am going to follow him," growled Dallas.

The Frenchman shrugged.

Dallas turned the big car and proceeded as rapidly as he dared. Presently, to his surprise, the lane opened into an avenue which appeared to traverse a park.

"Just as I thought!" said Dallas to himself. "It's the back entrance to some estate. There's no mystery at all; somebody sick and they've sent the carriage for the doctor, who's taken a short cut to the house."

He glanced on either side, looking for a place to turn, but the road was narrow and the car very long, and much to his annoyance he was obliged to choose between keeping on his course and backing out. Deciding on the former, he came presently upon the house, a large, venerable building which had about it nothing particularly distinctive from other old French country houses. It stood upon the brow of a gentle slope, surrounded by trees through a vista of which one could see a stretch of sunny meadow-land beyond and a river gleaming in the sunshine.

The brougham was standing at the door, and a large gathering of people were loitering about. Here and there splashes of brilliant color marked the uniforms of officers, intermingled with gaily hued parasols and men in flannels and blazers. As Dallas, very much embarrassed, brought his car to a stop, the assemblage, as if in response to a summons from the other side of the house, moved away through the trees toward the open meadows, leaving the lawns deserted.

"Pshaw!" muttered Dallas to himself. "It's a *fête champêtre* or some such nonsense; very likely a tennis tournament, and that carriage contained some belated contestant. That's what comes of butting in like an ass, looking for adventure! Adventure! Shucks!"

Determined to escape before being discovered, Dallas reversed and backed sharply into a bed of ferns. There was a sudden jar, a loud report, and he knew at once that he had burst a tire. For the third time in the last hour Dallas resorted to his native Chicago dialect.

"Break out another shoe," he said to his *mécanicien*, after examining the tear. "I will not go limping out of here on my rims for all the damned garden-parties in France!"

Thoroughly disgusted at the result of his efforts in the interests of romantic adventure, he lighted a cigarette and strolled off into the park, where, in following a little path, he suddenly caught the flash of a white gown approaching from the opposite direction.

"I knew it!" he growled to himself. "I thought it was about time for the woman to be turned on! Now for the true romance—and half a million francs with alimony!"

Through the shrubbery a young girl appeared at the opening of the path. She was walking slowly and did not see Dallas until an abrupt bend in the path brought them together. The pretty head flew up, and a pair of very large and startled eyes were turned upon him.

"Monsieur!"

The young man observed with a grudging interest that she was exceedingly agreeable to look at, with a graceful figure and a piquant, mischievous face.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," said Dallas, "I am intruding."

The girl looked at him in surprise. "But surely," she cried, "you do not intend to miss the trial!"

"The trial?" he asked. "I don't know anything about any trial. I was motoring past and turned in to see where this road went; when I found that it led to a private estate I tried to get out and backed against some flints and tore a tire."

"Monsieur is English?" asked the girl.

"No," answered Dallas, "I am American." He bowed stiffly and moved slightly forward as if to pass, but the girl, who was standing directly in the path, did not move. Instead, she continued to regard him with a certain wistful expression of her violet eyes, while Dallas returned the look with something of the emotion of a lion-tamer who has been severely mauled in the past, but is determined to reveal the fact by no hint of visage or demeanor.

"If I can be of any service——" he began reluctantly.

"You are very kind, monsieur," she answered softly, "but there is no one who can possibly be of any service except a person who possesses a knowledge of motors."

"Eh? What? Motors, did you say?"

What is that?" Dallas had suddenly become as alert as a sulkier setter at the sound of a distant gunshot, and at the same moment there reached his ears the murmur of many voices raised in excited argument.

The girl glanced at him in surprise. "But yes, monsieur. Ah, of course you could not know, as you did not come yourself to the trial." The pretty voice grew petulant. "Would you not think that among a dozen or more of automobilists and *mécaniciens* there would be found one to know something about a little machine no larger than a hat-box?"

Dallas's eager face reflected his interest. "Not necessarily," he answered. "What kind of a motor is it?"

"It is an altogether little bit of a machine, monsieur, especially designed for driving the aeroplane and——"

"For driving what?" cried Dallas.

"Ah, I forget that you know nothing about the trial. You must understand, monsieur," she said, with a pretty gesture of importance, "that I am the daughter of the Count de Meaux, the inventor, and it is to-day that the grand demonstration of the aeroplane invented by my father was to be made. But the motor which drives the aeroplane is the invention of our neighbor, Monsieur de Longueville, and it is very wonderful and quite beyond the comprehension of everybody."

"Really?" asked Dallas, with a touch of irony.

"*Mais oui*, monsieur. The proof that it is quite extraordinary is shown by the fact that nobody is able to make it go."

"Not even Monsieur de Longueville?" asked Dallas ironically.

The girl's eyes flashed. At the same moment a faint breath of air brought to their ears a confused but rising hubbub of angry voices.

"If Monsieur de Longueville were only

here," exclaimed the girl, "there would quickly be an end to all this trouble! He was to have arrived this morning to operate the apparatus, as my father is too old and heavy a man to go sailing through the air like a *pie*, but for some reason he has not arrived nor has any message come from him. *Voilà!*" She threw out both hands with a gesture of despair. "Figure to yourself, monsieur. The day set for the trial! My father is frantic and," the



"IF I CAN BE OF ANY SERVICE," HE BEGAN RELUCTANTLY

tears poured into her violet eyes, "is saying things of *such* a kind concerning Monsieur de Longueville. There are plenty who might operate the apparatus if only the motor could be made to go."

The distant chorus of excited argument, mingled with terms which suggested remarks of a personal character, swelled in crescendo. The girl's face grew pale. Dallas's gray eyes began to gleam.

"My father will never live through such a humiliation, monsieur," said the girl brokenly. "Figure to yourself, there are pres-

ent among the invited Monsieur le Ministre de la Guerre and Monsieur Lesage, Monsieur the professor of aeronautics at the École Militaire, and the gentlemen of the press with photographers and many distinguished members of the Aero Club; and yet no word has come from Monsieur de Longueville. I have just been myself to the Bureau des Postes to telegraph, and narrowly escaped being killed by an automobile on my return!"

She hid her face with her hands, and so excited was Dallas that he failed to observe the violet gleam between the pink, dimpled fingers.

"And all of this row," he snapped, "because this man De Longueville has probably lost his courage at the last moment!"

She turned upon him spiritedly, her eyes flashing and a red spot on either cheek. "Never, monsieur!" she cried. "Gaston de Longueville fears nothing upon this earth!"

"Perhaps," said Dallas, "that may be his reason for not caring to leave it."

"You are unkind, monsieur."

Dallas did not at once reply. He was thinking hard. More than that, he was struggling against the growing desire to see and examine this marvelous motor which was to accomplish the conquest of the air. Presently he turned to Mlle. de Meaux.

"I do not wish to be disagreeable, mademoiselle," said he. "On the contrary, I am anxious to do you a service. My experience of motors is very great, and I am quite sure that I could discover the difficulty with this one if I might be permitted to examine it."

The girl regarded him doubtfully. At the same moment a tumult which suggested a distant Donnybrook reached their ears.

"Many experts have already examined it, monsieur," said she.

"I hear them," said Dallas caustically.

Her hesitation vanished. "You are very kind, monsieur," she said. "Come then, if you please."

Together they followed the path to where Dallas had left his car. He told his man to wait, then accompanied the girl across the lawn and around the house to the terrace in the rear. Below, the people were clustered about a huge, glittering fabric which suggested a gigantic moth.

From the top of the steps Dallas could see that the apparatus was provided with bicycle wheels, for which there had been made a broad track of perhaps a hundred meters in length, descending at a slight slope toward

the river. There was a fresh little breeze blowing against the starting-point, which would be of assistance to the aeroplane in lifting from the ground. Dallas saw that the machine depended for its motive power on a great two-bladed fan at the forward end.

A crowd of men surrounded the apparatus, and arms were tossing in the air, shoulders working up and down, while the clamor which arose seemed to threaten a general mêlée. As Dallas and the girl started to descend, a huge fat man with a crimson face burst through the crowd and flung both arms above his head with a gesture of rage and despair.

"*Misérable!*" he roared. "Is this then to be the result of my unremitting labor? *Sapristi!* Did I not implore him to explain to another the principle of his accursed machine? *Augh'h'h!*" He restrained himself with an effort from dashing his hat upon the ground. His friends clustered about to offer their condolences.

"Poor papa!" murmured the girl in her creamy voice. "Is it not lamentable! Figure to yourself, monsieur, what must be his chagrin after the work that he has done and the money that he has expended to be so publicly humiliated!"

"There is talent enough around that thing to raise it with its own gas!" said Dallas caustically, but the pleasantry lost its force in the translation, and the girl was already hurrying down the steps. The young man followed her and strolled toward the big aeroplane. Like most enthusiastic motorists, Dallas was interested in aeronautics and had several times attended the trials of different "heavier-than-air" machines at St. Cyr, Bagatelle, and Issy les Moulineaux. The present apparatus was different from any of the flying-machines he had previously seen; the plane surfaces appeared to be of far greater area in proportion to the weight to be carried, and the construction of the frame was very light and strong. The direction and angle of flight were to be controlled by a rudder-plane which operated universally.

The wind was very fresh, and as flaws of it struck beneath the great outstretched wings the huge machine would tug and strain at the anchor-rope with the flutterings of a giant captive moth. Dallas, studying it from a distance, quickly found himself in the grip of an irresistible desire to see the life-like fabric freed from its bonds and soaring through the air, and as he continued to



"I AM INFORMED, SAID THE COUNT, "THAT YOU ARE A GREAT AUTHORITY IN THE MATTER OF PETROL-MOTORS"

study more closely the details of its ingenious construction this longing became supplemented by the determination to be himself the person to control its flight.

The knot of motorists were still wrangling about the apparatus when the young man saw the girl, followed by her father, approaching him. The crimson face of the inventor was filled with an expression of mingled hope and doubt, and as he glanced toward the girl Dallas was puzzled to see her lay a finger upon her lips, while her violet eyes looked appealingly into his.

"Monsieur," said the count.

Dallas bowed. The crowd clustered about.

"I am informed by my daughter," said the count, "that you are a great authority in the matter of petrol-motors."

"I have made a great study of motors, monsieur," answered Dallas crisply, "and have yet to find one which shall be beyond my comprehension."

"In that case," said the count eagerly, "it is possible that it may be within your power to save the situation and retrieve my reputation as a savant. Although bound by my agreement with Monsieur de Longueville that no other than himself shall operate his motor, I feel that as he has failed me at the critical moment I am justified in considering



such an agreement as without value. Am I not right, my friends?"

There was a chorus of approval from the crowd, eager to see the flight.

"I will do what I can, monsieur," said Dallas and stepped toward the apparatus.

A silence fell upon the spectators as the young man passed in swift examination over the various details of the motor. At the end of perhaps a minute he straightened up with an expression of disgust. His inspection had shown him absolutely nothing in any way new or original in the construction of the little engine, unless it were an extreme and dangerous lightness of material and the absence of certain features essential to a modern internal-combustion engine. With a scowl on his face he turned one or two taps, switched on the current, and cranked with the fan; when the motor started with a whirl.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the count. "What then was the matter?"

"A petrol-motor," answered Dallas, "if it is to run for any length of time should have some petrol. There are two taps, one at the petrol inlet-pipe of the carbureter and the other where the feed-pipe leaves the tank. Both should be opened, especially the one at the tank."

"Name of a dog! and have we been wasting all this time because no one knew enough to turn on the *essence!*" The count glared at the knot of experts, each of whom as he met the angry eye of the inventor transferred the glance to his neighbor.

"And now," cried the count, "for the flight!"

Dallas, leaning over the poorly made, loosely knit, but powerful little motor, looked up and saw that something more was apparently expected of him. His heart gave a sudden bound, then his face set rigidly.

"If you so desire, monsieur," he said crisply, "I am quite willing to make this trial for you myself, although I must say that I think a man is a fool to risk his life sitting so close to this infernal machine."

The count looked a little nonplused and mopped his head with his handkerchief. The knot of experts slightly withdrew from their propinquity to the "infernal machine" the villainous noise of which seemed quite to justify the reputation given it by the American. At the elbow of the count, Dallas's eyes fell upon the face of the daughter, who was regarding him appealingly.

"Well," said the young man impatiently

to the count, "do you want me to fly the thing? I won't promise not to smash it, but if you wish I will make an effort."

The count threw out both hands. "That is all that one could ask, monsieur, and it is growing very late. It is easy to see that you are a man familiar with mechanics, but perhaps it would be well that I should explain the operation of the various gears." He stepped to the side of the aeroplane and in a few words made clear to Dallas the operation of the fan and the double-action steering-gear. Disgusted as he was at the motor, Dallas could not refrain from expressing his admiration at the simplicity of these devices. A few minutes' practice satisfied him that he could easily control the machine should the power of the motor and the support of the planes be sufficient to furnish it with actual flight.

The demonstration finished, Dallas got aboard the apparatus and for several minutes practised working the various levers of the steering-gear and motor-control. Being naturally quick at mechanics, as well as an experienced motorist, the mere operation of the aeroplane presented no difficulties.

"Very well," he said, at length, settling himself on the seat. He leaned forward and advanced the spark, and the fan responded with a roaring whirl. "All ready?" He gripped the steering-wheel. "Let go!"

The count and one of his assistants stepped back and slipped the anchor-ropes. The big fan roared as it beat the air with mighty strokes. A nervous cheer arose from the spectators as the straining fabric glided forward, rolling smoothly down the path. It gained rapidly in speed, and Dallas's heart leaped as he felt a tremor of life surge through it and an odd fluttering, lifting sensation beneath him. Deafened by the pounding of the motor, the rush of wind, and the howling tumult of the spectators, he slightly raised the pitch of the rudder-plane. There was no change in the sensation of smooth, gliding speed, but glancing down he saw that the aeroplane had risen gently from the ground. He elevated the rudder even more, and the result was startling. A gust of the fresh breeze swept under the great horizontal planes, and the big machine began to soar upward. The ground dropped away like magic, and looking down, with his heart pounding like the motor, Dallas saw that he was skimming the valley like a bird. Beneath him the horsemen were riding at a gal-



HE GRIPPED THE INVENTOR OF THE MOTOR, AND THE NEXT INSTANT THIS GENIUS  
FOUND HIMSELF WALLOWING IN A MIXTURE OF SPLINTERED GLASS AND A  
COMPOST HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MINISTÈRE DE L'AGRICULTURE

lop, and their excited yells reached him above the roar of the wind and the explosions of the motor. He had gained the height of the tree-tops and was still rising when it occurred to him to depress the fan, which he did, with the result that the aeroplane began to slant swiftly downward.

Dallas discovered that without any effort on his part, but apparently due to some difference in wing-area, the aeroplane was circling. Gliding swiftly at a height of twenty meters, it swept across the valley in a magnificent arc, skirted the river, and was skimming back toward the starting-point at the end of a circumference of perhaps a kilometer.

Suddenly he wondered how he was going to stop. This part of the problem had not previously occurred to him; he figured that if he met the slope at his present speed it would not only wreck the apparatus but no doubt inflict serious injury upon himself. At the same time he discovered that the aeroplane was settling rapidly, and glancing ahead he discovered to his horror a long glass greenhouse placed broadside to him and directly in his course. At his present elevation he was bound to strike this impediment full, and in desperation he advanced the spark to its full limit, increased the flow of "essence," then sharply elevated both fan and rudder-plane. The apparatus lifted sluggishly, passed over the greenhouse, which it cleared by a scant three meters, and at the same moment the motor began to "miss." For an instant the flying-machine hung poised; then suddenly the fan stopped, there was a sharp explosion as the incomplete motor "back-fired," the fan reversed, and with a heavy lurch the whole great fabric shot backward and downward.

Acting purely by instinct, Dallas snapped off the current, then closed his eyes. There were a terrific crash, a violent explosion, a splintering uproar as of a thousand broken window-panes, a shock with a nightmare sensation of falling into an abyss, a violent thud, and Dallas waited for death.

An odor more violent than the noise revived him, and he opened his eyes and looked about. The first glance showed him that he lay inside a glass inclosure and upon a bed of a myriad scintillating particles intermingled with some powdery substance of a grayish white in which he appeared to have been rolled as a cook might serve a fish before throwing it into the frying-pan. It did

not take him long to discover that it was to this powdery substance that he owed his speedy revival, but he offered no thanks. Instead, he sat up with a strangling curse, recognizing the fact that he had saved his life by having landed in the middle of a heap of fertilizer much approved of French gardeners and composed largely of the ground-up bony structures of the Paris cab-horse.

Over his head, its giant wings outstretched and torn to many fragments, hung the aeroplane, poised on the shattered roof of the greenhouse. Glancing down at himself, the experimenter discovered that his garments were lacking in different areas and that he was bleeding from a number of these denuded points. He was making a profane inventory of his hurts when a door at the end of the greenhouse was burst violently open.



"ANY IMBECILE SON OF A DRUNKEN TINSMITH  
COULD MAKE A BETTER MOTOR THAN  
THAT OUT OF A COFFEE-POT"

With as much dignity as his condition would permit, Dallas rose to his feet and stood prepared to receive the congratulations of the crowd. But at the same moment there rushed through the jam surrounding the door a tall, slim young man with black hair and mustache, brilliant eyes, and a pale, infuriated face, followed by the Count de Meaux.

"Where is he!" screamed the young man. "Where is the accursed thief of an American who claimed to be my friend and sent by me to operate my motor!"

"But wait! But wait!" cried the inventor. "I see him! He is there, the pig!" cried the young man. "I will tell him what he is!"

But the American had grasped the situation in a flash, and as the inventor of the motor rushed toward him he straightened up, pale and eager. "*Augh'h'h!*" he snarled, with the true French inflection of rage. He sprang forward, gripped by both shoulders the inventor of the motor which was to effect the conquest of the air, and the next instant this genius found himself wallowing in a mixture of splintered glass and a compost highly recommended by the Ministère de l'Agriculture.

Without even glancing behind him Dallas made his way to the door of the greenhouse, passed out and through the crowd. Straight onward he bore, a solitary blaspheming figure, up the steps of the terrace.

At the top of the terrace he turned and looked down upon the troubled assemblage. The inventor of the motor was in the van, where, surrounded at a respectful distance by a sympathetic audience, he was volubly reciting the story of his wrongs. From the foot of the steps the girl was directing toward Dallas glances of hatred from her lovely eyes. This and other details suddenly inspired in the American the power of speech.

"Here, my friends," said he, spreading four fingers upon his chest, "one sees the victim of a misplaced generosity. Made-moiselle de Meaux, if she is as truthful as she is fascinating, will remember that it was at her request I consented to operate the admirable invention of the Count de Meaux, because through a base fear of such blood and wounds as these," he exhibited his hurts, "this poltroon, De Longueville, had lost his courage at the crucial instant."

A passionate outcry from De Longueville

was subdued by the people about him. Dallas raised his voice.

"Figure to yourselves, my friends!" he exclaimed, throwing out both hands. "Here is an aeroplane which represents the expenditure of thousands of francs now a total wreck owing to the worthlessness of the motive power depended upon to drive it." He sprang down half a dozen steps and turned to De Longueville. "Do you call that papier-mâché, back-firing bomb-shell a motor?" he snarled. "Any imbecile son of a drunken tinsmith could make a better motor than that out of a coffee-pot found in a scrap-heap. *Augh'h'h!* A motor! Do you call that thing a motor? That is no motor! It is a medieval experiment in the expansion of gases. *Augh'h'h!*"

He turned to the inventor of the flying-machine and lifted his cap. "Monsieur de Meaux, permit me to compliment you upon the sagacity with which you have selected a site for your demonstration. If it were not for the fact that the wind was glanced upward from the slope your aeroplane would never have left the ground. In my opinion it is upon the same plane as his worthless motor, and the truthfulness which has been shown in representing me to be an impostor coming here with false claims to perform what your colleague had not the courage to attempt coincides in quality, as do you both, with your variety of fertilizer, which no self-respecting American would permit upon his estate. I have the honor to wish you all good day!"

He turned haughtily and strode toward his car, followed by his *mécanicien*.

"You may drive," said Dallas, enveloping himself in an ulster. "I am a trifle disgusted with motors."

For several kilometers they proceeded in a silence broken only by the rhythm of the engine. Finally Dallas remarked, "*Augh'h'h!*"

"Monsieur," observed the *mécanicien* timidly, "was magnificent—even though he smelt like a Brie cheese."

Dallas did not hear. He was reflecting. "Romance," he remarked aloud, in an unpleasant voice, "may dwell with the door upon the latch for any fool who cares to enter. But there really ought to be a sign, 'No admittance except on business!' *Tenez!* I will drive myself," he added to his *mécanicien*.

The second story of "*The Romance Syndicate*," entitled "*Wayne's Adventure*," will appear in the December issue.

# Owners of America

## VI. John D. Rockefeller

By Alfred Henry Lewis



HOLLY to know a river one must know its source, and the same is quite as true of a man. Somewhere in Massachusetts flows a sluggish, turbid, inconsequential rivulet bearing the unpleasant name of Mud Creek. During the major part of the first half of the last century there dwelt on its banks one Godfrey Rockefeller. His neighbors declared that he in no wise adorned his age or helped his region. The one barrier between himself and disrepute was Madam Rockefeller, his wife. This lady possessed energy, wisdom, education, religion, and industry, and, considering her worthless husband, had most marvelously preserved her self-respect. How she ever became the wife of Godfrey Rockefeller was among the neighborhood wonders along Mud Creek. However, there is no purpose here to consider that matrimonial miracle, or, indeed, to go farther into the Mud Creek destinies of Madam Rockefeller and her mate than to record the birth of their son.

William A. Rockefeller, for such was the son's name, grew up tall, strong, quick, forceful—the antithesis of his sire. Also he never knew the taste of alcohol. And yet it would seem as though sobriety were his single virtue, for, by word of those who should have known him nearest, he was fairly equal to every other vice besides.

Reputation is often unjust, especially in regions rural, where to do the least work, or to make the most money, is to excite general suspicion; and it may have been that William A. Rockefeller has been painted blacker than he deserved. Still, there are a handful of matters concerning him to which history can safely tie. Over six feet tall, door-wide as to shoulders, owning the thews of a bear, he

on slight occasion thrashed his young Mud Creek fellow males, who feared him wide and far. His accomplishments were for the most part physical, and counted for blemishes, perhaps, with quiet folk. He could outshoot, outride, outrun, outjump, outwrestle the best cap and feather of his county. He owned the swiftest horse and the most accurate rifle to be met with, an you searched through a long summer's day. He evinced a noble contempt for hand-labor that could be matched only by his equally noble contempt for all learning drawn from books. The belles of Mud Creek felt none the less a liking for scapegrace William A., handsome, dashing, brave.

While the idol of the young women, what young males he had thrashed, as well as that staid fraction to come under the head of "old folks," looked with disfavor upon the dashing William A. Neither was there much loose money along Mud Creek to be won at dice or cards or horse-racing. It thus befell that, irked perhaps by those double conditions of disrepute and the want of a chance to make money easily, if not honestly, he one morning, without bothering to say good-by, turned his final back upon Mud Creek, and journeyed afar off to the New York county of Tioga. He made his appearance among the good Tioga people as a pedler, and set up his headquarters in the village of Richford.

In his peddling advent William A. pretended to be stone-deaf. This gave him a fantastic advantage, for he heard all that was said without seeming to hear, and knew the minds of his customers while they thought him most ignorant. It required self-restraint and much acting, but found its account, doubtless, in an augmented inflow of dollars and cents. What the Tioga good people thought and said later, when the dumb, peddling one from Yankeeland of a sudden



developed ears and tongue as briskly keen as Tioga's keenest, may be better imagined than described.

William A. Rockefeller soon settled into the same reckless place in Tioga society which aforetime he had enjoyed in the social circles of Mud Creek. That he wore the best clothes, and did the least work, and had the most money of any young man in Tioga, made him—in consequence of that rural rule I've already quoted—an object of popular

On one of his medicine-selling expeditions William A. married and brought home a wife. The Tioga people met her, reviewed her, conversed with her, found her of surprising excellence in every social and polite respect, and decided that she had been imposed upon and woefully misled. As to whether this last were true or no, Madam William A. made not the slightest sign. She comported herself as though wedded to the best of men, and showed no facial clouds of disappointment.



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

suspicion. "Where did he get it?" was a question frequently put, always to meet with no more sufficing answer than now when it is asked concerning the mysterious riches of a chief of Tammany Hall. That he could swindle the cutest intellects in a horse-trade, and very often did, was not enough; he showed too much money even for that. Also his own story that he amassed his riches selling home-compounded medicines, on what frequent trips he took to parts unknown, proved no more convincing.

Also she, in even procession, gave birth to three sons, one of whom she named John Davison, in honor of her farmer father.

John Davison Rockefeller was born in 1839, and the first eleven years of his existence were Empire State years. Then William A. shouldered his rifle, shook the New York dust from his moccasins, and hopefully led his brood westward to Cuyahoga County, Ohio, pitching his domestic camp in Strongsville, a crossroads village a few miles south of Cleveland. Later he transferred his ac-



BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, RICHFORD,  
TIOGA COUNTY, NEW-YORK

tivities, such as they were, to Parma, a neighboring hamlet of about the same populous inconsequence.

William A., during his Buckeye residence, continued to flourish as a country "sport," and in every dog-fighting, horse-racing, card-gambling way won no cleaner reputation than that old one, all rags and stains and tatters, he had left behind. Also he continued those medicine-selling disappearances which had so excited Tioga concern, and brought home wealth by the pocketful as the comfortable yet doubt-nourishing results. No one, however, could lay finger of certainty on any act of his the law called wrong; and no one had the hardihood to express aught of damaging suspicion to the six-foot William A. himself, who to the rough-and-tumble finale remained a dangerous customer. In the end he disappeared, no one knowing exactly when or how, but before he went he loaned his son John D. over four thousand dollars wherewith to begin life's battle. They say that somewhere in Iowa William A. still lives at the o'erripe age of ninety-three. Whether this be fact or no, of all the Rockefellers he most attracts my sympathy. The worst that can be said of him is that he didn't live in the Elizabethan day of Francis Drake.

John Davison Rockefeller went in boyhood to the country schools, and picked up what book-knowledge was necessary to get and keep money. He was secret and silent and grave and self-centered as a child, just as he has been self-centered and grave and

silent and secret as a man. He was distinguished by an utter absence of any sense of humor, and knew no more of jokes than he knew of Sanskrit.

Once I heard an expert alienist giving evidence. He said, "A lunatic is a man who has no sense of humor." Still, I do not pin my whole faith to alienists or the evidence they give. Moreover, at wide intervals, Mr. Rockefeller has been known to laugh, albeit the laugh floated forth as dry and harsh and causeless as the solitary night-laughter of some loon on a lake.

John D. was sixteen years old when he left school and went to work. Beyond an eagerness to go to work, the one other anxiety he had betrayed was to go to church and be religious. He became an early and earnest worker in the Baptist vineyard, and has remained so all his life.

There is much to be said in favor of church-going, aside from any promised improvement to the morals and that comfort of heaven wherewith it invests a future. Church—religion—provides the best society, at little or no expense, and feeds the gregarious in man's nature without drawing deeply upon his pocket. Putting aside, therefore, every question of soul-saving, this very inexpensiveness should have appealed to one who, on an income of less than a dollar a day, was struggling to grow rich. Not that I intend the latter as a description of Mr. Rockefeller, not yet entered upon his twenties and guiltless of every symptom of becoming the most money-

powerful man of his money-powerful hour. In these later days, when his millions, to say nothing of the methods of their collection and the uses to which they are addressed, have made him numberless foes, there be ones who condemn Mr. Rockefeller's religious pretensions as veriest hypocrisy. I am not of that number. I believe him one who honestly and sincerely regards his calling and election sure.

True, if one accepts what the churches teach, and owns a Rockefeller past, anything like a steady contemplation of the eternity which lies beyond should surely start a perspiration. However, all things in the way of human conclusion depend upon a point of view, and the shield that is black to one shows white to another. Mr. Ryan, Mr. Schwab, Mr. Morgan, like Mr. Rockefeller, are pillars of the church, and I see no reason why the latter should despair of getting through a needle's eye any more than they. Because I am bound to truthfulness, I confess that for myself I cannot, by the light of what they daily do, clearly make out just how these gentry read their Bibles. By the same token, I have been lost in equal wonder as to how a farmer plowed a field full of stumps. Plow it he did, however, managing in some fashion

to plow around the stumps, and in the end took off a very fair crop for his pains. The Rockefellers and the Ryans, the Morgans and the Schwabs must needs find their fields of religion thickly dotted of Biblical stumps; and yet they would seem to plow around them, and who shall say what final harvests of saving grace they may not reap?

Judge not lest you be judged. What if it does fret one when John D., Jr., before his Bible-class, justifies Standard Oil in its destruction of its rivals, by a parable of how the rose is brought to a multiplied perfection by bud-killing what other roses start from the same stem? At worst it is no more than a smug sentiment of self-justification, horticulturally expressed, and its defensive value may safely be left for settlement to a day, told of in the Scriptures, when this world will have disappeared and ended, and time shall be no more.

Of what avail to follow the struggling young John D. into every penny-saving corner? At first he worked for little or nothing, and next for a little more. At last—he was twenty years old—he rebelled against a taskmaster who wanted to pay him but two dollars a day, and decided to go to work for himself. It was now that William A. en-



MR. ROCKEFELLER'S NEW YORK HOUSE, NO. 4 WEST FIFTY-FOURTH STREET



BOYHOOD HOME OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, MORAVIA,  
CAYUGA COUNTY, NEW YORK

dowed him with those four thousand dollars. John D. burst into the commission business in Merwin Street, Cleveland, selling farm produce and all sorts of agricultural what-not, pouching thereby the, in that time, smug income of two thousand dollars a year.

In these his later years, when Mr. Rockefeller comes before the people of his church and Sunday-school, to encourage their souls religiously, he never fails to take from his pocket a little red volume which he calls his Ledger A. Where others read from Bible or Testament or hymn-book, he reads from Ledger A. As he does so, his voice chokes, his eyes brim; to him it is the book of books. Ledger A is the memoranda he made of his earliest intakes and outgoes of money, and he never opens it without profound emotion.

Ledger A has formed the basis of full one hundred of Mr. Rockefeller's pulpit orations, and since he always says the same things and never says anything else, the report of one should show the religious and intellectual breadth of all. Said he—he was addressing the Sunday-school—on one of these pulpit, Ledger A occasions, while pointing out the straight and narrow path to the feet of what stumbling blind young sinners sat breathlessly before him:

"It is particularly gratifying to me, after my absence, to notice the signs of prosperity in this school. This Sunday-school has been

of help to me, more than any other force in my Christian life. When you come to the church or the Sunday-school, and associate with it as a member, you must put something into it. When a business man associates himself with other business men for, say, the production of the bricks in these walls, or the glass in these windows, he contributes a sum of money to the partnership and its purposes. In proportion to what he puts in he receives a return on his investment. The more he puts in the more he gets back in dividends. It is not necessary that you contribute money to a church or Sunday-school; you may not have it; but everybody must contribute something, be it money or what it may. Put something in; and, according as you put something in, the greater will be your dividends of salvation." Here he brings out his little red Ledger A. Handling it with the loving tenderness of a mother for a first-born, he runs over the leaves of this the first-born of his account-books. Then he proceeds: "This document is my first account-book; I call it Ledger A. You could not get this book from me for all the ledgers in the world and all the money they represent. It almost brings tears to my eyes whenever I turn the pages of this little book; and as I look through it I feel a sense of gratitude I can't express. In it, back in 1855, when I began the struggle of life for myself, I set down all I earned and all I paid

out. I see by it that, the first three months, I received only fifty dollars. Beginning January 1, New Year's day, 1856, I note that I received twenty-five dollars a month for my work. And this, according to Ledger A, is what I did with my money. From November, 1855, to April, 1856, I boarded myself, and the little items are recorded here. In that time I paid, I find, a trifle over nine dollars for clothing. My clothes were not of the most fashionable cut; I bought them of a ready-made clothier. But they were such as I could afford, and it was a great deal better than buying clothing I couldn't pay for. I note but one piece of extravagance—a pair of fur gloves for \$2.50. I ought to have bought mittens. During four months, in which I earned one hundred dollars, and out of which I lived and saved some money, I also gave over five and one-half dollars to Christian work. Here are the items, starting from November 25, 1855, when I gave ten cents to foreign missions. Then come these items: To Mr. Downie, one of our young ministers, ten cents. Pew rent—we called them 'slips'—one dollar. December 16, 1855, Sunday-school, five cents. For a present for Mr. Farrar, the Sunday-school superintendent, twenty-five cents. Five Points Mission, New York, twelve cents. For a little religious paper called the *Macedonian*, ten cents. Present for teacher Sked, twenty-five cents. I now turn to January, 1856. On the thirteenth of that month I find I had something left over for good work. I find these items: Missionary work, six cents; church poor, ten cents—all on one Sunday. February 3d I see that I gave ten cents to the church poor; and also to foreign missions ten cents. Going to March 2d, I gave ten cents to the church poor. The next day, pew rent, one

dollar. March 16th, foreign missions, ten cents. March 21st, one dollar to Y. M. C. A. And all this time, mind you, I was not only paying my living expenses, clothes and food and all, but saving money."

Thus would Mr. Rockefeller go on, evincing a consuming relish, rolling each item under his tongue as though a morsel of exceeding sweetness. And yet there was nothing of brag or bounce about it; the whole was plainly an effort, both honest and sincere, whereof the sole purpose was to teach his hearers to dwell on earth in such a way as to make them

the heritors of everlasting bliss. If it failed or fell short of such heavenly purpose it was at least no fault of Mr. Rockefeller's, who did his best according to his light.

The foregoing little sermon is worth while only in its relation as casting a ray on the heart and soul of Mr. Rockefeller in their workings. As he is one of our owners of America, and a man who, with the power granted by his own personal billion of gold and the score or more of billions over which he through it sways command, could almost shake

down the fabric of a government about the ears of its citizens, too much light cannot be thrown upon the moral and mental nature of Mr. Rockefeller, nor can that moral-mental nature be too much or too closely examined.

Clerk at twenty-five dollars a month in a warehouse on the Cleveland docks, Merwin Street commission merchant of farm produce, finding his social life inexpensively in church and Sunday-school, reading no books, going to no plays, attending no balls, making no friends, dreaming and scheming day and night, with money the one object of those dreams and schemes, Mr. Rockefeller passed his youth and early manhood. He was twenty-two when the boys in blue went



WILLIAM A., FATHER OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER



marching away for those four battle-wrung years required to keep the nation steady on its feet. Mr. Rockefeller did not go marching with them. He was slowly but surely making money and getting his financial feet firmly planted beneath him for a spring at whatever enterprise should promise most.

Oil was struck, and Mr. Rockefeller beheld his opportunity. He went into oil, body, soul, time, brains, fortune. He worked like a slave; he squeezed out the last cent and saved the cent. In 1870 he was rich, honestly rich. But his gold-hunger had grown with the gold it fed on, and it was here and now he began to go to the commercially left oblique. The native profits of oil were not big enough; he must swell them, no matter how.

The painstaking canvasback will dive down through fifteen feet of water, and tug and wrestle and wrangle until it pulls up a bunch of wild celery. The redhead waits craftily on the surface. Up comes the canvasback, out of breath, exhausted, the celery in its mouth. Before it clears its eyes of water the redhead has made its felonious dash, ravished the hard-won celery from the canvasback's astonished bill, and, in Chesapeake parlance, "scooted." I do not know that Mr. Rockefeller ever studied natural history, with especial reference to ducks, but sure it is that in 1870 he became the redhead duck of oil. He went about the depletion of his canvasback contemporaries after this wise:

Observing the important figure cut by railway freights in the profits of oil, Mr. Rockefeller conceived the idea of rebates. That rebate idea has of late got him into trouble; but a third of a century ago rebates promised well and kept their promise.

Mr. Rockefeller called into council, first severally, then collectively, Messrs. W. H. Vanderbilt, Col. Tom Scott, H. W. Clark, and Jay Gould. These gentlemen—every one of them capable of swallowing and digesting a million or two of dollars without the least stomachic inconvenience—controlled what railways did the oil-hauling. No one knows the understanding arrived at between them and Mr. Rockefeller—on his way to be richer than just merely rich. Not a word leaked out; Mr. Rockefeller was congenitally secret, and those others imitated his secrecy, for rebates were as blackly illegal then as now.

No one, I say, knew the agreement arrived at between Mr. Rockefeller for his oil and

those others for their railroads. What has since transpired, however, shows that the Rockefeller oil was given a rate full fifty per cent. lower than any other oil. Also—and this is the remarkable part—what excess other oil-men paid, over and above the rate allowed the Rockefeller oil, was paid by the railways themselves into the eager pockets of Mr. Rockefeller. What division occurred later, and how much went to Messrs. Vanderbilt, Scott, Clark, and Gould, individually and personally, there is no means of knowing. One may be sure, however, that they had in no wise overlooked themselves, nor failed to lick their fingers, as good cooks should.

That secret rebate to Mr. Rockefeller bore such glorious fruit that in 1872 twenty-one of the twenty-six oil-refineries then extant in Cleveland sold out to him. It was "sell or die" and, naturally, they sold. There was public uproar, congressional uproar, but it ended, as usual, in mere roar. Mr. Rockefeller succeeded in his plannings and dreamings and schemings, and laid deep and strong those foundations whereon he has since reared Standard Oil. But—and this owns a sinister sound—Mr. Rockefeller lost all his hair, and all his stomach, in the fires of that nerve-consuming struggle, and has been driven to live on acidulated milk and go bald or wear a wig ever since. Mr. Rockefeller got his rebates, but he paid a price. Also he found time for church and Sunday-school, for we have his word that it was made manifest to him how all this rebate-grown wealth, pouring in upon him, was to be accepted as heaven's direct gift.

There is such a commodity as a ripeness of time. If Columbus had not discovered America when he did, some other mariner would have discovered it, for the time to do so was ripe. If Mr. Rockefeller hadn't devised the trust when he did, some other man would have devised it, for the trust time was ripe. Standard Oil was hatched in the early eighties; it was the first trust, and to Mr. Rockefeller belongs the doubtful fame of being the father of the trust.

After watching the trust scheme and its unfoldment in Standard Oil for about five years, Mr. Havemeyer founded the Sugar Trust. Mr. Havemeyer laid the trust in its conception to protection. As a matter of commercial truth, trusts were and are the offspring of rebates, which sly dark-lantern railway advantage Mr. Rockefeller himself was the



*From a painting by J. J. Shannon*

MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

earliest to demand and receive. Protection may have helped nurse the trust, may have rocked its cradle and warmed its milk; but its mother was the rebate. Withdraw the latter, and even now, in spite of protective tariffs, every trust would die.

Standard Oil in its story has been partially told and retold. The whole, of course, will never be told and can never be told. Mr. Rockefeller himself can't tell it, any more than he can count his gold. What we call the story of Standard Oil is really about one-tenth of one per cent. of its oleaginous history.

No enterprise has been more merciless than Standard Oil, none more successful in killing off all rivalry. None has been more careful to cover its tracks. It appears and reappears under dozens of aliases. It surrounds the consumer, and cuts off every avenue of escape, by owning those gas and electric-light enterprises by which the world must see its way about of nights. It even owns the candle manufactories. Its vast riches, too, are invested in railways and coal-mines and coke-ovens, in ships and banks and insurance companies; its hand is on every throttle-valve of commerce. There are no measures, no limits to its power, a power ever selfish, never generous, and having for its sole end its own aggrandizement.

Peculiarly and particularly, Standard Oil is the originator and owner of the great National City Bank of New York, with its ninety million dollars of call loans; which latter are as ninety million knives at the throat of Wall Street speculation. This National City Bank is the Rockefeller armory and magazine. It is for his defense and the destruction of his enemies; by which latter term one is to understand all whom for any reason, whether of revenge or self-defense or

merest purpose of pillage, Standard Oil would lick up.

Civilization is artificial, and of all its elements the most artificial are those commerce conditions and trade and monetary systems by which it is maintained. Certain features of the monetary system are designedly bad. The banking system is bad; the stock-exchange and stock-gambling features are peculiarly malignant. If a government ran its own banks and issued its own money, a public would come the better off. We at least would not welter in the ruin born of so-called panics, one of which was recently with us in all its blighting malevolence.

As I have already said, there is little or no reason why the present page should be cumbered with a hair-line etching of Standard Oil. Every soul between the oceans, with least interest to learn, already knows the picture of it. Mr. Rockefeller, who invented Standard Oil, who controls it in every manifestation of its sinister potentialities and is its heart and soul and brains, is a more worthy as well as a more convincing subject of interest. Standard Oil is the mere gun in its rack; it is the Rockefeller eye that aims, the Rockefeller finger which fires, that gun.

In person Mr. Rockefeller is a huge-boned bulk of a man, like his father before him. He is not handsome, because he has no hair; he is not happy, because he has no stomach. Remembering how mankind in its civilization sits ever in the awful money-shadow of Standard Oil, I warn you that it is a fearsome thing to be at the mercy of one who has no stomach, that town and country residence of the soul.

The Rockefeller eyes are small and glittering, like the eyes of a rat. By the same token, the contour of the Rockefeller mouth is sug-



MR. ROCKEFELLER'S LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY, HOUSE, FORMERLY THE OCEAN COUNTY GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB



PART OF THE VAST ROCKEFELLER ESTATE, POCANTICO HILLS,  
TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK

gestive of the cutting, gnawing rodent teeth. Once I saw where a rat had gnawed through six inches of solid oak. Think of the patient, painful labor involved! When he got through, however, hundreds of bushels of wheat were at the mercy of that Rockefeller of a rat. The Rockefeller mouth is a thin, long slit of a mouth, and draws down at the corners pathetically. Most of all, like a warning, Mr. Rockefeller furnishes the impression of one who can see in the dark.

Altogether, the Rockefeller atmosphere is inimical, repellent, alarming. And yet no one will look upon Mr. Rockefeller without feeling a kind of sadness, a sympathy for him. No one will envy him; he gives forth no impression of happiness, as does Mr. Carnegie, or of cheerful, steady conceit, as does Mr. Schwab, or of contented rapacity, as does Mr. Ryan. Instead, he is like a man lost in a world strange to him, and very lonesome.

Mr. Rockefeller, in the sense popular, does not understand men, and there is a pleading, helpless look about him as though he wished he did. This may throw a trifle of light on the matter in immediate hand. Across from Mr. Rockefeller's Euclid Avenue house in Cleveland lives a man whom he has known for many years. Probably this man's house is the only one he ever visits. At intervals he is wont to run across for an even-

ing's chat—he couldn't tell you why himself.

The man visited is a bookworm, and cares as little for money as Mr. Rockefeller cares for anything else. The visiting Mr. Rockefeller invariably comes upon the bookworm surrounded by shelves of books. Never but once did Mr. Rockefeller so much as notice the books; they no more attracted his eye than would a dead wall. Upon arrival, Mr. Rockefeller's first move is to ask permission to turn down the gas; for he likes to sit in a sort of self-constructed twilight and finds a flood of radiance disquieting. Then in the half-darkness he will talk—talk of money, always of money. The one time he referred to the books was characteristic. The visited bookworm sat with his finger keeping the place in a volume of Moore's "Life of Byron." Mr. Rockefeller noticed it.

"You get pleasure out of your books, Judge?" he said musingly.

"Yes," responded the bookworm.

"Do you know the only thing that gives me pleasure?" said Mr. Rockefeller, looking up with a fashion of guilelessness, at once sly and bland. "It's to see my dividends coming in," he whispered; "just to see my dividends coming in!" And as he said it he made a drawing, scraping motion across the table with his scooped hand, as though raking in imaginary riches.



HOUSE ON THE POCANTICO HILLS ESTATE FORMERLY OCCUPIED  
BY MR. ROCKEFELLER

On this estate Mr. Rockefeller is now building a fine stone mansion, with broad terraces, elaborate formal gardens, and fountains. This plan is at variance with his former preference for unpretentious homes

"And yet," observed the bookish man, who himself told me the above, "Mr. Rockefeller is haunted with a desire to be popular. Strange as it may sound to you, he'd give anything if everybody on earth would only love him. But he hasn't the least conception of how to set about gaining that love. He's like the cow in the fable that was crazy to be a pet and, envying the dog the caresses its master lavished upon it, threw herself into the man's lap as he sat asleep in an orchard."

In business Mr. Rockefeller early learned that lesson of the trusts, "Never pay anyone a profit." He did not have to learn the lesson of secrecy, since he was born secret. In his private life he pays back as little profit, and is as sedulous to stanch every leak of waste as he is in business. Every member of his household is brought up to plainness and economy. There are no famous pictures, no expensive books, no rich furnishings about the Rockefeller houses. There are hundreds of acres of the richest land about his two country houses, one in East Cleveland, one near Washington Irving's Sleepy Hollow; Mr. Rockefeller will deny himself nothing in broad rich acres, since broad rich acres

go up in value. So, also, of his town house and the lot it stands on in Euclid Avenue, Cleveland.

Mr. Rockefeller plays golf, for golf means healthful outdoors, and Mr. Rockefeller would live to be ninety-three, like his whale-bone sire, to enjoy and swell his billion. And yet, be it known, Mr. Rockefeller does good, much good, with his money. He builds colleges and medical institutes. His largess in these educational directions runs into many millions.

Mr. Rockefeller does good. Also I've more than once stood for it that I'd sooner a man would do good than do right. In the case of Mr. Rockefeller I desire now to reverse this preference. He makes an exception to a rule. In his billion-dollar instance, with his fell power not only to ride the money-storm and direct the money-whirlwind but to create those atmospheric disturbances of trade at will, we would all be safer and come the better off, gamble less and work more and keep our little money longer, were he to do right rather than good. If you will study the Rockefeller situation you will see that this must be so.



Mr. Rockefeller has no social side, and his home people are quite as solitary. He visits no one; no one visits him. He goes to no dinners, albeit his lack of stomach may lie at the dinner-roots of this. In all respects he gives the best of reasons for believing that, as he said, his sole pleasure is in "seeing his dividends come in."

In business he acts through two lieutenants, Mr. H. H. Rogers and Mr. William Rockefeller. The fact that he has fifteen hundred lawyers inclines one to pause and ponder the character of that business.

Mr. Rockefeller has provoked a vast amount of literature, very little of which has been eulogistic. No one than he has been more bitterly spoken against, more ferociously condemned. And yet why blame him? Could he have helped being what he is? Mind, I don't ask, "Could we have helped his being what he is?" He could no more have become that perilous creature, a billionaire, wanting our permission, than he could have stolen stars from the midnight sky.

One of the worst things about a billionaire and a billion-dollar company is the popular injustice invited. We accuse them of bribing our lawmakers and our law-officers—judges, prosecutors, sheriffs. More often it is a case of blackmail. Those law-servants of ours set traps for the billionaire and the billion-dollar company, seeing them so money-fat. Which, when rightly looked at, makes a strongest reason for not encouraging billionaires and billion-dollar companies in our avaricious midst. How many publics pass laws abolishing rum-shops as a temptation to drunkenness? By a parity of reasoning, should not those publics pass laws against billionaires and billion-dollar companies as a temptation to blackmail?

Everywhere in life we behold the victory of interest; and so, in hinting that you might

better clip the wings of money, and in an effort to create opinion favorable to such wing-clipping, I harp always on your interest. This I take to be the wiser, shorter way. Opinion is a vine that never clammers very high save on a trellis of interest. Would you force a luxuriant growth of opinion—*i. e.*, conviction—in the breast of any man, you have but to plant his pocketbook at its roots. And so I tell you that the existence of a billionaire, however benevolent or generous or morally white he may be, is a disaster to your pocket. Just as there is more in his pockets, there is less in yours. And what said the blunt Cromwell? "That which maketh the one rich and the many poor suiteth not a commonwealth." Besides, a billionaire by his mere presence debauches the popular imagination—sets it to uttering vain knowledge and filling its belly with the east wind.

Against Mr. Rockefeller personally little or less can be said. He has no angers, no rages, speaks evil of no one. When a confidential inside agent betrayed him to Wall Street speculators he exhausted his spirit for revenge when he gave the traitor two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in money, made him the high-salaried president of a sub-company of Standard Oil, and cast him out. Mr. Rockefeller has no vices, although that, like his want of dinner-going, may be due to an absence of stomach. No one may be very vicious without a stomach. I said he had no vices. That is wrong. He permits himself the luxury of lies. Given cause, Mr. Rockefeller will make Ananias look like a beginner. Also he'll defend himself in his mendacities. He claims that you have no more right to search his head than to search his pockets; that whoever may lock a door may lie. And between you and me, I am by no means sure he isn't right.





SHE ADVANCED WITH SLOW HESITATING FOOTSTEPS TOWARD THE SPOT  
WHERE THE MAN WAS LYING

(*"Passers-By"*)

# Passers-By

By Anthony Partridge

Illustrated by Will Foster

**SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS:** The fortunes of a street singer, Christine, who is in London accompanied by Ambrose Drake, a hunchback, with a piano and a monkey, are strangely linked with those of an English statesman, the Marquis of Ellingham. Gilbert Hannaway, a young Englishman, who is aware of this without knowing why, recognizes the pair, whom he had met in Paris. He attempts to speak to Christine, but is knocked senseless by Drake.

Hannaway telephones the news of their presence in London to the Marquis of Ellingham, who is much disturbed. The next day Drake calls on the nobleman and warns him to leave London. The hunchback does not want the girl to find him. Hannaway meets Christine on the street. He can get nothing of the mystery from her, and she declines his offer of assistance. He then calls on the marquis, who is preparing to leave England for Italy immediately. They discuss vaguely an affair that took place in Paris five years before, for which, Hannaway says, an innocent man is in prison. He says that perhaps Christine is looking for some one to take the prisoner's place. Hannaway sends word to Christine to be at Victoria Station the following morning at eleven. There she comes face to face with the nobleman, who, though startled at her appearance, takes her with him to Paris.

Christine now enters into an entirely new life. We find her living quietly but luxuriously in London. She sees a great deal of Hannaway. The marquis returns to England after a few months in Italy. He takes Christine to dinner one evening. He tells the girl that "they" are thick upon his trail, and that the whereabouts of Philip Champion are being advertised for in the papers. He says, knowingly, that Champion is dead. Christine, who seems to understand his meaning, then remarks that there are only three left, and of these Anatole Devache is the worst. The marquis tells her she must choose between him and his enemies: if with him, there will be dangers to confront; if with the latter, the struggle will probably be shortened. As she enters her apartment that night she has a feeling that something has happened and presently is struck dumb with horror.

## XVI



It was only for a moment that Christine lost control of herself. Her persistent ringing of the bell brought into the room her parlormaid, followed by another domestic. Amid a chorus of exclamations, she rapidly became the coolest of the trio.

"One of you ring for the elevator man," she directed. "We must have a man here of some sort. You, Alice, ring up the exchange. Ask to be put on to the police station. Tell them to send some one around here at once."

The girl shivered and burst into hysterical sobbing. "I can't, I can't!" she shrieked, and ran out of the room.

Christine went to the telephone herself. "I must have an inspector here at once," she said, as soon as she was connected. "I have just returned home and found a man here in my rooms. I think he is dead. Number 42 Victoria Flats. Please send some one quickly.

There are no men here, and we are frightened."

Then, for the first time, she advanced with slow, hesitating footsteps toward the spot where the man was lying. There were signs of a struggle in the room. A vase which had stood upon a small table was smashed into a thousand pieces. The table itself lay on its side. Books were strewn everywhere, a chair was overturned, the hearth-rug was doubled up. She looked for a moment at the object that lay half hidden by the round table—a strong man, with big eyes and thick neck. She recognized him at once. She had seen him in the restaurant in Paris. Dimly she remembered him even before that. He lay there now, a ghastly object, with all the high color gone from his cheeks, his eyes closed, the knife with which he had been stabbed still in his side. She turned away, feeling a little sick, and clutched at the elevator man, who had just hurried in.

"Don't go away," she begged. "Wait till the inspector comes. We are all terrified. Something has happened in my rooms while I have been out."

The man was staring at the prostrate form. "My God!" he exclaimed. "He's stabbed! I brought him up not an hour ago."

"Was he alone?" she asked.

The man nodded. "He was alone when I brought him," he answered. "He was alone when he rang your bell. I'll answer for that."

"How long have you been on duty?" a quiet voice asked from behind.

They turned round. The police inspector had arrived.

"Keep back, all of you," he said. "Nothing in the room must be disturbed. Who knows anything of this?"

There was little enough to be told. The man had arrived about nine o'clock, had rung the bell and asked for Miss de Lanson. The parlormaid had answered the bell, and had explained that Miss de Lanson was out. She had recovered now from her hysterics sufficiently to explain that the man seemed to have come from a journey, and spoke very civilly, but begged for permission to wait until Miss de Lanson returned. With some misgivings, she had allowed him to sit down in the drawing-room, while she went to the kitchen. She heard no struggle, no sound of any sort. The bell did not ring again, nor did she admit anyone. She heard the elevator ascend with her mistress, heard her mistress open the door, heard the shriek and the clanging of the electric bell.

The police inspector asked few questions, but he remained in the room a long time, taking notes. The doctor, whom he had summoned immediately on his arrival, made but the briefest of examinations. The man had been dead, he declared, at least an hour, stabbed right through the heart by some one who knew the exact spot to drive a knife home.

Christine left them there. The inspector had decided to stay all night. She went to her room and sat down. It was Anatoile, one of the three she had feared, in her room, and dead! After all she had been told it was not surprising that he should have been there, but who had killed him? How had he met with his death? She felt herself trembling all over. The shock of the thing seemed to grow more intense. She glanced at the clock. It was not yet midnight. She looked through the telephone book hastily and rang up Gilbert Hannaway's club. Yes, he was there. The man went away to find him. There were a few minutes of suspense. Then she heard a

familiar voice, and her heart gave a sudden beat of relief.

"Is that you?" she asked.

"It is Gilbert Hannaway," he answered. "Who are you?"

"I am Christine de Lanson," she answered. "Something terrible has happened here. I want you, if you will, to come to me. Do come, please."

"I shall be around in five minutes," was the quiet answer.

She laid down the receiver with a little breath of relief. It was something, this, to know that some one was coming on whom she could rely, some one, too, who knew a little of the truth. She went out into the passage, walking up and down waiting for him. As soon as she heard the elevator stop she threw open the front door. It was obvious that he had already heard the news, for he came in pale and with a scared look in his face. She took him into the little reception-room.

"It is Anatoile," she said. "Listen. To-night I went out to dinner with Lord Ellingham. There was no one here when we left. They say he arrived about nine. I returned at five minutes past ten. I let myself in as usual, walked into the drawing-room, turned on the lights, and there he was, lying on the floor, stabbed to the heart. The doctor said he had been dead more than an hour. There had been a struggle, too, for the furniture was all overturned."

"Who else had called to see you?" Hannaway asked softly.

"The elevator man declares no one," she answered. "My servants say they admitted no one."

"Lord Ellingham——" he began.

"Lord Ellingham dined with me. He left me below. He did not come up," she said quickly. "Listen. I want you to go to him. I want you to tell him what has happened. Ask his advice. Come back and see me. Am I to say that I dined with him to-night when they ask me where I was? How much am I to tell them? Go and see him, please, and bring me back word."

Hannaway took up his hat. "I will go at once," he said. "Why not come with me? You are scarcely fit to be left here alone."

She shook her head. "I am not a child," she said. "I am a little shaken, that is all. Go to Lord Ellingham's and come back here. I shall be up."

She went back to her room. Soon her

maid, who had recovered a little from her terror, came in to undress her.

"I am not going to bed yet, Marie," she said. "I have sent to ask for some one to advise me. How can one sleep knowing that there is a dead man a few yards away?"

Marie held out her hands. It was terrible that such things should happen in England. For her part, she wished that she had never come to so barbarous a country. And monsieur the inspector—he was sitting there all night with the corpse! They had had a glimpse of him just now. He was on the floor on his hands and knees, making notes.

Christine let her talk. All the time, one thought was working in her brain. Who could have killed him? Who in the world could have intervened at such a moment? What would they think, the others? What would they believe? It had taken place in her rooms—would they visit it upon her?

Again there was the rattle of the elevator gates. It was Hannaway returning. She went out to him. They sat together in the little reception-room. The fire had gone out, and she was shivering with cold and fear.

"I have seen Lord Ellingham," he announced. "He is terribly shocked, and most anxious on your account. He begs you to send for Mr. Lawson early in the morning, but thinks there is no need for you to mention with whom you dined, as your evidence in the case, so far as regards the murder itself, cannot be important. He will come to see you himself the first thing in the morning."

She drew a little breath. Somehow or other she seemed relieved at his message.

"Is there anything more I can do?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Not now," she said. "There is nothing to sit up for. I shall go to bed."

He was amazed at her sudden coolness. "You are not frightened?" he asked.

"Why should I be?" she answered. "The man was a stranger to me. He came, I suppose, as a thief. For the rest, I cannot form even the slightest idea as to what happened to him in my room."

She looked him in the eyes, and he nodded slowly.

"That is true," he said. "I will come to you to-morrow morning if I may."

He took her hand and held it for a moment.

"I wonder," she said, "if this had not happened, if I had not sent for you, whether you meant to stay away?"

"I meant to," he answered. "Whether I should have succeeded or not I cannot say."

## XVII

THE Marquis of Ellingham sat in the almost deserted smoking-room of his club, reclining in a reflective attitude in one of the most comfortable easy chairs. The evening paper, which he had been studying, had just fallen from his knee. His eyes were fixed upon the ceiling. He seemed to be lost in thought. A man came in and looked around, a man to whom Ellingham nodded at once.

"How are you, Sir James?" he said.

The great lawyer returned his friend's greeting, and drew an easy chair up to his side. "I am tired," he admitted. "I have been down to the adjourned inquest on this extraordinary murder case. You read about it, I suppose?"

"I have just glanced it through," Lord Ellingham admitted. "So far as I can see, the police seem to have come to an *impasse*."

"Absolutely," the lawyer answered. "They returned the only verdict they could have returned—wilful murder by some person or persons unknown. A very extraordinary case," he continued, pressing the tips of his fingers together. "Here is a perfectly respectable young lady, vouched for by solicitors of the highest standing, occupying an apartment in a very reputable neighborhood. She dines out, and in her absence the servants admit a visitor whom they have never seen before. The mistress returns at ten o'clock. Within five seconds of her turning up the lights in the room her shrieks are heard. The servants rush in, her visitor is discovered there dead, and according to the evidence he must have been dead for at least an hour. The man came alone, the servants admitted no one else to the house, the elevator man brought no one else up. Find me a puzzle more complete than that, if you can."

"I cannot," the marquis admitted.

"The police," the lawyer continued, "seem to have been afforded every opportunity. The young lady herself behaved with the utmost discretion. To add to the mystery, she appears to have known nothing of the man, nor was there anything in his pockets from which one could form the slightest clue to his identity. He was probably a thief, but even that does not afford us a clue."

"So you don't think," Lord Ellingham



asked, "that the police have any idea at all how to go on with this affair?"

"Not the slightest," Sir James answered. "You can take it from me that they haven't a shadow of a clue."

Lord Ellingham left the club a few minutes later. He walked up St. James's Street with his coat open, enjoying the fresh night breeze. As he passed the corner of Park Place a sound a little way along the opening arrested his attention. He stopped for a moment, and then walked slowly toward it. A man, a little huddled-up creature, was thumping weary music from the worn keys of a little piano. Lord Ellingham came to a pause before the instrument. He was right; it was Ambrose who sat there playing. The tune came to a sudden end. Ambrose looked up at him from underneath his closely drawn eyebrows.

"Well," he asked sharply, "what do you want?"

Lord Ellingham smiled good-humoredly. "You are not overpolite, my friend," he said, "to a possible patron. Supposing I say that I stayed to listen to your music?"

"Then you would lie," the dwarf answered, "and you know it. There is no music to be heard here. Again I ask you, what do you want?"

"Only the pleasure of a moment's conversation with you," Lord Ellingham answered.

"Go on, then," Ambrose said. "I cannot escape. You know that. Say what you want to."

"I have known people in your position," the marquis said tolerantly, "who were more disposed to make themselves agreeable. However, we will let that go. You have lost your companion?"

"I have lost her," Ambrose snarled, "thanks to you."

"Come," Lord Ellingham said, "you should remember that she is better off in every way where she is. I can assure you that I did not seek her out. She came to me, and after she had found me it was impossible for her to go on living this hand-to-mouth existence. You took good care of her, I believe. If you, too, wish to accept my help, you can have it."

Ambrose closed the lid of his piano with a little bang. "Is that what you stopped to say?" he asked.

"Something like it," Lord Ellingham admitted. "You have not given me much opportunity to choose my words."

"Then you can be off," the dwarf declared,

his voice hoarse with either anger or excitement. "I want no help from you. I want no help from anyone."

"But consider," Lord Ellingham continued. "You are, I believe, honestly attached to the young woman who for some time shared your fate. In altered circumstances you might still see something of her, might still be useful to her, perhaps."

Ambrose laughed harshly. "Yes," he said, "I might be useful to her! Perhaps even now I may be that. You think it is a long way from the gutter to the palace, yet I think sometimes that we who crawl about the face of the earth see and hear things. We can be useful sometimes. You yourself, my Lord Ellingham, may need help at any moment. You fancy you are safe, because of your name and your wealth. One cannot tell. There are strange things that happen sometimes. And listen, milord. There are some strange people in London, even now."

"You seem," Lord Ellingham remarked, "to pick up a good deal of information in your comings and goings."

"Why not?" the dwarf answered.

He grasped the handles of his barrow. Chicot sprang up and held out his hat.

"Give him a shilling," Ambrose said surlily.

"We have had a bad day, and I would not have him go hungry because I do not care for your alms. Now go your way, and let me go mine. We do no good talking together. I am not on your side."

Lord Ellingham threw a sovereign into the monkey's hat and turned away with a little laugh.

He strolled back into St. James's Street, and went on his way homeward. He let himself in with a latch-key, and went to his study. There were several private letters upon the table. He glanced through these hastily until he came to the last one, which was addressed to him in a typewritten envelope. He tore it open with a premonition as to what he would find. It contained a single sheet of paper upon which were typed these words:

Philip Champion, if you mean war we too can strike. If you mean peace you had better accept this last summons. Be seated at the third table on the right-hand side from the entrance, in the Café Kulm, at four o'clock to-morrow, Friday afternoon. If you are not there, there will be one in England very soon whom you will not care to see.

Lord Ellingham thrust the letter into his coat pocket and took up the evening paper. Again in the agony column he read with a

smile an even more pressing edition of a recent advertisement—

Philip Champion is urgently desired to communicate with his friends.

## XVIII

CHRISTINE and Hannaway were walking together in Kensington Gardens. It was early in March, and the air was soft with spring sunshine. There were flaring beds of yellow crocuses and wonderful borders of hyacinths, faintly sweet. The chestnut-trees were in bud; here and there a flaky blossom was creeping out from its waxy covering. The sky was blue, and the sun was soft. Christine had on a new and wonderfully becoming hat, which her companion had noticed and admired. And yet there was a cloud.

"Shall we sit down?" he asked gloomily.

"Just as you like," she answered, with suspicious sweetness.

They chose a seat from which they could look out over a lake, and sat there in silence for several moments, watching the swans and listening to the birds twittering above their heads. Then Christine looked down at the tips of her patent-leather shoes and frowned.

"I do not find you amusing this morning, my friend," she remarked.

"I am sorry," he answered stiffly. "I might add that I have also found you disappointing."

She looked around, as though to make sure that they were alone. Then she turned toward him. "You and I," she said, "should not behave like children. We are both of us too old. I, at any rate, have seen and suffered too much. You ask me some things which it is not possible for me to tell you."

"I maintain," he said slowly, "that our friendship has reached a stage when confidences should not be impossible."

She kicked a pebble away impatiently. "You talk to me," she said, "as though I were one of those light-hearted puppets of girls whom you meet every day and every hour upon the streets, in the park, on horseback here, and at the theater. They would give you their confidence, without a doubt. Think what it would come to—a few flirtations, a few childish escapades, a stolen kiss, perhaps, at the most. You know very well that it is not like that with me."

He too turned his head and looked around. "I know," he answered softly. "There are

things in your early life, of course, which even now it were better to speak of seldom, if at all. You see, I am not prejudiced. I know that there is danger, even now, in treating lightly that little corner of the underground world where I first met you. But there are some things which I feel that I must ask you."

"I wouldn't, if I were you," she replied.

"I will not ask you much," he answered. "I do feel, though, that since we are friends—I think," he added, looking thoughtfully into her partly averted face, "that we may call ourselves friends—you might surely tell me this. What is the connection between the man whom they caught that night—and who is now in prison, I suppose—Lord Ellingham, and yourself?"

She shook her head. "I cannot tell you."

He looked moodily away from her. "No doubt," he said, "your claim upon Lord Ellingham is a good one, but you must remember that I see you beholden to him for everything. Your jewels and your dresses, your house and your carriage, all come to you from him. What right has he to give you these things?"

"I cannot tell you," she answered.

He turned toward her. His hand rested for a moment upon hers. "Christine," he said, "supposing that there were a man in my place who was fond of you? Supposing he knew only what I know?"

"Well?" she asked, returning his gaze.

"Don't you realize," he asked, "that he would want to know a little more?"

"I cannot tell," she answered. "I imagine that anyone who cared for me would trust me."

"He might do that, Christine," he continued, "and yet there would come a time when he would have to know these things."

"The man who cared for me," she said, "would have to wait until that time came. If he felt that he could not, it would be better for him to go and seek some one out of the everyday world of every-day people."

Hannaway's face was clouded. After all, he was a fool, he told himself. The girl was too clever. She would tell him nothing.

"I am answered," he said slowly. "There is one thing more."

She sighed. "You are not at all entertaining this morning," she said.

"I cannot help it," he answered. "There are some things which we must speak of. Look at me, Christine."

She turned her head as though surprised,

either at his request or at his use of her Christian name.

"I want to ask you," he said, "I must ask you whether in your heart you have any secret thought, any shadow of an idea, as to who it was who entered your rooms that night and killed Anatoile Devache?"

She sat still looking at him, rigid alike in features and posture; but the color had left her cheeks, and a startled anger smoldered in her eyes.

"You think, you believe," she said, in a moment or two, "that I had something to do with that?"

"Not for one moment!" he exclaimed hastily. "Do not misunderstand me. Only, that man died by the hand of some one who knew his mission. You must have thought of it. You know more than I know about the coming of this man. It is only reasonable to suppose that you may have some idea as to who it was that killed him."

She rose to her feet. He would have detained her, but she brushed him to one side.

"I do not wish to talk to you any longer," she said, a little sadly. "I thought you were my friend. I believe now that you are just making use of me to try to find out things. They thought that night, you remember, that you were a detective, and the thought nearly cost you your life. Perhaps they were right. I cannot tell. Only, I know that I am tired of your questions, always questions. I am going away. I do not wish to see you again."

He caught at her wrist. "Christine," he said, "don't you understand? If I seem inquisitive or curious, it is only because everything about you interests me. Christine, it is because——"

She had sprung away from him with the swift grace of some beautiful young animal. With dismay, he watched her flying along the path. Pursuit would only have been ridiculous. He stood looking after her until she was out of sight. Not once did she turn round. He saw her call a hansom and drive off. Then he turned and crossed the park by another route, toward his rooms.

It was ten o'clock that night when Ambrose crawled homeward across the bridge and down the narrow street. Pennies had come but seldom. There were few who cared to hear the wheezy tunes of his wretched instrument. His feet and back ached. He was faint and nauseated with hunger. He wheeled his little barrow into the entry and

came slowly along toward the door of his abode. A figure loomed up from the shadows and accosted him. He started back, and his hand darted like lightning to the inner pocket of his coat.

"Who are you?" he asked harshly. "What do you want?"

"Not another crack on the head, my friend," Gilbert Hannaway said grimly. "I want to talk with you."

Ambrose peered into his face. "It's you, is it?" he exclaimed. "You want to talk with me, eh? Well, I have nothing to say."

"You will change your mind presently," Hannaway said. "The only question is whether you will come with me to the public house over there or whether I shall go with you to your rooms."

Ambrose eyed the lights of the public house, and a sudden sick longing assailed him. There were enough pennies only for Chicot's supper and his own. There would be nothing left for drink. Hannaway saw his hesitation and led the way across the street.

"Come," he said, "that is sensible."

Ambrose made no answer until they had reached the door of the public house. A pleasant sense of warmth swept out to them through the swing-doors. His eyes glittered.

"I would drink with you to-night," he muttered, "even though you were Jean the Terrible."

## XIX

"WHAT will you take to drink?" Hannaway asked, turning to his companion.

"I will have brandy," was the prompt reply—"brandy and hot water. I want bread, too, or a sandwich. Anything to eat."

He led the way down the room to a corner where a small table stood in front of a leathern couch. As he walked the mud and damp oozed from his broken boots. Hannaway was aware of a slit in his coat, buttoned high up to his throat to conceal the absence of a collar. In the darkness outside he had been a dejected-looking object enough. Here, in the brilliant light, he seemed little more than a bundle of rags. He sank down upon the couch, and drawing Chicot carefully from under his coat, made him comfortable in the far corner.

"In a moment thou shalt eat, my Chicot," he said. "They are bringing food for you and drink for your master. What, are you tired?"

Chicot seemed, indeed, a little weary. Nevertheless, when a great dish of sandwiches was brought he sat up and ate with avidity. Ambrose seized one and tore it to pieces with the air of a wild animal. Somehow or other, of the two the monkey seemed to have the more restraint.

"I eat fast," Ambrose declared suddenly, turning to his companion, "because I am on fire to drink. Until I have eaten I cannot drink. It is not that I am afraid of being drunk, but I have not the strength. To-night I shall drink and drink and drink. I shall talk to you, and I shall tell you many things. You will go away and think, 'He is a little mad, that miserable dwarf!' It is true; he is a little mad."

Hannaway looked down at the dwarf, and the more he studied his face the greater grew his curiosity. For he knew that underneath were different things. This strange being was not all that he pretended to be.

"It is harder work without the girl," he said. "You must have found it more difficult to make a living since you lost her."

Ambrose drank, drank steadily, half a tumblerful of brandy and water. "Yes," he said. "We have lost the girl. We have lost Christine, Chicot there and I. Some meddling jackanapes sent her a message, and she went. She is a rich lady now. It is better."

"Yes, it is better," Hannaway echoed. "After all, she was not meant for hardships. What a man can stand is sometimes death to a woman."

"Death!" Ambrose echoed. "Yes, it is that. To-night I shall be drunk. I can feel it in my veins. It is like hot, sweet music. Some more brandy!"

"You shall have all the brandy you can drink," Hannaway answered; "but listen. Remember who I am. I do not want to steal upon you and worm secrets away when you have not the strength to guard them. I am Gilbert Hannaway, you know. I was in Paris in May, four years ago."

"In Paris, four years ago," Ambrose muttered.

"More than that," Hannaway continued, "I was in the Place Noire. I was in the fight. I lay on the pavement with a bullet in my leg when you passed down the hill wheeling the piano with Christine and a stranger by your side. It was the night the terrible Jean was taken, the night that only one man escaped."

"Ah!" Ambrose muttered. "You were there! Were you a spy?"

"No," Hannaway answered. "But I will be frank with you. I want to know the truth about all that happened there that night. I want to know what share in those things you and Christine had. I want to know the name of the man who escaped, and I want to hear something about the man who lies in prison."

"About Jean the Terrible?" Ambrose muttered. "Ah!"

A waiter brought their drinks from the counter. Ambrose emptied his tumbler almost at a draft.

"A larger glass," he demanded. "Don't be afraid; I can stand it. Since she left I can stand anything. It drowns the thought a little, and it loosens the tongue. If you would have me talk you must see that I drink."

"You understand," Hannaway said, "I am here to ask you questions—to pump you, if you like. Drink, if you will, but remember that."

Ambrose leaned his head, with its mat of ragged hair, back against the cushion at the top of the couch. He laughed softly, laughed till every bone in his body seemed to shake.

"Oh, I shall talk!" he said. "I shall answer your questions. Yesterday or the day before, or perhaps to-morrow, I would sooner have struck you than drink with you. To-night I am in the mood. I tell you that it is in my blood. But answer me one question first."

"Go ahead," Hannaway said.

"What are you? Detective? Philanthropist? Or are you simply a passer-by—one who loves to gaze into the strange corners of the world?"

"Call me a passer-by," Hannaway answered. "I am certainly not a detective, nor can I claim to be a philanthropist. But I love to discover the meanings of things which puzzle me. This morning I talked with Christine, but she would tell me nothing."

Again Ambrose leaned back in his seat and laughed. His long chin protruded. He closed his eyes. His clenched fingers were entwined. "She would tell you nothing," he muttered. "No, I know that she would tell you nothing!"

"I come, then, to you," Hannaway said, "and if you fail me I shall go to Lord Ellingham."

Slowly the dwarf opened his eyes. "You will go to Lord Ellingham?" he repeated.

"I will," Hannaway answered. "He was

there that night, you know. He too was one of the Black Foxes."

"A passer-by!" Ambrose muttered to himself, as he held up his freshly filled tumbler to the light. "I drink to them all. I drink to the passers-by, to those who stop and bend over and are curious, to those who walk on, to those who walk on and come back! The girl, man?" he asked suddenly. "What is she to you?"

"She is nothing to me," Hannaway answered sadly. "This morning I spoke to her carefully of the past. She sent me away."

"The past!" Ambrose muttered. "Ah, I could tell you stories of that! I could tell you of the days when I played the organ in the little church, the church set among the meadows, meadows yellow with buttercups and deep marigolds. There was the river, too—broad and slow, clear as wine. She sat on the bank, and the music came through the open doors, and presently she would leave off picking the buttercups, she would look no longer into the river bed. She would come stealing up the avenue of poplar trees, up onto the stone flags, into the cool church, up between the old oak pews, to where I sat and played for her. I was not like this. She was not afraid to touch me then. I have felt her arms around my neck, I have felt her cheek close to mine, while the music grew and grew, a great thing, a live thing."

Hannaway was silent. Something strange seemed to have come over his companion. He talked like a man who has lost all count of place or time. Yet when he paused he drank, and when he had emptied his tumbler he held it out toward the busy waiter.

"You don't believe me!" he cried, almost fiercely. "You don't believe, perhaps, that I was not always like this. Go to Annonay, then. Ask them there. Ask them of Ambrose Drake of Annonay. Ask them to tell you of the day—Bah! These things are not for you. I forgot. You are paying for the brandy. It is of Christine and the Black Foxes that I must talk. The man is a long time fetching the brandy. If I may not drink I will say no more."

"He is coming," Hannaway answered.

"He is here," Ambrose declared, drawing his glass toward him with a little gulp of content. "When I drink I remember. No," he added, leaning back once more and half closing his eyes, "it is not memory; it is sight. The things of which I speak I see. I see Christine a child. She walked with me then

hand in hand through the fields. I was only the son of the village schoolmaster, but they trusted me. Sometimes they would have me up at the house to play for them. I see Christine sitting in the open window. I can smell the lemon trees, the scent of the flowering shrubs, the scent of the drooping roses, great wax candles upon the piano, great wax candles in the bare room. Poor as rats, all of them, but proud. The seigneur died. Christine and her mother went to Paris. I remember that day. I worked in the fields. I saw the carriage go by, and I fell upon my face. I can smell the brown earth, freshly turned by the plow. I was there praying, poor fool! Give me some cigarettes."

Hannaway took out his gold case and emptied its contents upon the table. Ambrose took a cigarette and lit it, puffing out the blue smoke without sign of pleasure or appreciation. Hannaway watched the long fingers curiously. They were well shaped. They had the appearance of having once been well cared for. On the little finger was still the mark where a ring had been.

"To Paris," Ambrose continued, still talking as though to himself, "to Paris, of course, and after them I. It was there that I starved. Oh, the long days and the nights when I craved food! I was young then. I had not learned that brandy is better, much better."

He banged his empty tumbler upon the table. The waiter came and looked at him curiously.

"Some brandy, fellow!" he ordered. "Serve me at once. My friend here is impatient."

"In a moment, sir," the waiter declared, hurrying away.

"You're sure that you're not drinking too much?" Hannaway asked bluntly.

"When I drink, I drink," Ambrose muttered fiercely. "When I have finished, I have finished. Look at my hand. It is as steady as yours. Does my voice falter? No! I will tell you where the brandy goes. It goes to the brain. I see again. I feel again. I remember. I live, if it be only among the shadows. Too much, indeed! But you do not understand. Ah!"

He held out his hand. His tumbler was back again, well filled. He half emptied it before he set it down.

"So I searched for them through the streets of Paris," he went on, "from one quarter to another. Paris was wild in those days. I saw a man killed one night. He was an



Italian, and I carried him, dying, to his lodging-house. He gave me Chicot, Chicot, my friend."

He stroked the monkey thoughtfully with one hand. Chicot, who had eaten many sandwiches, opened one eye and went to sleep again.

"By night and by day I searched," Drake went on. "When I found them it was late. Trouble had come. Trouble was with them all the time. Madame was dead, and Christine dwelt in the gray house in the Place Noire where all the time men whom Paris called the Black Foxes were creeping in and out."

"What was she doing there?" Hannaway asked breathlessly.

"Trouble, aye, more than trouble!" Ambrose continued. "We plunged deep there. It came at last, the crash. You were there that night. Twenty gendarmes it took to storm that house. I remember you lay in the gutter when I ran past you with my barrow. They let me go. They thought I was a frightened passer-by."

"Who was the man in workman's clothes who escaped with you?" Hannaway asked.

The barman crossed the room toward them. "Time, gentlemen, please," he cried.

A policeman put his head in at the door. "All out, if you please," he ordered.

Ambrose slid from the shiny seat onto the floor. He took Chicot under his arm and caught up his hat. "It is over," he cried. "I can see no more. I can remember no more. We go to sleep, Chicot and I. Good night!"

Hannaway would have pressed out by his side, but he thrust him away.

"It is finished," he declared emphatically. "When I cease to drink my brain is cloudy. I can remember nothing."

He shot out through the door and vanished round the corner. Hannaway drew a long breath and buttoned up his coat. He looked behind at the public house, now almost empty, and he looked down the dark street where Ambrose had vanished. He seemed suddenly to have passed into a different atmosphere. He realized now, for the first time, how absorbed he had been in those quickly spoken, tense sentences. Slowly and reluctantly he turned away and crossed the bridge.

## XX

Two men, ill dressed, unshaven, obviously foreigners, sat at a small table in the Café

Kulm. The place was not a hundred yards from Leicester Square, but to all effects, and certainly to all appearances, it was very much on the other side of the channel. The atmosphere was dense with the fumes of tobacco and the odor of many dinners. The mirrors which once decorated the walls were cracked and greasy. The cloths which covered half of the tables at the restaurant end of the room were remarkable neither for their cleanliness nor for their quality. Near the door the tables were marble topped, beringed with the stains of coffee and strange drinks. One heard scarcely a word of English. The two men, who were drinking absinthe together, were talking French.

It was a quiet time of the day, and, save for one other visitor, the few tables consecrated to the guest who came only to drink were unoccupied. The other visitor was Ambrose Drake. He sat with a glass of brandy before him, his arms folded, his head bent forward. Chicot was asleep in his pocket. Outside, the piano had found temporary shelter in a covered entry. The rain came down in a gentle but sullen downpour. He had not a stitch of dry clothing upon him. No wonder that he seemed drowsy, that the fumes of the brandy which he was drinking had mounted to his brain.

One of the two men pointed to him. They talked together in French, quickly, and with many gestures.

"The creature there," he said, "he reminds one, eh, of the hunchback who stole off with the girl that night, and—and some one else."

The other man glanced across at Ambrose and shook his head. "Miracles do not happen, my friend," he said. "Besides, the little creature there is smaller and older. See, he has drunk too much. He sleeps."

The man who had spoken first, Marcel they called him, looked uneasily around. "When one is as I am," he said hoarsely, "one fears the very shadows. One sees spies everywhere. Listen, Pierre. You saw the *Figaro* this morning?"

Pierre, gray-headed, obese, with the puckered face and sallow complexion of a drinker, nodded his head. "Yes," he said. "The man is dead. You struck home, Marcel."

Marcel wiped his forehead with his hand. His hair was shaven close to his head. He was tall and of tremendous physique, but he was also by far the more forbidding looking of the two. His face had the look of a hunted

wild animal. His eyes were furtive and uneasy. He was never altogether at rest.

"What could I do?" he muttered. "Think you, my friend. For four years I had suffered and starved. No absinthe, no brandy, coffee fit for the pigs, tobacco—a whiff now and then, no more. I, my friend, who loved always the best, who loved the red wine, who smoked night and day! And before me were another ten years. Do you wonder that I struck?"

Pierre curled his mustache upward, showing a wide, cruel mouth. His eyes were close together, his cheek-bones high. He was not pleasant to look at.

"You were right, Marcel," he muttered. "A man like you must live. Now that you are here you will be safe. Here we have more hiding-places than in Paris itself."

"Aye, safe!" Marcel muttered. "They will not find me here, I am sure of that. But there is the money. One must live. We must all live. I dined ill last night. Unless one has fortune I shall not dine at all to-night. Pierre, a blow must be struck."

Pierre held out the palms of his hands. "Anatoile," he said, "came to strike that blow. He is dead, and the hand that struck him might have come from the clouds. Is it a wonder that one fears?"

Marcel clenched both his hands. He leaned over the little round table, and his face was like the face of a devil. "Nevertheless," he declared, "something must be done, and that quickly. All our money is gone. He has not obeyed this, our last summons. Who was he, I ask? A stranger, a newcomer, to make fools of us all, of us, my friend, who had risked our lives, and more than our lives, to get together that money! Was there ever such treachery? The disguise was there for me. The hunchback and the girl were waiting that my escape might be the easier. The money that meant fortune to all of us was there, too."

"He shall share it," Pierre muttered. "He must be made to share it."

Marcel struck the table with his hand. "Which of us," he muttered, "shall go and tell him so?"

Ambrose rose suddenly from his seat. He dragged the chair along with him and placed it by Marcel's side. "I," he answered, striking the table in front of him.

A bomb thrown in their midst would have astonished them less. They shrank back, looking at him with terror-stricken faces.

Pierre's hand went to his waistband, Marcel's to his hip-pocket. It was plain what manner of men these were: they carried knives!

"You need not be alarmed," Ambrose said coolly. "You did not recognize me at first, but I knew you both from the moment you entered. Don't you remember the cripple and his piano and the monkey? Here am I, and here," he added, patting his pocket, "is Chicot. We have sworn the oath, too. Have no fear."

Their courage came back. They even grasped him by the hand. Ambrose called a waiter.

"I have a few shillings," he said. "We will drink."

They gave their orders. Ambrose leaned over the table and patted Marcel on the back.

"You did well, my friend," he said, "to escape. It was bravely done. You stabbed him in the back, eh, that warder, and ran? But it was a feat! It was worthy of the Black Fox!"

Marcel looked uneasily around. "We do not speak of it," he said. "One never knows who may listen. Tell us now of yourself. Tell us what has become of you since that night."

The face of the dwarf was set and grim. His under lip protruded. His eyes rolled as he spoke. "Of myself!" he muttered. "There is not much to tell. We fled that night, the girl and I and the man—whom all the time we thought was you, Vicomte," he added, under his breath. "On the Boulevard we separated. The man who was with us, he took the piano. The girl went to some lodgings in a quiet part. I went to St. Denis and stayed there for two days. When I came back to Paris the piano was left where he had promised. I found Christine, but the man who had shared our flight was gone. Afterward we seemed likely to starve. We went in search of him. From town to town we went, from country to country. Here in London we found him."

"You found him?" they both muttered in unison. "What then?"

"He took the girl away," Ambrose muttered. "He took her away from me. Chicot and I have been alone for months."

They looked at him wonderingly. His clothes were in an evil state, his beard was untrimmed. He was unwashed, unkempt.

"You are poor, you? You have no money?" Marcel demanded.

Ambrose laughed harshly. "Look at me!"

he exclaimed. "You ask a question like that! Bah!"

For the moment they forgot his presence. They exchanged swift glances, swift, comprehending glances.

"He has given you no money, friend?" Pierre asked softly.

"The coin which we have just spent was his," Ambrose answered. "It is all that I have ever had from him, and he took Christine from me."

Marcel wetted his dry lips with his tongue. "Look here, friend," he said, "with you it is different, of course, but you know who I am. You know how I have suffered, and for what."

Ambrose nodded. "I know," he said.

"Think you," Marcel continued, "that I have done it for nothing? Four years of the life that slaves lead! Four years of the life which he might have led if he had not stolen my disguise and escaped in my place! He is rich, you say?"

"Aye!" Ambrose answered. "He has money to throw away with both hands, gold to scatter in the streets if he wills, gold to load his wife with jewels, to buy horses and carriages and automobiles. He lives in a palace, an army of servants wait upon him. It is a contrast, eh, Marcel? A contrast, is it not?"

"He shall pay for it," Marcel muttered.

"Why not go to him?" Ambrose asked. "Why not beard him there and say: 'I am Marcel, and I come to you from a French prison. You are——'"

They stopped him.

"Mention no names," Marcel said uneasily. "This is the region of spies. One must not be overheard. I will not go to him. He is too clever. He might even give me up to the police. We shall accept your offer, my friend. It is you who shall go. He will not suspect that you come from us."

"Listen," Pierre said. "We have summoned him here, and he did not come. We have summoned him in many different ways. The result has been always the same—silence. He makes no move. If he feels fear he shows no sign of it."

"What shall I say to him?" Ambrose asked.

Marcel threw out his hands. They were

white and shapely. Marcel, indeed, in other days, had been an aristocrat.

"We must have money," he said, "money! Who is he to live in the great places, while I have toiled among the felons? We must have money, or he shall be sent to take my place there."

"How much?" Ambrose asked.

"A great deal," Marcel declared. "We shall not be content with a trifle, Pierre here and myself. We have had enough of suffering. We want to spend, spend, spend. We must have money, and more money, and more money, but there must be a beginning. I have not a louis. There is not a louis between us. I need clothes and linen. I am weak from prison. I need food and wine. *Mon Dieu!* To feel myself once more a gentleman! Then we will talk, he and I. We will talk, indeed."

Ambrose nodded. "Very well," he said, "I will go to him. He shall find the money. Why not? Christine has horses and carriages, fine clothes and servants."

"From him?" Pierre asked.

"From him," Ambrose answered.

Pierre and Marcel looked at each other uneasily. The same thought was in their minds.

"But Anatole?" Pierre whispered.

Ambrose smiled. "There are mysteries," he said, "even on this side of the channel. In Paris one heard of such things, and one nodded one's head; one understood. Here, too, strange things may happen."

"Listen," Pierre whispered, leaning across the table. "Anatole was our comrade. He was our messenger. How came he to his death?"

Ambrose shook his head. "One cannot tell," he said. "The hand that struck him might have come from the clouds."

The two men looked at each other uneasily. The face of Marcel was gray with fear.

"We will not talk of Anatole," he declared. "My nerves are not what they were."

"As you will," Ambrose answered. "Tomorrow I will go to see the person we have spoken of. At five o'clock I come here."

He slouched out. The rain was over. He set Chicot on the top of the little piano and started on his weary trudge.



## Our Usable Occult Forces

WHAT WE CAN DO WITH THE MYSTERIOUS HIDDEN POWER  
WHICH ALL OF US POSSESS IN SOME DEGREE AND WHICH  
IS THE MOST RESULT-BRINGING THING IN THE WORLD

By Lida A. Churchill



**D**OES occult power really exist? If so, can it be used in the every-day affairs of life to produce tangible results? If it can be thus used, is it right to use it? These are questions which every one who is in any degree interested in occultism either asks or desires to ask and to have intelligently answered. And this desire is not only legitimate, but is very important, for occult power, supposing it really to exist, is good for nothing as a factor in every-day life—which is the significant life—or is good for everything which one desires for his growth, advancement, and pleasure, being among those fine, subtle causes which produce serious harm or signal good. If it is a flimsy metaphysical mist for the entertainment of the curious and the befogging in mental wanderings and wonderings of the seeker after truth, it surely is nothing worth thinking about. But if it is a real force that can bring forth real results, it is worth recognizing, developing, and directing to the utmost degree.

The most comprehensive answer to the question as to whether occult power really exists is that no other power exists. A good dictionary definition of occultism is that it is "something hidden from material eyes, visible only to those of spiritual sight"; and a second definition, also good, declares it to be "something not discovered without test or experiment." There is never an act of the body that is not first an act of the mind, of a hidden, occult power. We speak of a strong arm, but what makes the arm strong? The

will, a hidden, occult thing, which chooses to wield it strongly. We talk of physical endurance. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing; it is the will to endure that makes endurance. We witness so-called manual labor, but a little thought assures us that manual labor is only mind in motion. The outward action bears the same relation to the real motor that the moving street-car does to the dynamo; it expresses, or externalizes, its power. "See the lovely fire!" exclaims one standing before a rioting blaze. But the real fire, the occult power that is the cause of the flame, is in the unseen, glowing mass below. The blaze is only its expression.

Over and over again we hear the declaration that the practical, common-sense mind recognizes as a power or force nothing that it cannot hear, taste, see, or handle. But one must acknowledge that without life and the vibrations that are caused by it no one could hear, taste, see, or handle anything, and the wisest cannot give even an intelligent guess as to what life is or afford any clear and convincing definition of vibration. The strongest factors, the factors from which all outward actions spring, are love, hate, ambition, desire. Has anyone heard love, or tasted hate, or seen ambition, or handled desire? No one has seen the coloring of a bird's plumage or known why, in the same soil and under the same apparent conditions, one plant sends forth a red, another a white, and a third a blue blossom. And yet would anyone with ordinary common sense deny that life and its consequent variety-forming vibrations exist? Our breath comes and goes without our conscious will or regula-

tion, the blood circulates in obedience to the heart action for which we do not know the cause, the muscles expand and contract, and the nerves receive and act upon messages from the brain without our knowing why these things are done or realizing that they are being done; we must live very largely by faith whether we acknowledge that we are so living or not.

#### ALL HAVE OCCULT POWERS

Since every one lives and loves and aspires and desires, it becomes evident that all have occult powers, but, mark you, it is controlled and directed forces that bring about results, that pay rent, settle the coal and grocery bills, send the hitherto penniless man to college and the moneyless woman to the art-school, substitute peace and harmony for jar and discord in the home, give strength where weakness has been, trust for unfaith, rest for restlessness—in short, that change the life that one does not desire for the life for which one longs. But do not fail to engrave two things upon the mind and memory: Power is not force. Nothing is force that is not in motion. The dynamo has power; the current which it sends out to carry the car along the track is force. Jesus had power to heal disease. When from his spiritual dynamo he sent a current of life through a sick body, that current was controlled and directed force.

Power is static; force is active. Fire is power; the heat it sends out is force. Just as a street-railway company may have a dynamo and yet send out no cars, so one may have power and still send out no accomplishing force. Nothing goes till one sends it, and it is only the going thing that accomplishes anything. And one must have a good deal of power to send out a powerful current, a strong power to issue a strong force. The difference between the dynamic and the negative life, the life that means much to itself and to the world and the life that means little to itself and nothing to the world, is simply the difference between the power and its outgoing forces which are owned and controlled by the two lives.

But, some one is sure to object—and the objection is pertinent and legitimate—all this being true does it not manifest one of the numerous unfair dealings of life? If one has not a strong power one cannot send out a strong current, and it is only the strong current that accomplishes anything. But the

questioner will have either overlooked or been unaware of a tremendous truth, namely, that one may become possessed of all the power one can absorb and will constantly become more able to absorb it. Science and religion are at one on the point that all life, from that of the scarcely moving jellyfish to that of the man of mightiest brain, is from the great, ever-present, inexhaustible, all-pervading energy. There is for no living thing, animate or so called inanimate—so called because it has been found that in all creation there is nothing that has not some degree of life—a separate source of power to live and move and have being. But religion goes a step farther than science and declares that it is a divine energy, an intelligent, all-wise, beneficent, tender energy, that not only gives us our life and saturates and surrounds us, but also, responding to our needs and expressed wishes, gives the necessary gift, brings about the wished-for results, or, in other words, gives to each the necessary power from which he can send out the accomplishing current. Was there any power, and consequent force, arbitrarily intended for and bestowed upon Shakespeare, Tennyson, Beecher, Rosa Bonheur, and as arbitrarily withheld from the small-brained, obscure man? Not at all. In all the world—and probably in all the worlds—one is just as free to take what he chooses from the inexhaustible supply of energy as is another. Otherwise the whole religious fabric would be torn to shreds, for we should not have a just or loving or tender God, which is the Christian's name for divine energy.

#### RICHES NOT REALIZED

What is the reason, if this all-compelling, life-changing divine energy is to be had by all, that so few have it in sufficient quantity to form the power, and consequent force, which will gain that which is necessary to make life adequate to them? The most common reason is that most people do not realize their potential riches, or, dimly realizing them, do not test the truth of their existence, or, having realized this truth and begun to absorb the necessary power from which force must spring, weary and lag and lose that which might be theirs for the persistent, masterful taking.

A thousand boats and vessels may be within a few miles of each other and of all the number only one receive the message sent out by wireless telegraphy. Is it be-



cause the other craft are arbitrarily hindered from receiving this message? By no means. It is simply that the one ship has an instrument formed and adjusted to receive it, and the other vessels have no such instrument. From the key manipulated by the sending operator are flashed into the ether—which takes the place of the ordinary wire—the dots and dashes which form the Morse alphabet, and for a thousand miles—sometimes, when the electric spark is sufficiently strong, for thousands of miles—the message-bearing medium goes in circular waves, striking, in just the order that the sending-key was struck, a “coherer”—gatherer—which is the prepared and adjusted electromagnet which receives and utilizes that which floats around any unprepared vessel unperceived and, of course, unutilized.

To him who has no prepared and adjusted instrument, no coherer, the universal divine energy, ever circling about him, always within reach, eternally to be had for the taking, will give no enlightenment, flash out no message, have no meaning.

To what conclusion, then, must he who desires enlightenment, who longs for knowledge-giving messages, who gropes and yearns after meanings for his existence—and what intelligent soul does not do these things?—to what conclusion must he come save that he can rationally do nothing less than form a receiver, adjust a coherer, that he may arrest and absorb sufficient of the everywhere-circling God-current to make his life spell out a satisfactory message?

“The kingdom of heaven suffereth [alloweth] violence [earnest insistence], and the violent [earnest seekers] take it by force.” Aye, verily! *And it is taken in no other way.* And one must as surely learn to take it by desire, by concentration, by practice, by persistence, as one must learn to paint, or to play the violin, or to trim hats, or to skate.

“About how many of these can you do in a day?” asked a woman who was looking upon a large canvas covered with figures in the studio of a famous artist. Many a person is discouraged because he or she cannot become a mental Jove or a metaphysical Minerva in a day or a week or a month. The significant and encouraging thing is that one may begin at any moment, and with just what spiritual capital he has, to absorb the force-making divine energy and to enlarge his capacity for receiving it.

And when one has decided that he will

construct within himself a coherer, make himself a power, by what means can he do it?

Let us first see how he cannot do it. It is not to be done by consulting or appealing to others, or by reading books or articles, or by listening to lectures on occult subjects. People and books and articles and lectures are often great inspirers and suggestors, and wise teachings by tongue or pen are of infinite value; but the real work, the building of the power-house, the adjusting of the coherer, must be done between oneself and him who is the divine energy which, with one's consent and cooperation, is to establish and electrify his dynamo.

#### ABSORPTION OF DIVINE ENERGY

“I don't see what made that child die,” said a young physician. “I gave it everything I knew the name of.”

There are thousands who desire to absorb divine energy and to radiate force—and who have really decided to do so—who are trying to build their power-houses by cramming the mind with every occult creed and doctrine and opinion that they “know the name of,” and some of which they do not know the names. They attend a materializing séance to-day, a theosophic lecture to-morrow, and go the next day to a Christian Science church. They consult mediums, astrologers, magic mirrors, and dream-books, have cards used for them, ask numberless questions of anyone who is known to have experienced or written anything along occult or spiritual lines, and read book after book and article after article, keeping all this up until the brain and mind become like a furnace that is so congested with fuel that it cannot produce heat or flame, and so utterly fails of accomplishing the purpose for which it was intended.

One thing must be engraved on the hearts of those who are to absorb power and issue force. It is not what they know *about*, but what they know, realize, feel, experience, that will make them, in the quality of their power and the intensity of their force, like unto God, from whom they draw in that which they radiate out. They may know *about* God from without; they must *know* him from within. Jesus and Buddha and many lesser but still great teachers and spiritual leaders did exactly what they must do—made and maintained their power, not by seeking outside knowledge *about* things, but

by going into the silence alone with God, opening the mind, the brain, the heart, and desiring and demanding that they be filled, electrified, vivified, illuminated by the divine energy which is also the divine intelligence, the divine power, the divine love.

And this running about to collect the views and to learn the experiences of others without trying to have experiences and to form views of one's own, without endeavoring to take advantage of one's own possibilities of making power, forming a coherer, shows that one has not grasped, or has lost sight of, the tremendous truth that not one of those sought or read has anything that the seeker may not have of power, of force, and hence of the capability of expressing himself and making his life full, strong, adequate, along any line in which his talents and inclinations may lie.

Three children were playing on the seashore. One child was constantly snatching the pails of the other two, crying that he too wanted to gather water and sand. His own pail lay on another part of the beach empty and abandoned. He wearied and worried himself and others and gained nothing simply because he did not perceive and realize that he had a vessel of his own, and that the inexhaustible sea and sand were there to be taken at will.

Do not leave your own pail forgotten or unused while you snatch at those of others, or lose sight of the truth that the endless sea of energy and the limitless sands of wisdom are yours in any quantity that you can and will receive them.

#### SPIRITUAL DISCERNMENT

Two of the most significant declarations of the great Guide-Book are that "spiritual things must be spiritually discerned" and that "your life is hid with Christ in God." One can no more discern spiritual power by physical means, or describe it in verbal terms, or tell in words how it comes into the heart and changes the life, than he can express to others how love or thought is born, or put into speech a description of these things; but he can put himself in a position to receive and to utilize this power. And this masterful and mastering Christ principle which is hid in God, or the divine energy, is the practical factor for producing practical results in the practical, every-day world.

It needs no argument to prove that if one is to secure a thing one must go where it is

to be had and must use the means by which it is to be obtained. There was in vogue some time ago a slang phrase which, thought of seriously, became very significant—"off the trolley." If, where trolleys are used, an electric car is "off the trolley," it is out of the range of power, and so is inert and practically useless. So long as it keeps in touch with the force sent out from the dynamo it goes forward on the path of power, impelled and compelled by a controlled and directed current, to the desired goal. One could arrive at only one conclusion concerning an electric-road company which kept its cars where they could be moved only by outside pushing or pulling instead of in connection with a dynamo—that it was without sound sense or rational judgment.

And yet there are thousands who covet power, force, accomplishment, who are "off the trolley" along which these things flow, seeking by the world's outside pushing and pulling, instead of by the inside impelling and compelling force from the power-house of divine energy, to go forward to the desired goal.

Mark well that really powerful people and things are never noisy or attracted by the noisy, and never work from the outside. From all that we can gather we must conclude that Jesus was the embodiment of quiet poise. Buddha, Augustine, Napoleon, and Grant were extremely quiet of manner and of few words. The greatest and most far-reaching power of which we know and can with physical eyes see the results, that of the sun, works in absolute silence, and that next to it in might, gravity, is like unto it in the stillness of its operation. The force which is the expression of the power of the sun and of the earth-magnet works from the center.

A woman had brought a pitcher to a fountain and held it beneath the falling water. Several other people who had come to the same place began a conversation that so excited her that she withdrew her vessel from beneath the flow of water, and waving it about in gesticulation as she talked, not only failed to receive that which she desired but spilled the little water she already had.

Souls, like pitchers, must be held in one place if they are to be filled, and the world's noisy controversy must not disturb them or cause them to be waved about in answer to its opinions or its clamor if they are to re-

ceive more, or even retain what they already have, of the divine energy.

#### THE USE OF OCCULT POWER

A question which will be asked, and rightly asked, and should be rightly answered is: Is it right to use spiritual, or occult, power to gain material ends?

What are material ends? It has been said that "some people think they are religious when they are only uncomfortable." The fact is that an uncomfortable person is almost never religious in the true sense of the word, although he may, from long habit, or fear of the consequences of neglect, go continually through forms of supposed-to-be worship. The hungry, the cold, the discouraged, the unsuccessful have not, except in very rare cases, thoughts free enough from nature's demands, hearts sufficiently lifted above the realization of that which afflicts them, to give them that restful belief, that soaring hope, that re-creating joy, that sure confidence in the Love of loves that is real religion. This being true, it is not only man's privilege but his duty to avail himself of any honest, unselfish means that will bring comfort and hence immunity from sordid cares and demoralizing doubts and fears.

All nature shows that the Creator meant everything in his kingdom to be happy, and to be provided for that it might be happy;

and everything below man in the scale instinctively uses its power and forces to this end. Put a sunflower, a night-blooming cereus, a morning-glory, and a four-o'clock in one bed of earth and each will take from the ground and the air and the light and the heat just what it needs to preserve its life and to perfect its blossoms. Each plant will burrow with its roots to greater or lesser depths to find just the degree of moisture that its nature demands. To those who study the habits of the denizens of the air or the sea or the forest it is a constant delight and wonder that they so unerringly and persistently seek the environment, the sustenance, the every condition that meets their requirements and ministers to their satisfaction. Man, with potential powers like unto those of the fabled gods, is the only creature that does not, except in occasional cases, appreciate and cultivate that which he has for his well-being and satisfaction.

#### OCCULT POWER REALLY EXISTS

Occult power really exists and is the most forceful and result-bringing thing in the world. Every one may absorb as much of it as he will from the divine energy. All nature shows that it is to be used for securing the needed things of life. One must learn to absorb and use it as surely as one must learn to draw if one would paint or to use one's legs if one would skate.

## The Toiler

By Theodosia Garrison

NAY, let me play a while ere day grows late.  
So brief the sunlight and this task so great,  
What wonder that I yearn to drop the strand  
And mar the pattern with a ruthless hand  
Of this I weave, and, in the weaving, hate!

What profits it if, long compelled to wait,  
At twilight by the finished work I stand  
Too weary for that gipsying I planned?  
Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late.

My truant comrades call without the gate,  
"Ah, little sister, throw a jest at fate,  
And laugh, and join us." All the spring-thrilled land  
Lures me with sweet insistence and command.  
Taskmistress Life, be once compassionate,  
Nay, let me play a while ere day grows late.



MAY MURRAY, ONE OF THE NELL BRINKLEY GIRLS IN "THE FOLLIES OF 1908"



MAUDE ADAMS. WHO WILL HAVE A RÉPERTOIRE OF SEVERAL NEW PLAYS AND  
OLD FAVORITES THIS SEASON





MARGARET ANGLIN, WHO WILL PLAY IN "THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RITCHIE"  
ON HER RETURN FROM AUSTRALIA



*Photograph by Bangs*

ROSE KING, WHO IS NOW PLAYING IN "THE LADY AND THE BURGLAR"



*Photograph by Bangs*

ANNABELLE WHITFORD, THE LEADING BRINKLEY GIRL IN "THE FOLLIES OF 1908"



ALLA NAZIMOVA, WHO IS MAKING A SUCCESSFUL TOUR OF THE COUNTRY  
IN AN INTERESTING RÉPERTOIRE



MAUDE FULTON, WHOSE GRACEFUL DANCING HAS MADE HER ONE OF THE  
GREAT FAVORITES OF THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE





*Photograph by Dange*

BESSIE MCCOY AS THE YAMA YAMA GIRL, AND SCENE FROM "THE THREE TWINS"



MARJORIE BONNER, THE BRINKLEY BATHING GIRL, AND SCENE FROM  
"THE FOLLIES OF 1908"



BILLIE BURKE, WHO WILL MAKE HER FIRST APPEARANCE AS A STAR  
THIS SEASON IN "LOVE WATCHES"



MARIE DORO, WHO HAS A NEW PLAY THIS YEAR, "THE RICHEST GIRL,"  
BY THE AUTHORS OF "MY WIFE"



*Photograph by Bangs*

ANNA FORD, ONE OF THE RED CROSS GIRLS IN "THE THREE TWINS"





DOROTHY DONNELLY, WHO WILL ACT THIS SEASON IN CHARLES KLEIN'S LATEST PLAY



*Photograph by Bangs*

DAISY DUMONT, A MEMBER OF THE LEW FIELDS COMPANY



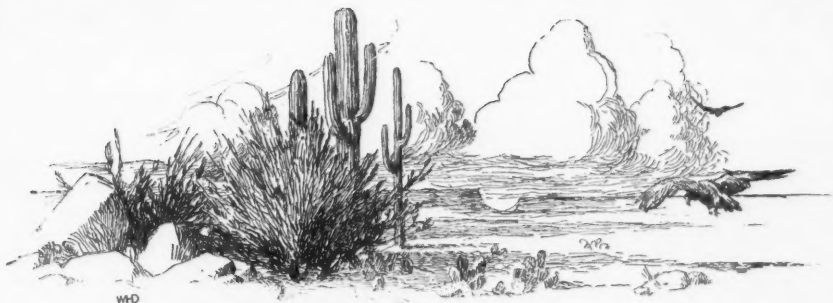
*Photograph by Bangs*

JANE GRAY, LEADING WOMAN OF A LOS ANGELES STOCK COMPANY



"IT'S NELL THAT INTERFERES. SHE PUSHES THE BILLS BACK TO THE DOOK"

(*"The Looking Out of Faro Nell"*)



# The Looking Out of Faro Nell

A "Wolfville" Story

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Illustrated by W. Herbert Duntou



"W HICH you-all," observed the Old Cattleman, with a look both confidential and confident, "don't have to be told by now that Cherokee Hall's a gambler. An' while a gent might do better than gamble, leastwise better for himse'f, I always allows Cherokee can't he'p it none. You see, he's

gaited congen'tal to take chances—a sort o' predestined kyard-sharp from the jump.

"Shore, I don't find no fault with gamblers. For that matter, I don't find no fault with no gent, unless he's connivin' ag'inst me pers'nal; in which eevent I nacherally adopts measures. Moreover, speakin' of gamblers, they're a mighty guileless bevy of folks. Which, if the onexpected ever happens, an' I'm took sudden with the notion of sallyin' forth on the trail of mankind, to deplete it of its wealth neefarious, I'll shore prey on gamblers entire. As to business men proper, tharby meanin' storekeeps an' sim'lar stoodels of commerce, I'll pass up all sech chilled-steel tarrapins complete.

"No; this yere preference of mine as to victims ain't doo to no sooperior savvy on the part of business folks; for mere wisdom, they ain't got nothin' on your kyard-sharps. But where it's a case of standin' pat concernin' money, they've been brought up a

heap different. Business men an' gamblers is onlike each other all along the line. Their attitoods is as wide apart as poetry an' prose. An' for this yere edyoocational reason. At his game, when a gambler gives, he don't get; an' when he gets, he don't give. Your business gent is sent through the chute of existence the other way about. He never gives without gettin'; an' he never gets without givin'—assoomin' he's on the level, which he freequent ain't.

"Gamblers an' business men is in head-on collision that a-way from soda to hock. One takes nothin' but chances; the other takes everything except. A business man never lets go one hold till he's got another; a gambler lets go all holds, an' trusts to outluck you for a fresh one. Thar's other p'int of sep'ration. For example, a gambler never thinks of lendin' you money until you're busted; which is the preecise eepock a business gent won't let you have a splinter.

"Go weavin' forth an' try it, if you nurses doubts. Approach a kyard-sharp for a stake, an' you with a bundle. That indignant sport'll onbosom himse'f in a way to take the nap off your coat. What he says, you bet! will be more decisive than encouragin'—hot an' plenty explicit. Come around when you're broke, an' he'll reevive your faintin' fortunes with half his bank-roll. As opposed to this, whenever you goes troopin'



## The Looking Out of Faro Nell

up ag'inst a business gent to make a borry, you'll have to back the play with a bale of secoorities as big as a roll of kyarpet. He'll want to know you've got 'em too, before ever he lets you so much as lay bar' your errand.

"Wharfore is this yere difference? You don't have to dig none deep for causes: gamblers by nacher are romantic; a business gent roosts close to the ground. One is 'motional; the other's hard an' pulseless as a iron wedge. The former's a bird, an' gaily spends his on-thinkin' time among the clouds; the latter never soars higher than he can lift himse'f on wings of bricks an' mortar.

"Likewise gamblers is more excellent as company. When I'm onbuckled, an' romancin' 'round for sociability onp'isoned of ulterior designs, I shore searches out your kyard-sharp every time. Gettin' sociable with a business gent is about as likely a enterprise as winnin' the affections of a burglar-proof safe. Thar's a time-lock goes with his friendship, an' even he himse'f can't break into it none outside of business hours.

"Retracin' our trail to the orig'nal prop'sition, of all in Wolfville, prob'bly Cherokee's the most onwary an' him whose blind side lies openest to the world. Which he's certainly the most ongyarded sport. Plumb honest himse'f, with a deal-box as straight as if laid out in its angles by one of them civil-engineer mavericks, the last he's expectin' from others is the double cross.

"An' at that, if some evil-minded party's got to skin Cherokee, to go settin' traps an' diggin' pitfalls ag'inst him would be a waste of time. All that plotter has to do to start Cherokee's *dinero* comin' his way is set 'round an' look pensive a whole lot. Cherokee's so symp'thetic an' carelessly soft of heart that to pull on a expression of gloom means, for the cunnin' wolf who dons it, a tenth of all Cherokee's got. Which if that philanthropist was to track up on ten people in succession, each of 'em down an' out, it's a cinch he'd have to begin life anew.

"While not so exyoobérant, as Boggs, Cherokee's at heart a optimist in a ondeemonstrative way. Likewise he's onable to bear other people's sorrow, an' constrooes it, when vis'ble, to mean a utter lack of cash. Once he embraces the latter idee, the end is on its way; life'll be a failure to him ontill he's set that gloomy prairie-dog on his happy pins.

"An' if Cherokee can't stake said bankrupt direct, him bein' too sens'tive to accept,

he'll go jumpin' sideways at him. Some folks grows haughty exactly as they grows poor. They're humble only when they're rich, an' refooses every favor onless they can get along without it. Whenever Cherokee crosses up with one of these yere high-strung parties he'plessly in the hole, he goes pirootin', mighty cautious, round the flanks of his pride, inveigles him into some shore-thing racket, an' lets him win himse'f out. Shore, I've seen Cherokee do it more'n once.

"Gamblers ain't respectable, you says? Well, I won't say that they be. Which I will reemark, however, that when we're all gathered together in the misty beyond, if some gent, who's been lined up for eternal jedgment, ain't able to say nothin' for himse'f except he's respectable, the best thing he can do is pass, an' offer to make it a jack.

"As I casts the eye of mem'ry r'arward along the trail, thar's no picture more pleasin' than that of Cherokee. Planted over back of his faro-box, Nell up ag'inst his right shoulder lookin' out the play, he's shore a benignant infloence. As I understands, he comes orig'nal from Indiana. I once hears some jaundiced gent—which I quotes this verbal pig-nut to you prior—declar' that Indiana is settled by folks who started for the West but lost their nerve. Sech bluffs don't incloode Cherokee a little bit. He's weak only with the weak, afraid only of the timid; while he's buffaloed by babes an' sucklin's easy, the war-song of the bad man huntin' trouble is as the music of a bridal to his y'ears.

"Likewise Cherokee has views, an' when he's got confidence in you he voices 'em. Once, over to the O. K. House at chuck-time, some one—Texas, I reckons, or mebbly now it's Boggs—starts talkin' about ladies, an' lets on that, while excellent in a heap of entrancin' reespecks, you-all can't put a bet on 'em, they bein' fitful, not to say diffoosive, in their fancies, an' prone to shift camp on you when least looked for.

"Cherokee combats these yere doctrines. 'The same not bein' my experience, none whatever!' says he. Then, glancin' acrost at Nell, who, pretty as a stack of bloos, is mowin' away her flapjacks an' salt-hoss like the rest of us, he continyoos: 'Ladies is likelier to run troo than gents. Also, if they ever does quit you, they quits you only in prosperity. Whoever hears of a lady abandonin' a party, an' him down? The same

bein' the time, gen'rally speakin', your gent friends seelects to murmur *adios*.'

"Well,' breaks in Texas, heavin' a sigh, 'every sport to his own notion! I certainly does find myse'f in wrong when I weds that Laredo wife of mine. Which the toomultuous hours I passes in my capac'ity as a husband leaves me girl-shy ever since.'

"Jest the same,' reemarks Boggs, 'ladies is mighty alloorin'. The Doc thar'—lookin' over at Peets—'recites some stanzas, about seventh drink-time last evenin', that shore matches my feelin's exact:

"Oh, woman in our hour of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, an' hard to please;  
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

"Yes, sir-ee!" conclodes Boggs, dippin' into a can of airtights, 'you can gamble all you're worth that them's my sent'ments.'

"Another thing about ladies,' resoomes Cherokee, 'they shore don't go 'round draggin' their verbal lariats an' tellin' things. Ladies is plumb reticent about what they knows.'

"Some of 'em, however,' grumbles Texas, 'is plenty commoonicative touchin' what they don't know. It ain't by tellin' things of which she's aware that my Laredo wife drives me locoed; it's by reelatin' things wharof she's ignorant complete. If that lady confines herse'f to facts, I'd have done stayed an' give her a battle; but the gent don't live who's able to keep his feet ag'inst torrents of invidious fiction. That's where my former he'pmeet puts me on the run. Which I freely confesses that, whenever she starts exercisin' her fancy an' her tongue at one an' the same time, I begins hittin' the high places in the scenery plenty frantic, in efforts at a get-away.'

"Speakin' of Cherokee possessin' the deep-sea wisdom of a cinnamon b'ar that a-way, why, he'll even tackle religion, get him started once. It's what he tosses off all casual one evenin' that more or less serves in framin' up what you-all might call my beliefs. Peets is sayin' that, while he's plenty eager to accept the idee of a footure life, his argyooment breaks down every time he seeks to convince himse'f tharof.

"I don't seem to connect none,' says Peets; 'an' so, while sech theeries don't make no hit with me, I'm constrained to regyard Boot Hill as the final finish.'

"It's yere Cherokee sets in a reemonstrative stack. 'Doc,' says he, 'that's because

in your argyooments you faces the wrong way. Now, startin' from the ondeniable fact that you're livin' a whole lot, instead of tryin' to prove thar *is* a yereafter, s'ppose you tries to prove thar *ain't*. It's my notion you'll find yourse'f more up ag'inst it even than you was before.' Then, lookin' like he's some ashamed, an' turnin' to Nell—who's keepin' tabs, as well as lookin' out the deal—he changes the subject by askin', 'Whatever does that last jack do?'

"Faro Nell's full partner with Cherokee in his bank, an' he not only has faith in her judgment but in her luck. Let the game go rompin' along ag'inst him for three or four deals, an' he never fails to call Nell in behind the box. Likewise, the change is commonly ben'ficial; many a time an' oft she brings home to the check-rack them hundreds in chips which Cherokee's lost out. Yoosual, however, he does the dealin', while Nell holds down her offishul p'sition on the lookout stool.

"Cherokee sets a heap of store by little Nell. Thar's nothin' which'll cloud him up so quick as any ontoward or sultry exclamations where she is. Nacherally, no se'f-respectin' gent'll say what shocks a lady, an' the lady thar. Shorely, no one who's a citizen of Wolfville in good standin' 'll go lettin' his conversation get stampeded that a-way, no matter what's took place. Of course, with chance-blown sports who's jest been introduced to Wolfville, the case is sometimes otherwise. They soon learns, however, more from the way Cherokee looks than what he does—though from time to time he's forced to buffalo a few—that with Nell in the picture they must do their talkin' with the hobbles on.

"Not that these yere reestrictions works a hardship neither. In emergencies thar's still the street, an' any gent whose fate is more'n he can b'ar is free to go outside an' cuss.

"For myse'f, personal, I attaches no valyoo to sech franchises, bein' opposed to bad language at all times an' whatever the indocuments. Profanity is never a advantage, an' sometimes works a loss; which last is shown in the business of the English dook. It's the verbal shortcomin's of that peer which sets Nell's s'picious to millin'. Cherokee? He's no more lookin' for that titled Briton to turn loose fraudyoolent than he is for Black Jack to break forth with the doxology. The affair's a heap to Nell's credit,

an' shows that, when she s lookin' out, she's a adjunct not wisely to be despised.

"Old Monte mentions that patrician first. 'An' that nobleman,' says he, 'is threatenin' Wolfville with a visit. He's pesterin' about Tucson now; an', you hear your Uncle Monte, what he's doin' to faro-bank in that meetrop'lis would fill a book. Dooks, that a-way, is certainly high-rollers.'

"It looks like the dook exhausts Tucson, an' then he comes bulgin' into Wolfville per schedyool. In the beginnin', he gives himse'f wholly up to askin' questions concernin' the resources of Arizona. Which if he keeps count of them 'resources,' as Texas an' Boggs an' Tutt enoomerates the same, they're calk'lated to make him dizzy. Accordin' to them statisticians, Arizona, as a land flowin' with milk an' honey, has Canaan backed plumb off the map. Canaan ain't got a look-in! The dook, however, lets on he likes it, an' goes rummagin' about, buyin' licker an' droppin' h's impartial, an' all mighty aff'ble an' permiscus.

"He's a big, good-lookin' old sport, the dook is; jest a shade too rannikaboo, perhaps; an' among other impedimenta, as the Mexicans say, he's got a valet. Whatever a gent needs of a valet in a cow-country is too many for me, but the camp figgers it's a way dooks has, an' lets it go at that. This yere valet puts in his servile time standin' 'round at a respectful distance, an' never opens his clam-shell unless the dook makes signals. At sech moments, he jumps to the front like a jack-rabbit.

"It's the second afternoon the dook's in town that he decides to give Cherokee's game a whirl. He pulls up a cha'r as condescendin' as any other hoss-thief, neegotiates for a couple of stacks of reds, an' stands blandly in. Nothin' much happens for mebb'y's it's a hour. The luck swings to an' fro, like the pendyoolum of one of these yere big Dutch clocks; now the dook's ahead, now he's behind, but on the whole he's loser.

"Through divers an' sundry vicissitoods the dook keeps his temper; but when his swell bet's swept in his language gets some onrooly. He's set in for the limit, two hundred simoleons, in the big squar', coppered. The king falls to win, an' nacherally the specyoolation goes ag'inst the dook; wharat he onburdens in a mouthful of mighty dire oaths.

"Cherokee halts the deal, his thumb on the face of the winnin' king. 'Excoose me,'

he says, eyin' the dook a heap icy an' im-plac'ble. 'Let me reemark in passin' that, while I don't aim to lay down no rooles for the guidance of the British nobility, if you-all is ag'in guilty of sech oral malefactions in the presence of this yere young lady you'll get all kyarved up. The last sim'lar offender ag'inst good manners has to sw'ar in his vote next 'lection day, his feachures bein' altered to that degree he loses his identity. He looks so plumb strange an' new that even his acquaintances don't know him none.'

"The dook breaks into profoose 'pologies. His feelin's, he explains, gets their bridle off inadvertent, an' it ain't goin' to happen no more. 'Pon me word, it woan't!' says he.

"'All right,' returns Cherokee, proceedin' with the turn; 'an', of course, I remembers in this yere connection as how you're English, an' a dook besides, an' makes allowances for your ignorance. But don't do it no more. Seven lose, nine win.'

"The dook keeps on goin' behind about twice as fast as he goes ahead, an' when the next deal's down to the turn, his last red chip's back in the rack. 'James,' says he, motionin' to his valet hoverin' in the background, 'give me me check-book.'

"The valet capers for'ard with the check-book an' one of them new-fangled pens which has ink up its sleeve. The dook gets busy an' indites a check. He pauses about the middle, an' reemarks to Cherokee in a tired way—which is everywhere the indooitable mark of bloo blood: 'My dear sir, this game is trivial to the verge of fatiguin'! Would you mind advauncin' the limit to a thousand on doubles an' five hundred on a case? Reelly, I don't know but I might take some interest in it then.'

"'No sech appeal,' replied Cherokee, 'is ever made to me in vain. In order that Wolfville may seem like London to you, I yereby authorizes you to bet 'em as high as a cat's back.'

"'Thanks, awf'ly!' says the dook.

"The dook signs the check, an' makes a gesture to pass it over to Cherokee. Then he draws it back. 'No,' says he, smilin' like a p'lite bobcat, 'it would be too presumptuous to ask a stranger to accept my signachoor for so large a sum. This is for one thousand pounds, or, I should say, five thousand dollars. I'll send it down to the express company.' Then to the valet: 'James, take this to the Wells-Fargo office. They've 'ad instructions, an' will give you gold for it.'

"The valet bows to the Red Light floor, an' ropes onto the check. 'Very good, sir!' he says, an' ambles off.

"An' now," observes the dook to Cherokee, 'if you'll oblige me with five thousand dollars in chips, pendin' me valet's return, I think we may continyoo. The cash to pay for them will be 'ere presently—not a doubt of it! Or if by any accident—an' that's hardly to be thought of as possible—a mistake 'as occurred in the express company's instructions, an' the check is not honored, the play need bind no one. Win or lose, it's understood that, onless James returns with the five thousand, the play doesn't go.'

"Cherokee, with that credoolity which, as I states former, is the common weakness of all courtiers of fortune, never dreams of hesitatin', but shoves over five thousand in yellow chips—one hundred dollars a chip. The dook sweeps 'em towards him, an' the deal begins.

"It's yere an' now that luck shifts; the dook commences to win. He's pilin' up them yellow boys in stacks of ten, too—a cool thousand on a kyard! Likewise, since he's settin' each bet so that it's down three or four ways at once, he's gettin' vehement action. Everything's in the dook's favor like a avalanche, an' by the time the deal's half out he's more'n ten thousand to the good an' still a-goin'. Also, he ain't so thoroughbred but what his eyes is blazin' with avarice. Cherokee? His face shows as deevold of expression as the wrong side of a tombstone. The deal goes for'ard, the stream of the dook's winnin's flowin' towards him all on-checked.

"When that valet goes squanderin' off for the Wells-Fargo folks, packin' the dook's five-thousand-dollar check, Nell slides off her perch, an' motions Boggs to take her place. No one minds; Nell does the same thing often when she's tired. The deal proceeds, Boggs actin' as lookout, an' Nell sa'nters forth into the street.

"The Wells-Fargo office is at the far end of camp, an' onless the valet's a antelope it'll be twenty minutes before he gets the five thousand an' returns. The dook's watchin' for him, an' sees him the moment he shows in the door. Black Jack, who's faced so he can tell, avers later that the dook signs up to the valet with a pecooliar wink; an' tharupon the valet, like the wink's a hunch that the dook's on knee-deep velvet, promptly pulls a roll of money from his jeans.

"'I beg your pardon, sir,' says the valet to the dook, 'but 'ere's the money for the check. They didn't 'ave the gold, sir; I 'opes the bills'll do.'

"'Certainly!' says the dook, takin' the roll, plenty lofty; 'bills or gold, it's all the same.'

"The dook runs through the bundle, ten five-hundred-dollar bills, an' passes it over to Cherokee. 'That makes good,' says he.

"'Not yet it don't!'

"It's Nell that interferes—Nell who, comin' in on the heels of the valet, now rounds herself up at Cherokee's shoulder. As she takes charge of the conversation, she pushes the bills back to the dook.

"'Beg pardon, miss,' observes the dook; an', for all his bluff front, a frightened look drifts across his face. 'Beg pardon; but I reelly don't onderstand!'

"'You don't?' repeats Nell, her eye plenty scornful. Then to Cherokee: 'That tin-horn bandit of a valet never offers any check to the Wells-Fargo folks. He goes to the office, an' asks a fool question or two; but, so far from cashin' any check, that worthless docyoooment's in his clothes right now. I'll bet a new bunnet this titled horned toad ain't got a *peso* with the express company. He's been handin' you an' me the old thing.'

"'Oh, I see!' says Cherokee, an' the glance he bestows upon the dook is the kind that frequent goes before a fooneal. 'The idee ain't so bad neither. This yere noble hold-up writes a no-account check, an' sends it out by his partner, who strolls about, goes as far as the express offices for the looks of the thing an' to kill time, an' returns. If you wins'—turnin' now to the dook direct—'you gives him the signal, an' he reports the check cashed. If you're behind, you signs up that discouragin' fact; an' with that he's sorry, but is obleeged to say that the express people ain't received them instructions none as yet, an' turns the check down. In which case, thar bein' no money, accordin' to the onderstandin' win or lose, the play don't go. It's a beautiful scheme—one where my only chance is to lose, an' your only chance is to win. Great!'

"'My dear sir,' chatters the dook, who reads danger in Cherokee's manner, 'this is all Greek to me. I don't onderstand. James!'

"Thar's no James. The valet's faded from the scene.

## The Looking Out of Faro Nell

"An' shows his sense!" reemarks Boggs.

"You don't savvy?" says Cherokee, stickin' to the dook. 'It's plenty plain to me. All you needs is a roll of say six thousand dollars, a English accent, a imitation valet, an' a come-on or two like me, an' your fortune's made. Which I've been imposed on a heap of ways, but this yere wrinkle's new to me complete. It would have took me in too, if it ain't for Nell. Come; set in those chips! You're lucky to be alive, my friend; an', while you can't have none of my money, seein' how close you comes to landin' me, I'm goin' to let you deepart with the honors of war—the same bein' your life an' your bank-roll.'

"Cherokee counts the dook's chips back into the check-rack, an' the count shows him ahead of the game clost onto fifteen thousand dollars.

"You come mighty near makin' a killin', dook," reemarks Boggs, who's listenin' an' lookin' on a heap interested.

"The dook is murmurin', onder his breath, about how he 'don't onderstand,' when Cherokee cuts him short.

"Yere!" exclaims Cherokee; 'go with Jack Moore to the Wells-Fargo people; an' if they cashes your check I'll make good these yere fifteen thousand dollars' worth of chips twice over. Only, if the Wells-Fargoes fails to come down you'll shore find some one shootin' at you with two guns at once.'

"Not bein' locoed utter, the dook don't take up Cherokee's proffer, but makes a gesture like he's a victim of some misonderstandin'.

"You better hit the trail, *amigo!*" says Enright to the dook, as that member of the peérage hesitates about the Red Light door. 'For, while it's a idle sort o' afternoon, an' I don't feel much like goin' through the labors of a lynchin' none to-day, the idee of swingin' off a lord is far from bein' reepellent. Should some member of the Stranglers make a motion to that effect, it'd about carry yoo-

nanimous. As I su'gests, dook, you'd better hit the trail!'

"An' havin' hit it, don't stop goin' neither!" warns Jack Moore. 'Keep forgin' right ahead, until you're miles beyond the confines of this camp. Which the game-law's out on noblemen in Arizona; an', if you stays loiterin' 'round yere long enough, some gent who's makin' a collection of birds, beasts, an' reptiles may take to bombardin' you up a heap, to add you to his herd of cur'osities.'

"But where can I go?" pleads the dook, castin' a despairin' eye up an' down, like he's seekin' to locate that vanished valet.

"Go to Red Dog," breaks in Boggs; 'they'll be tickled to death to see you. If you beats that gang of drunkards out of anything, you can keep it. Which, however, I don't much think you will, for they're some up on the bit themselves. Also, if you starts anything, an' they ketches you at it, you're a gone fawnskin. Them Red Dog folks ain't so leenient as Cherokee yere.'

"However do you come to think of it, Nell?" asks Cherokee. 'That shore-thing stranger an' his little check play would have got by me like so much runnin' water'

"In my experience," returns Nell, with the air of bein' a hundred years old, 'bad checks an' bad manners goes hand in hand. I knows what I thinks of this yere dook's language, an' it strikes me I'll trail out after that valet an' see what the express people thinks of his signachoor.'

"Well," says Cherokee, 'I ain't, as a roole, in favor of encouragin' habits of s'picion in the very young; but, in the present instance, since it leaves you an' me some fifteen thousand simoleons to the good, it would shore appear far-fetched in me to go formyoolatin' reproofs. In short, Nell, I reguards it rather as a occasion for congratyoolations; in which sperit I su'gests to Black Jack, the barkeep, that the camp is honin' to yoonite in a libation to your health.'"

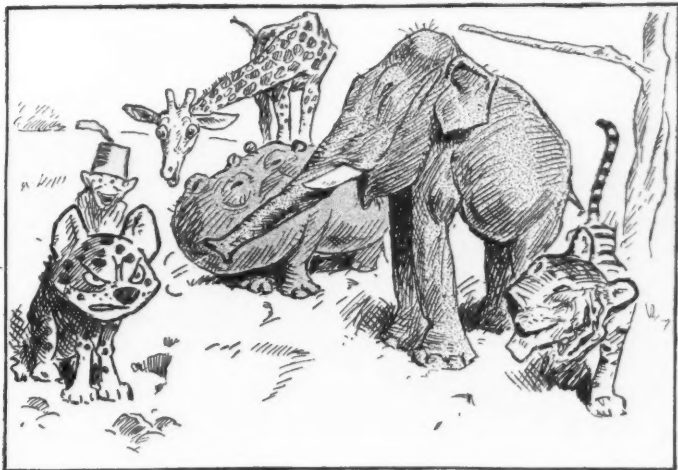




# How the Hyæna Came to Laugh

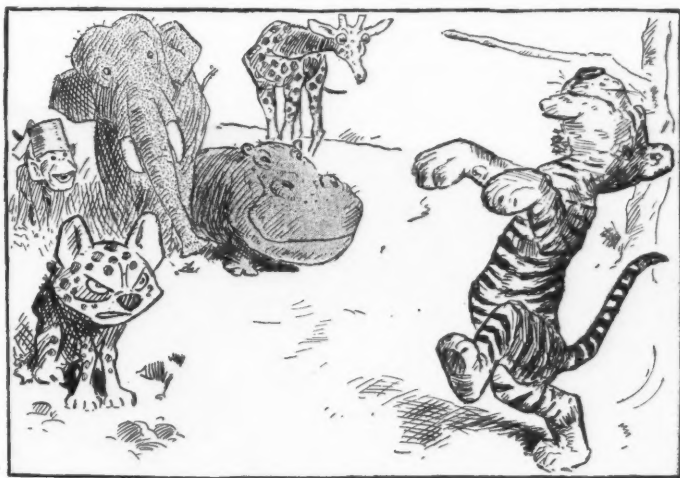
By Oliver Herford

Drawings by T. S. Sullivant



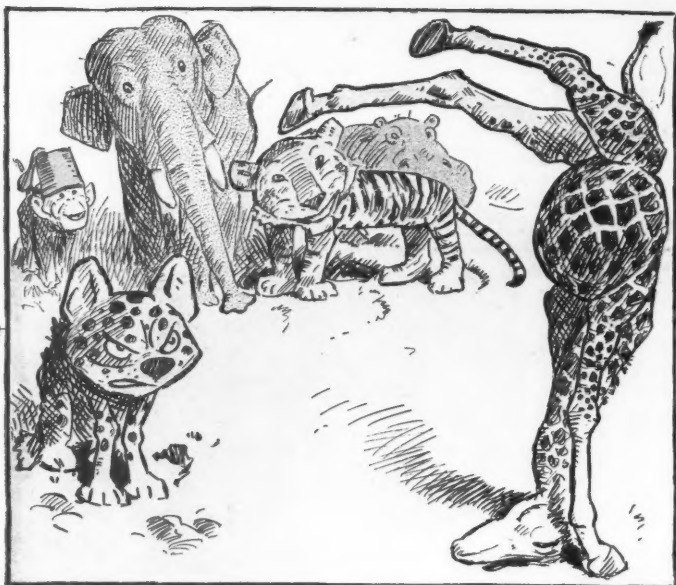
## I

When the first Hyæna tried to laugh his features got so tangled  
He sent for Doctor Elephant, whose methods were newfangled.  
Said he, "You have a Diphthong, and your vocal chords are jangled."



## II

To give his features exercise and start his risibility,  
Br'er Tiger did a cake-walk with abandon and agility.  
But the only symptom it induced was sheer irascibility.



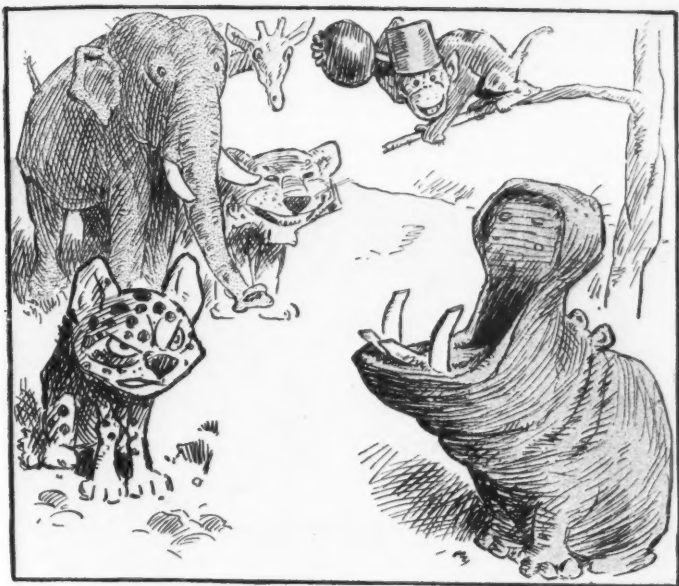
### III

Said Marse Giraffe, "I'll make him laugh, my turn is acrobatic."  
Then stood upon his head, a feat that earned applause emphatic  
From all save the Hyæna, who grew still more phlegmatic.



### IV

Don Hippo did his swallowing act, that caused the crowd to bellow,  
But the bored Hyæna only turned a deeper shade of yellow.  
Herr Monkey whispered in his ear, "Cheer up! I'm next, old fellow."



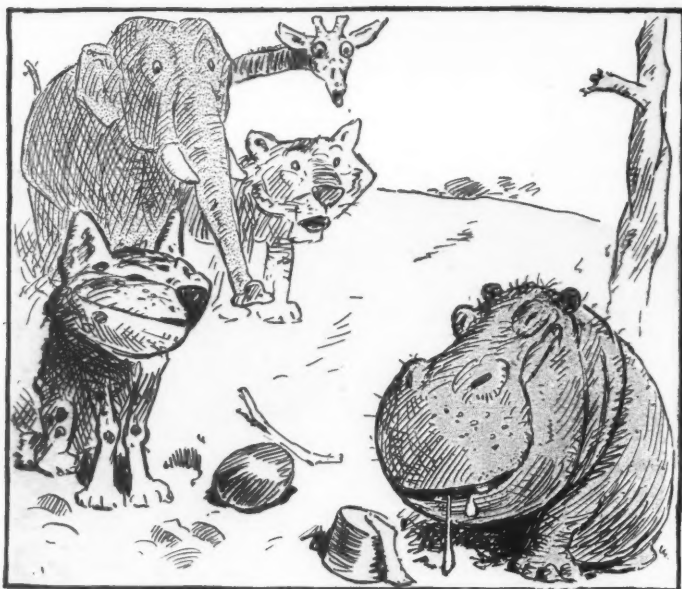
V

Herr Monkey then with ease and grace a swinging branch ascended,  
 And o'er Don Hippo's open mouth a cocoanut suspended,  
 The while on the Hyæna's face disgust and gloom were blended.



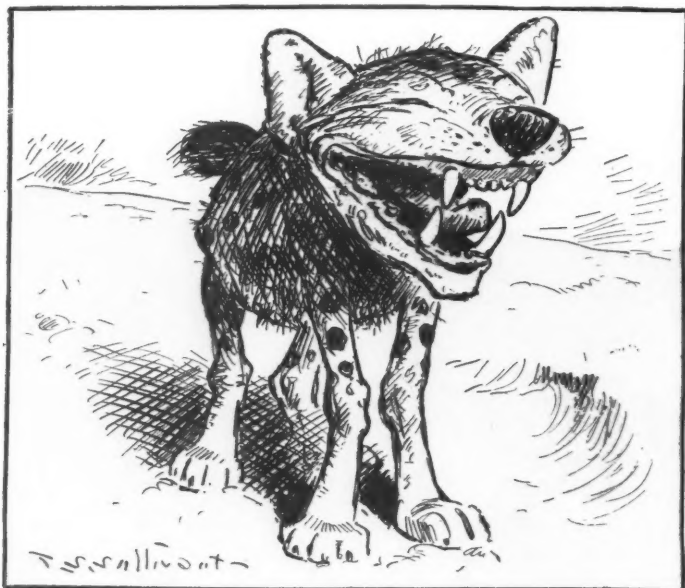
VI

"Now!" cried Herr Monkey from his perch, "I'll show you something funny."  
 He little dreams the branch is cracked. Look out; it's breaking, sonny!  
 The face of the Hyæna lights—here's something for his money.



#### VII

A piercing scream, a sudden sound of snapping jaws affrighting.  
Don Hippo's smile's an epitaph as plain as any writing,  
And joy ineffable the dull Hyæna's face is lighting.



#### VIII

To-day when the Hyæna laughs there's a peculiarity  
About his glee that makes us flee from his uncouth hilarity;  
We seem to hear a scream of fear in his mirthless jocularity.

# Little Tales

## The Magic Name

By George Phillips

THEY stood at the gate of freedom through which filed hundreds from many nations, laden with strange bundles and filled with stranger hopes, starting on the great adventure which was to bring them their hearts' desire according to their dreams. But among the eager crowds that pressed forward to begin the new life this man and woman shrank from the jostling stream that flowed by them, and turned back to the inspection-room where the Armenian interpreter was busy disentangling twenty dialects at once.

He stretched out his hand to take the slip of paper which the man timidly extended, and after glancing at it looked up with a relieved air.

"You go in there," he said, indicating a small room to the left. "Wait till I come." Then he spoke rapidly to an assistant, who stepped into the telephone booth, and the two were left alone once more.

They sank thankfully onto the bench that ran around the room. It was so good to rest after the toilsome

journey from the far-away village on the plains of Armenia; after the terrible tossing on the great ocean which threatened every moment to swallow them up; after the weary hours of inspection when they were herded like sheep from one room to another, examined, questioned, ordered around in a way that completed their bewilderment. Now at last they were free to make a home for themselves in the sunshine of peace and, they doubted not, plenty. So they waited with the patience of their race until the interpreter threw open the door and ushered in a swarthy, broad-shouldered man accompanied by a slender woman in the garb of a deaconess.

"All right," said the interpreter to the immigrants. "Here is the one you seek. Do what he says, and all will be well."

He disappeared, and the newcomer advanced to the pair who stood before him. A few words sufficed to show him what speech they used, and he talked with them for some minutes in a soft, liquid tongue before he turned to Miss Wilson, who was being initiated into the duties of a visitor.

"These are Petroff—Peter, you say—Jojoorian and his wife, Joanna. They come very far from Karofa—that is in Armenia. This



Drawings by William Oberhardt

THEY WAITED WITH THE PATIENCE OF THEIR RACE





SHE LEARNED ENOUGH ENGLISH TO TALK WITH MISS WILSON

man's uncle was one of our people for many years, and when he was dying he sent them enough money to come here, and also my name, since he had no family to meet them. See, they have come thousands of miles for this."

He exhibited the scrap of paper which Jojorian was jealously guarding, and Miss Wilson was just able to make out the name "Yotinska."

"How marvelous!" she exclaimed. "They know no one here, no place to go to, and on the strength of that one name they have come half across the world!"

The Armenian smiled at her wonder. "There are many such," he explained. "They would dare anything to escape the massacres, and so their friends send them the money and my name—all who come to our mission—and when they show that here my good friend, the inspector, telephones to me, and I come down to find my people."

His dark eyes shone as he spoke, and his face was the face of a dreamer whose dream comes true; for he, who had fled from persecution long years before, was now the talis-

man that drew others across the sea to safety. He then directed Miss Wilson to take Peter and Joanna to the street in the great city where many of their countrymen dwelt.

"They will find good friends there," he said. "They have a little money, and I think we can find the man work before long. To-morrow I will speak with him."

So the pair were led away and installed in the new home they had come so far to seek.

Peter proved to be a clever shoemaker, and work was found for him in a large establishment where he prospered exceedingly. At the end of two years he was foreman of the repair shop, and as happy as a bird. His cringing walk had changed to a proud stride, his stooping shoulders were thrown back fearlessly, and his soft mother-tongue gave way to eager, sibilant English in which he talked incessantly of how he would soon be "Nice-a Merican man," and vote for "de boss." Joanna, whose walk in life was limited mostly to visits to the butcher and grocer, and who had no children to bring the new world into her little rooms, remained more conservative, and gossiped in soft Armenian with the other

large-eyed women in the hallway. But she too learned enough English to talk with Miss Wilson, whose interest in the gentle pair never lapsed. Often she would climb the long, narrow stairs and knock at the dingy door, to be greeted by a beaming face and proudly invited to enter and take the American rocking-chair—an acquisition which Joanna regarded as far too awe-inspiring for anyone but her visitor to use. And then would the happy little Armenian stir the *koulash* while she told Miss Wilson of the wonderful wages her man was getting, and the meat which they ate three times a week—was ever such luxury heard of!—and how the landlord was going to put in a new window so they could have more light—"all, all sun!" And lastly would appear Joanna's greatest treasure—a package of dirty, ill-scrawled letters from her little brother, who was waiting in far Karofa for his turn to enter the gate of freedom.

"Mein fader he iss killed from ze Turks. Und mine moder she iss die when ze leetle Girar iss von vek. Ach, so small! Und I am so beeg."

She indicated the height of a child of about twelve and swept on, intent upon her narrative.

"So takes us mine aunt. Und she iss dead. Und mine leetle Girar he iss beeg boy now und should to school here. But when comes de monee so iss not for all. Und mine man he leaves Girar wit' de pries' und everee day saves for send for him. Soon comes he, und you shall see how beeg, fine boy iss he."

"Their devotion to that child is beautiful," Miss Wilson told Yotinska at the big mission house where the workers gathered together to report progress. "They save every penny to bring him out, and I'm sure Joanna doesn't half feed herself when Peter is away, so as to give me more money to keep for the child. Next year they will have enough, and I feel sure that the foundations of the nation will shake when the new American citizen to be steps ashore. According to Peter, he is a combination of you and George Washington, and I'm not certain that Joanna doesn't think he has some of my attractions also. She is very fond of me, is Joanna; though, of course, you are their idol."

"That's the only thing I have against the Armenians," com-

plained an older worker. "They feel America owes them a living, and they come over here and live on nothing at all, and the minute they have enough they send out for all their relatives and dump them on us; and so it goes."

There was a murmur of assent, but Yotinska's dark eyes turned on the speaker reproachfully.

"No, no," he said eagerly. "It is not that. It is that some day the Turks will come and kill or torture them all, and this is the only place they can be safe. Would you not lie on the ground and starve if your brother was in danger?"

"And anyway," cried Miss Wilson, "the Jojorians are perfectly lovely about helping us in any way they can. She often comes over here when I want an extra hand, and I believe Peter's dream is to make shoes for the whole mission free of charge. Dear little Girar! If they are all like him I, for one, shall welcome the whole nation with open arms."

And at last they sent for him. With tremulous eagerness Peter went to the steamship office with Mr. Yotinska and arranged for the boy's passage, while Joanna sang for joy and scoured her home until Mrs. Blansky below complained that the roof was leaking. The new citizen would need American clothes that the other boys might not laugh at him; and so the two visited second-hand clothing-stores in the evenings and bought him an outfit that made their hearts glad in contemplation of the boy's delight in donning it. There was nothing they did not think of and prepare and talk about in those joyful weeks of anticipation. The whole mission listened while they told how he sang like a bird and must un-



SCOURED HER HOME UNTIL MRS. BLANSKY BELOW COMPLAINED THAT THE ROOF WAS LEAKING

## The Magic Name

doubtedly enter the choir as soon as he landed; how his black eyes flashed and his merry laugh rang out all day long. It was certain there never was such a boy as "mine leetle Girar," and the East Side awaited his coming with unconcealed expectation.

And then he never came. The ship that should have carried him brought tidings instead, tidings told by broken, hopeless men and women, who shook as they whispered the story with white lips.

Several days later Miss Wilson, who had been unusually busy, climbed the narrow stairs to see the new citizen, and saw, instead, a desolate room and a man and woman who held each other's hands like frightened children as they mourned their dead.

"But what—what has happened?" she stammered, and they told her.

The week before the boy was to have started there had been a sudden outbreak of hostilities between the restless people and their relentless masters. In one night the village of Karofa had been burned to the ground and its inhabitants killed almost to a man. The few who had escaped with their lives had fled to neighboring towns and told the tale. The boy, however, had fled to the woods, where he lay hidden all the next day, and then, at nightfall, "he come back," said Peter heavily, "for he have buried someting near the cottage. His monee for the treep have he under hees shirt, but there is anoder ting he must not leaf behind. So creeps he in und—"

"But, Peter," interrupted Miss Wilson, "what could he have had that made him risk his life like that?"

"It was the name," said the man simply. "We have write him should he no find us at de boat so shall he to Mr. Yotinska send. Other come he not, so gets he lost. Und he have buried it for to be safe, und back comes he creepin' in ze dark, und—and they catch him und—"

"Und beat him unto death!" Joanna's voice, shrill and cracked with weeping, flared into a scream. "They beat him—mine leetle Girar. Und he die. Und you asks us why should we ze monee for oders to come save! So shall you ask no more."

Her head sank on the table again, and only her long-drawn sobs broke the silence.

Miss Wilson laid her hand gently on the weeper's shoulder while Peter stood by in the hopeless silence of a race trained to suffer without a cry. His shoulders drooped as of yore under the yoke of the oppressor, and into his eyes had crept the old, cowed look born of centuries of ill treatment.

"Joanna," said Miss Wilson softly. "Poor Joanna. Won't you look up and listen to me a minute? You know it hurts Peter to have you cry like this, and

for his sake you mustn't make yourself sick. Look up, Joanna, and help me to get Peter's dinner ready, for he must go back to work soon."

But still the woman sobbed in the long, low wail of those who dare not let their grief be heard, and Peter shook his head dumbly as Miss Wilson turned to him.

"It cannot be," he said brokenly. "No more do we save ze monee und make ready till he come. I, I must work, so eat we, but Joanna she have no heart for work or eat. Only sit she there und cry, cry, all ze day long."



ONLY HER LONG-DRAWN SOBS BROKE THE SILENCE

# The Spirit of Loot

By Jacob Rahl

If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the keeper's back,  
If you've ever snigged the washin' from the line,  
If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin' 'aversack,  
You will understand this little song of mine.

**P**EGGY BROOKE crossed her arms upon the table and leaned toward her companion. They sat by one of the windows in the famous restaurant, watching the glare of the avenue in the early afternoon heat. Inside was the soft whir of electric fans and the cool popping of corks.

"I should like to have been a pirate, like one of my ancestors," she announced. "Besides the fun of adventure, think how easily they got those great bags of yellow gold."

"Yes," answered Arthur Hammond, "but it was rather hard on the other fellow."

"Of course it was," she flashed; "but probably the other fellow got it the same way."

"And what happened to your piratical forebear?"

"Oh, one day Captain Kidd came along and gobbled him up; but, do you know, I have sometimes thought what fun it would be to break loose in some great palace or shop and just take, take, take! Imagine the joy of not considering your bank-account, nor saying to those stupid girls, 'Charge to Miss Brooke, no, not Root, Brooke, B-r-o-o-k-e.'"

He laughed and looked admiringly at the piquant, pretty face, and at the alert eyes in which he read beautiful possibilities. "What would you acquire for me in this doubtful manner?"

"Well, silk handkerchiefs with monograms would do very well," she answered provokingly, and then more gently, "or anything else you wanted."

But Hammond did not notice this last remark; his thoughts were busy. "Would you like to go on a pirate-cruise with me this evening?" he queried, looking at her intently.

"Of course I would. Oh, what kind of a cruise?"

"That," he said, "is my secret, but it is real wicked pirating. Do you feel equal to it?"

"Didn't I tell you I always wanted to be a pirate? Only, a successful one, please."

"Very well, I think I can promise success if you will do just as I say. I will come for you in my big car at eleven to-night, for shady doings demand dark hours, and we will need the car to take away the loot."

"To take away the loot!" she gasped. "What do you mean?"

"I can't tell you, but do you still really want to attempt the adventure?" She looked flushed and excited, and her assent was emphatic. "Then," he said rising, "I must go and prepare my nefarious plans. Remember, to-night at eleven."

The great yellow car chugged softly through the semi-deserted spaces in the region of huge apartment-houses and drew up before one of the most modern structures. A gilt-buttoned functionary sleepily escorted Hammond to the elevator and deposited him at Miss Brooke's door. She was waiting, all chiffon and curiosity.



Drawings by Horace Taylor

"I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE BEEN A PIRATE, LIKE ONE OF MY ANCESTORS," SHE ANNOUNCED

## The Spirit of Loot

"And is it to be a really truly fairy-story adventure with jinns and an Aladdin's lamp?" she demanded.

"There'll be some sort of an Aladdin's lamp; let's hope you'll think the jinns very friendly," smiled Hammond, wishing the contour of her chin were not quite so alluring.

As they swung into the Great White Way she nestled back with a sigh of contentment. "You are like a superior sort of jinn," she said, regarding him whimsically, "and those two goggly things in front are your attendant jinns."

"They are something like that," replied Hammond, amused at this description of his very expert, very expensive chauffeur and mechanician.

The theater crowds were surging out, a mass of light and motion, as the huge car nosed its way to a quieter cross-street and then, with a sudden swerve, shot into a broad, vaulted passage in an immense building. This, to Peggy's growing bewilderment, looked very like Barnes and Holder's, the newest, biggest, most expensive department store in the city. The car stopped in a sort of open court between mountains of packing-cases. Hammond was out in an instant with silencing finger on lip, and the two jinns rapidly put out the car's great lamps, leaving them in murky darkness save where the street-lights struggled through the archway in weird white splashes.

Peggy's whole being was tingling with the daring of their adventure. The mystery of the deserted, cluttered courtyard in the center of the crowded city, Hammond's quiet yet cautious manner, and, more than all, the sudden extinguishing of the lights, convinced her that this was no mere midnight frolic, and she thrilled with

fear of detection. If her ancestry went back to the robbers of the sea, as she had merrily claimed, their blood now throbbed exultingly in her veins. She felt capable of anything, even if it were, as Hammond had said, nefarious.

After a brief consultation the chauffeur took his stand near the street to keep guard, Hammond led the way to a small side door, and the mechanician began to work at the lock. Peggy stood by with dilating eyes and parted lips.

"But what are we going to do?" she whispered, drawing closer.

"Loot," Hammond replied, "be pirates, just help ourselves—really, truly loot!" He spoke as to a child, yet Peggy thought she had never known anyone so like a hero in some ancient ballad, and she trembled a little as he quoted gaily,

"The good old rule, the simple plan,  
'Tis his to take who has the power  
And his to keep who can."

"But," she murmured, starting nervously as the screw-driver clicked noisily, "we'll be caught. This isn't medieval England, but a horrid law-abiding age when—" and her merriment bubbled up again,

"He who prigs what isn't his  
When he's cotched shall go to prison."

"We've got to take our chances," said Hammond, "but we will make them as few as we can. Wilkins will keep a lookout and warn us of danger from outside, and we'll tackle the watchmen when we get in." Just then the mechanician stepped back, and

Hammond drew Peggy through a dark passage into what seemed a luxurious office. "Now wait here while we go and find the watchmen. Some chloroform will fix them." Peggy gasped, but stood game, listening as



THE MECHANICIAN BEGAN TO WORK AT THE LOCK



the retreating footsteps echoed through the empty building.

"All right," said Hammond, throwing open the door. "You can have just two hours, Cinderella; then we must vanish. Where will your pirating commence?"

Peggy stopped for a moment, petrified, and then with a little hysterical laugh, "Is this true," she said, "and are we safe?" They were standing in the twilight of the rotunda with the white-covered counters stretching away in ghostly perspective. The empty aisles overcame her with their loneliness. "I never should dare," she said, turning toward Hammond, "if you weren't here." As she spoke she lifted a cover, revealing an array of long gloves. "The very latest," she exclaimed, and half unconsciously her fingers wandered among the boxes selecting shades and sizes till her hands were full.

"Wait a second," said her companion, "and I'll get Masters and some baskets."

"Won't he tell? It would be frightful to get into the papers."

"Oh, he's safe," reassured Hammond. "Once away we can never be traced."

When Hammond returned Peggy had progressed through a maze of ribbons and veils to the silks. "This is the jolliest thing I ever did," she cried, plunging them into a cash-boy's basket held by the silent Masters. "There's enough to last years! Why, oh, why do they put everything away tight instead of leaving them spread out nice and easy!"

Hammond smiled rather gravely. "Pirates have to hack their way, you know, Cinderella." With his help she soon had rolls of silk spread on the counter.

"Just look at that exquisite shade of mauve! We can't wait to cut off dress patterns; I'll bundle in the whole piece." She stood flushed, almost disheveled, with the silks in a riot of color billowing about her. Masters had made three trips to the auto-

mobile before she could be coaxed farther.

"There's lots else," urged Hammond, "and forty minutes are gone already. Those tables are bargain-counters, I believe."

"Bargain-counters!" she exclaimed. "This is the biggest bargain I'll ever strike! Where are the laces?"

With a curiously accurate knowledge of the shop Hammond led her to more boxed and shrouded treasures. She seemed to have forgotten his presence in the delight of examining, comparing, and selecting, with the discernment of a connoisseur. "You are sure you like being a pirate? You

don't want to go back to the fireside, Cinderella?" he asked.

"Go back to the cinders, Aladdin—cinders and ashes and bills!" She shuddered, half closing her eyes as she studied some collars of rose-point. "I have only two fears—one, that I'll wake and find it a dream, the other, that some one will come and I'll find it isn't. How did you ever think of it, Aladdin, and how did you dare to bring me here? It was dear of you." He flushed with pleasure, but his brow clouded.

"We'll never be found out, but it's loot, little Cinderella, plain, hard loot, you know."

"Of course it's loot—lovely, lovely loot," she breathed, trying some filmy Chantilly across her arm.

Loo, loo, lulu loot—

And the same with English morals does not suit.



PEGGY JERKED DRESS AFTER DRESS FROM THE HOOKS

## The Spirit of Loot

Hammond wished Kipling had never written the infernal lines that drummed over and over in the back of his brain. "Wouldn't you like to see the pictures? There's a fine collection of old ones here now," he suggested hopefully.

"Pictures," sniffed Peggy, "we can't bother with pictures, and they'd be too big for the car. If only there were more time," she wailed. "Lace needs contemplation!" and with a sigh she pushed back the half-emptied boxes and turned to Hammond to lead her to fresh fields. "How much more time have we?"

"Scarcely an hour." Her face grew sharp and shrewd as she stood calculating.

"Lingerie!" she exclaimed with decision, "lingerie, and imported gowns. It's tragic to give up so much!" She fairly flew down the length of the building, glancing ruefully at the dainty displays in glass cases. Hammond helped her up the stairs and pulled out boxes and drawers. Soon she was lost in clouds of whiteness. "French embroidery and real lace, at least

a hundred a set—and I can have all I want. I never did have enough." Her eyes were wild now, and she was oblivious of her companion as she stuffed masses of lace and ruffles into the waiting baskets.

The lines on Hammond's face deepened. His was the type that postulates New England grandparents. This, then, was to be the end of the little frolic so happily planned. He had imagined her pleasure at the mystery of the game, foreseeing a charming opportunity to lay heart and worldly goods at her feet. Down-stairs, when she first playfully turned over chiffons and silks, he had

thought her like a merry kitten. Now he was reminded of a beautiful cat with narrowing eyes pouncing on a brood of young birds.

"How much time have we now?" she was repeating nervously.

Hammond looked at his watch. "Barely twenty minutes," he answered mechanically.

"Oh, the dresses, the lovely dresses, and so little time!" Glass doors slid back and forth, and Peggy jerked dress after dress from the hooks. "What a mess they'll find in the morning," she muttered. "I wonder

what they'll do. But I'll be safe?" she appealed anxiously to Hammond.

"Quite safe, Captain Kidd, only you must hurry."

"Captain Kidd always beat, didn't he? Oh, piracy is delightful if you only win. What's that?"

Hurrying feet were heard, and Peggy clung to Hammond's arm in an agony of terror. Masters vanished, followed by Hammond, leaving Peggy panic-stricken. Hammond was back in a moment.

"It was only

Wilkins," he said, "come in to look after the watchmen. The chloroform is working off, and we must get out. Come," he added sharply, "surely you have enough!"

"Just a minute," begged Peggy, "just a little minute; there's still another row. Oh!" she darted toward a glass case. "Look at that dream! White broadcloth and gold embroidery! I must have it," and she fumbled nervously at the door of the case.

"It is locked," said Hammond sternly; "you can't have that."

"But I must," exclaimed Peggy with a little stamp. "I can't leave that. Have Mas-



"OH, WHAT AN ADVENTURE, WHAT TREASURE TROVE!"

ters break the case," she demanded imperiously; but Hammond pulled her away.

"No, no," he said. "Come, there is a limit," and then more gently: "The coach will be a pumpkin if you don't hurry, Cinderella; the beautiful clothes will turn into rags, and what will happen to you?"

Then they hurried down the stairs. Before the last counter Peggy hesitated. It was covered with notions. She gathered a handful of trifles, and a wave of disgust swept over Hammond. Outside stood the car packed to overflowing with their plunder. They pushed in with difficulty, and glided away.

"Oh, what an adventure, what treasure trove!" she exclaimed, and leaning back she closed her eyes, exhausted by the pressure of excitement. Hammond, too, was silent as they retraced their course up the quiet street.

Suddenly she sat up. "Do you know, you never got anything for yourself. What a pig I was! I forgot all about your handkerchiefs, but I will embroider you some with my own fingers—if you care for them," she added softly.

"Thank you," said Hammond politely.

The lights were low in the small drawing-room as they came in. She looked very simple and girlish as she threw off her hat, revealing the tumbled hair with its red tints, and Hammond was conscious of a keen sense of disappointment. The game had not developed as he had expected.

"How adorable you have been!" she said impulsively, putting both her hands in his. "I never could have had so many beautiful things myself. It was such a perfect adventure, and everything came out right."

"Are you sure that everything is right?" he asked, holding her and reading her eyes seriously.

"Why, of course," she replied quickly. "Your men won't tell, will they?"

"No, you can trust them."

"Why, then, no one will ever know, and as for Barnes and Holder, they are the rich-

est firm in the city. They will miss the things, of course, but never feel it."

"Then you are entirely satisfied?"

"How can you doubt it? Only, two hours were too short!"

"Well, good-by, Undine," he said, letting go her hands. "It is getting unconscionably late. I have had the men put the things in your hall."

She looked puzzled. "You are giving me many names to-night, Aladdin. Good night. How dull it will be to come back from looting to law-abiding!"

She picked up the paper the following afternoon with considerable curiosity; although she went over it carefully she saw no item concerning a raid at the big store. "Of course not," she thought. "It was too small a matter, and those things are always hushed up. I wonder I looked for it."

That evening she wore one of the point-lace collars, enjoying its beauty and intending to call Hammond's attention to it when he should come, for he had been a nightly caller of late. To her surprise and disappointment the passing hours did not bring him; instead came a letter. She flushed with pleasure at the familiar handwriting, then chilled as her eye caught the name of Barnes and Holder. She opened it very slowly.

"DEAR MISS BROOKE," it ran: "Business takes me out of town for a few weeks, so I must forego the pleasure of seeing you. I am glad you enjoyed our little adventure last night; the evening proved a profitable one for us both. As a silent partner in the firm of Barnes and Holder, permit me to present you with the articles you honored us in selecting.

"Yours truly,

"ARTHUR HAMMOND."

"Aunt," she called, as an elderly lady entered the room, "aunt, who was Undine?"

"Undine?" said the lady vaguely. "Let me see. I have heard the name, a girl's, I think. There was something she didn't have. Dear me, what was it? Oh, yes, I remember, she didn't have a soul."



# A Startling Prediction from London

THE ENGLISH PLAYWRIGHT IS GIVING UP THE MODERN FRENCH DRAMA AS HIS MODEL, AND IS BEGINNING TO WRITE ALONG THE MORE WHOLESOME LINES OF THE AMERICAN PLAY

By Alan Dale



HERE'S a prophecy for some young reader—not over twenty-one—to cut out and paste in his Shakespeare. Let him jot down these words, and see if they don't come true: "Alan Dale says that the time will come, and it is not so extraordinarily far distant, when London will depend upon New York for its drama as absolutely and as helplessly as a year ago it depended upon Paris." This prophecy does not suggest that London will pounce upon every New York play and produce it "as it was written," but that it will adapt New York, tune its ideas to the London key, rely upon its "situations," and, in a word, make itself as at home with the American drama as it did with the French, when it found that modified Paris was indispensable.

For this somewhat audacious fact is forced upon one: London is idealess. It has absolutely no dramatic backbone of its own. It is perpetually hunting around for an accommodating neighbor's backbone. It has no policy of its own. It has no morality of its own, and it has no immorality of its own. Everything is borrowed, and the supply of European lenders has given out. The United States is the only source that is left. London is fighting, and will fight even more vigorously, against a fate that ordains an obsequious attendance upon U. S. A's drama. The idea is repulsive, of course, because U. S. A. has so far been looked upon by the dramatists of Europe as a puny babe and suckling. There will be much palaver, some bad blood, and

many unparliamentary expressions of opinion from conservative English critics. The fact remains. It is to be seen in the firmament, without the aid of a telescope. London will come to New York for its dramatic material. A couple of decades from now it will be intensely humorous to recall the fact that every summer New York theater managers used to go to London to look for plays!

I was amazed when I reached London this summer to find that everything had changed. The tone of London's theaters had been completely altered, as no metropolis that had policy, ideas, and artistic perception could change its tone. A similar change would be impossible in Paris, where, year in and year out, the drama occurs in its prescribed form, bowing only to innovation and "the process of the suns."

A year ago London came to the end of its dramatic tether in a sort of second-class imitation of bad Paris. The English plays all bore the taint of the illicit and the morbid. They were mostly "society" plays in which infidelity and worse were starred. English playwrights wove their themes around the pictorial immorality of Mayfair and Belgravia. There were always golden drawing-rooms in which "society" folks lolled, and exuded cheap epigram and labored cynicism.

There was Pinero. There was Grundy. There was young Sutro. There were a dozen others, all hammering at the Paris-ism of London until one's soul sickened. These plays



have been impossible in New York for some time. When I was in London last year I remember that I reviewed for the *COSMOPOLITAN* Sutro's ugly "John Glayde's Honor," which was such a success in London, a success that I couldn't understand. I'm not quite such a prig as to throw confetti at myself, but just the same I want you to note that "John Glayde's Honor" *did* fail in New York, and in an extremely rapid-transit manner. This is to illustrate the style of the London plays that I found so nauseating last year.

My point is this: London is never *anything* from sheer conviction. It is just imitative. The terrible alcove plays that London playwrights have been grinding out for the last decade—they were originally started by that waning king, Pinero—were never innately London. The awful pictures of a brutalized, demoralized, money-driven, sense-enslaved society were not really English in any particular. Paris plays have always been French; London plays have seldom been English. They have carried no conviction.

The proof lies in the present London season. Just as London playwrights had put forth all their powers to popularize the alcove drama of illicit love and nasty complications—just as London was beginning to "get a name" for the ugly and unhealthy form of its dramatic recreation—the change came. I got to London this summer, and I find it swept clean of all its beastly drawing-room suggestiveness. I find no trace of it in the theater. I discover Pinero, the ringleader of the illicit and the founder of the English Tanqueray school, with a fiasco called "The Thunderbolt" that deals with nothing but a last will and testament. Scarcely a love episode does this Pinero drama contain. There is an incident in it concerning an illegitimate child of the deceased hero, and that is the only sex-note in the play. I find this curious thing from Pinero (it has already been withdrawn). From Grundy, nothing. From Carton, nothing. From Sutro, nothing. The old ring that fought to enmesh London in an imitation of Paris sensuality has vanished.

Even Bernard Shaw, the quick idol of a rapid hour, has been pushed aside. His dreary "conversation" entitled "Getting Married," which was done at the Haymarket, attracted merely ephemeral attention. It is over at this writing. Bernard Shaw, I can't help thinking, is on his very last legs, and they were not such long last legs as many thought they would be.

Let me hammer in my point. London reached its limit last season. Its borrowed sex-note was struck for the last time. It had no conviction. It was naughty because it seemed more profitable than being nice. It was immoral because it seemed more fashionable than being moral. It wasn't naughty because it *had* to be naughty. It wasn't immoral because it didn't know how to be moral—as is the case with Paris. It was just following a vogue. The vogue is now over.

Reared as the dramatic idol of London this summer, I am somewhat paralyzed to discover a bland, smiling, adolescent-minded young man called W. Somerset Maugham. You will hear the name in America during the coming season, because American managers still come to London to see what they can't find. You will probably hear from some of 'em that they have bought up this young man for years to come. For they still lack originality, although that will be forced upon them in the not very distant future.

"Jack Straw," at the Vaudeville Theater, is W. Somerset Maugham with Hawtrey. "Mrs. Dot," at the Comedy Theater, is W. Somerset Maugham with Marie Tempest. "Lady Frederick," at the New Theater, is W. Somerset Maugham with Ethel Irving. "The Explorer," at the Lyric Theater, is W. Somerset Maugham with Lewis Waller.

W. Somerset Maugham! W. Somerset Maugham! W. Somerset Maugham! His name is everywhere. You are astounded. You hold your breath in amaze. Then you buy tickets for all the W. Somerset Maugham plays, and rush off to see them, convinced that you are on the threshold of the marvelous, and that something BIG has happened theatrically. And something BIG has happened theatrically, but it is not at all what you expected to discover.

Instead of the new playwright following in the footsteps of the old ring that led to the sexual and the pathological, Mr. W. Somerset Maugham has begun again—at the very beginning of everything! London has reached Z; Mr. W. Somerset Maugham has gone back to A. The very nerve that this W. Somerset Maugham has betrayed in thus daring to pull London back is not without a certain charm. One can always admire the cheeky. It is a sort of revival meeting that Mr. Maugham has inaugurated. I call it phenomenally amusing, but there is no finer instance of London's utter lack of backbone than this same Mr. W. Somerset Maugham.



## A Startling Prediction from London

His plays are easy and somewhat graceful. They are simple, and they are almost primitive. They are quite old and worn-out as to theme. But while the "ring" has been worrying itself about sex, and forgetting that there was anything else in the world (and there *are* just a few other things), Mr. W. Somerset Maugham has been looking at old ideas with new eyes. For instance, in "Jack Straw" he has taken that withered old stage nuisance, the impostor, and gazed at him with 1908-ness. In "Lady Frederick" he has seized upon the giddy widow and has labeled her "W. Somerset Maugham, 1908." Nothing more antiquated in the way of theme could possibly be imagined. But it is freshly treated; it is light; it is healthy; it is digestible; it is unproblematic; it is not unfragrant, and those who have been living in London for years forget that such things could be!

The sex-note in the W. Somerset Maugham plays is the simple one: And they were married, and lived happily ever afterward! There is nothing more abstruse. Occasionally there is a wad of emotion, but it is uncomplicated and unsexual. The characters all talk brightly. There is an effort at epigram, but it is not an exciting effort. There are moments when Mr. W. Somerset Maugham appears to be cynical, but in reality this cynicism is but flippancy. To the uninitiated flippancy is often mistaken for cynicism. There is a great difference.

As a matter of fact the long suit of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham is cheeriness. He is making an effort to rouse London from its torpor, to start its circulation coursing through its fatigued old veins, to bring it back to the simple life, which is, after all, the healthiest—in the drama as elsewhere. Looking at these Maugham plays as novelties, and separating them from their context, we should call them old, and puerile, and uninspired. Viewing them as a radical change from the nasty morass in which the "ring" has been sunk for the last decade, they seem to be an auspicious symptom.

But such a complete reversion from the morbid and the sexual to the simple and ro-

mantic could occur only in a country that has really no dramatic substance, no genuine ideas, and no artistic perception. Probably things will veer round again from W. Somerset Maugham to another set of purveyors of the Pinero-Carton-Grundy-Shaw caliber. But the growing stability and fiber of the American drama will be gradually inhaled by London. New York, relying upon itself, as it has *got* to do, will gradually provide itself and later furnish London with theatrical ideas. London is always waiting to see what it can get from outside sources, just as New York has done hitherto. London has had its turn. It is New York's innings now. New York will not fail. One may read the indications in various things that happened last season. These lines are merely intended to "call the turn," as it were, and so to speak.

Do not imagine for a moment that I contemplate seeing London acknowledge its indebtedness to New York. That may never occur. The constant borrower forgets his debts. London has lived on Paris for decades, and has lapped up its drama greedily. But it would never admit this fact. It would be grossly insulted at the mere suggestion. What we shall see will be Londonized New York plays, adapted American ideas, anglicized American situations—all served up as though English-born. Watch the London stage for the next few years, and you will see that what I predict will come true, not suddenly, but gradually, and perhaps reluctantly.

W. Somerset Maugham is just London's Clyde Fitch. He lacks the originality and the individuality of our own Fitch, but he is industrious, and relevant, and optimistic. It is somewhat startling to find such pleasing mediocrity so greatly in demand, but this is due, as I have pointed out, to the fact that London is practically idealess, and is thankful to the young rescuer who has given it a temporary lease of life.

If these somewhat sweeping assertions are combated, I am even more satisfied that my prophecy will be verified, and that some of you, my gentlest readers, will be there to establish that verification.





## A Deal in Graveyards

By Charles P. Norcross

Illustrated by William Oberhardt



**A**NDERSON was chairman of the Senate committee on cities, and honest. Now it is worth while to record this fact, and at the same time it is necessary to make a reservation. Anderson was implacably, inflexibly, unyieldingly honest. You could not have gone to Anderson with a proposition involving the deviation of a hair's breadth from his ideas of what was right and wrong, and shown a million dollars profit to him on the other side of the ledger, and received any treatment other than ejection from his presence, physical or otherwise. But Anderson was a politician. He loved his party and the "organization," that intangible, many-tentacled machine that reached to the uttermost end of the state and which brought out votes on election day and made possible the continued dominance in power of the party. Show Anderson where he could make a million by shading his convictions and he would have had you thrown out; show him where the party or the organization could be benefited and he could turn corners like a shadow and choke his conscience as effectually as if a table-deadener had been wrapped around it. There are many such. If it wasn't necessary to plunge into this story a list could be made up; but possibly every one with his knowledge of politics and methods political can

make up his own list, and possibly to his own lights he will be nearer right than any list made for him would prove.

The whole make-up of Anderson was lovable. He was fifty years of age, sturdy, industrious, and able. His hair was tinged with gray at the temples. He was not a talker. Seldom, if ever, was his voice heard on the floor. He worked quietly in the committee rooms and was a power in the councils of the organization. He was a member of the state committee and leader of his home district. He loved his family with a passionate, self-denying, and tremendous love. His dearest ambition in life was to pass on to his children an honored, an unsullied name. When in one campaign he was accused of having utilized his position to further his mercenary ends by contracts for supplies with state institutions for the helpless and crippled, his grief was deeper than anyone knew. The charge bit and tore at his heart like a searing iron, and in discussing the charge with those whom he loved and trusted, great tears would well into his eyes. No torture of politics could have been invented to strike him deeper, and the malevolent injustice of it in the light of later events reacted on the heads of those who brought the charge; but the keen hours of agony endured by Anderson are known only to those within his confidence.

The new legislature had just assembled, and owing to the fact that he had served

long and faithfully, that he was tireless in his work, and that his business ramifications made him peculiarly fitted for the place, Anderson was called to act as chairman of the most important committee in the upper branch of the legislature. There were many important bills before the legislature. One of those reform waves had just reached flood tide. A governor had been elected who was known to be committed to sweeping changes and betterments. He was believed to have the capacity, the patience, the diplomacy, and the ability to carry his plans into effect. New faces were seen in the legislature, but they were clean, honest, wholesome faces. On the whole it was a refreshing change, and the public looked eagerly for great things, and in this hour of advancement toward higher ideals Anderson, who knew all the tricks and turns of practical politics and at the same time was aggressively and honestly capable, was called to a position where he had to handle the greatest problems that came before the legislative body. He was no amateur in swaddling clothes. He could detect a job as far as the most highly trained politician, and at the same time he had the resources for pushing through things that should be pushed.

This was the situation when a delegation from Ballingstoke, the second largest city in the state, applied for a hearing. The committee came to urge the passage of a bill to prevent the burial of dead within the city limits. A day and hour were appointed, and the hearing was held. Anderson, alert and self-reliant almost to the point of truculence, presided. The delegation was composed of representatives of the County Medical Society, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Society for the Prevention of Vice, the president of the common council, and a few preachers and business men. Speeches were made greatly to the glory of the city, but hardly to the honor of its buried dead. Reasons innumerable were advanced why no further burials should take place within the district, and also reasons were advanced why the graveyards already within the city limits should be abolished and the bones moved elsewhere. At the conclusion of the hearing the chairman and members of the committee agreed to take the matter under consideration.

A few days later Anderson reported the bill favorably, and it was pushed to passage.

Hardly had the bill been engrossed and approved by the lieutenant governor and speaker when the cities committee was re-

quested to grant a hearing to another delegation from the same neighborhood. This committee was composed of suburban dwellers. They wanted to have a bridge over the arm of the river dividing the city proper from its most remote suburban dependency. There were already several bridges over the turbulent little stream, but beyond the reach of these a new district had been growing up. All the property-holders had been clamoring for such a bridge. Property-owners' associations, real-estate promoters, business men, and others came down in a solid phalanx. Once more the committee listened gravely and promised to take the matter under advisement.

Two weeks later the bill for a bridge over the river was reported out, passed, engrossed, and duly signed.

Winter, the member from Ballingstoke—at least the oldest and strongest member from the city—was under general suspicion. He had served for years in the legislature and was generally recognized as the agent, floor representative, and legislative manipulator of certain corporate interests inimical to the public welfare. He had been pilloried, made the subject of editorial attack, and even at one time indicted for his illegal methods, but he had a district solidly behind him and was impervious to either criticism or attack.

Therefore when Winter introduced in the legislature a bill to permit a proposed railroad in Ballingstoke to have a right of way over the new bridge, the subject was viewed with general suspicion. It was an innocuous little measure, but anything Winter fathered was always subjected to the closest scrutiny. When the matter came up on the floor Anderson fought it and succeeded in checking its progress.

Going down in the elevator that afternoon Anderson and Winter met. Winter, tall, saturnine, inscrutable, and self-contained, greeted Anderson with unexpected cordiality. Then he leaned over and said in an undertone:

"Say, old man, I didn't quite expect you to oppose that bill of mine to-day. Thought you were on. Some of your friends are in that. The senator—" and here Winter let the sentence trail off into nothing. Anderson looked steadily at Winter, but made no comment. Nothing more was said, and they parted.

"The senator." That was a cryptic utterance. "The senator" was the one great, powerful, masterful personality in the state.

He made and unmade governors. He controlled legislation. He named the delegates to state and national conventions. His word was law in matters pertaining to that inflexible thing "the machine" or the organization. The incident gave Anderson something to think about.

"The senator's" name was never mentioned above a whisper in the legislative circles. "The senator" wants this or "the senator" wants that was sufficient. All the way home Anderson puzzled his head over this matter. Winter was not the sort of man to begin executing "the senator's" orders. In fact, he belonged to the opposite party, but Anderson knew that frequently in the past the two organizations had maintained surreptitious agreements to attain some end. He would not puzzle it out. Anderson was a loyal follower of "the senator" and had been for years. He ran his mind back over all those years, years of intimacy, and he could not recall a single instance where "the senator" had asked him to do anything his conscience did not approve of. To be sure, he had always voted his delegation in state conventions as "the senator" wished, and when he had been a delegate once to a national convention he had followed "the senator's" lead; but why not?—"the senator" was leader of the organization and entitled to be supported. The puzzle could not be

solved, and Anderson dismissed it from his mind.

One of the invariable rules of Anderson was to be in his committee room at nine o'clock every morning. The legislature did not convene until noon, and by the time the members

began to straggle in he would have a day's work done. He was seated in his committee room deeply engrossed with some papers when Hendley came in. Now everyone knew Hendley—and knew Hendley's business. He was the secret agent of "the senator." He was the emissary on all delicate errands which "the senator" did not care to have discussed, and he carried information which could not be set down on paper or entrusted to the mail. To be sure, one governor had kicked Hendley physically and violently out of his inner office at eleven o'clock at night, but to relate all the facts concerning that would be to thrash out whether the cities or the state should control their police, and whether a certain big bribery fund should have been utilized the way it was, and then to go on and tell of a big political fight and the retirement to private life of the

governor who did the kicking. Suffice it to say Hendley was well known and when he spoke it was one speaking with authority—that is, the authority of "the senator."

When Hendley came into the room he didn't bother to take off his hat or don the sem-



GOING DOWN IN THE ELEVATOR THAT AFTER-  
NOON ANDERSON AND WINTER MET

blance of deference. A messenger from the "throne" can be independent if he likes. Anderson never liked Hendley and had never dealt with him to any great extent. He knew him as everyone knew him—a detached emissary always on business "private and urgent." When Hendley shouldered his way into the room he glanced hurriedly around to see if there were any stenographers, clerks, or visitors inside. His face lit up with a smile of satisfaction when he noted that Anderson was alone. Tilting his hat back on his head, shifting his cigar to the other corner of his mouth, and assuming an ingratiating and confidential air, he walked over to the table where Anderson was seated. Anderson had nodded familiarly to him and watched to see what he would do. When he reached the table Hendley leaned over, both hands planted firmly on its corpulent top as a steadier, and then said winningly, but in an undertone:

"Say, Anderson, you got a little off the track yesterday. That Winter bill, you know—the organization—better cut it out and let 'er go—some of our people want it—see—you know we passed it up to Winter—safe man, Winter—we didn't want to have to stand for it later—but Winter was all right—and the right people want it—and you had better let it go—see."

This was all said in a jerky, apologetic, semi-confidential tone. He smiled a leering, knowing smile as he delivered his fragmentary sentences. Anderson listened politely, and as he listened his face hardened. His fingers clutched as if he longed to get them into Hendley's thin, scrawny throat, but he made no move. Finally he said, and his voice was curiously steady and his eyes were unblinking:

"I don't think I quite follow you. Perhaps—" and then he looked questioningly at Hendley.

The latter suddenly shifted from the attitude he had taken, seated himself precariously on the edge of the table, leaned over confidentially, and then said softly,

"Say, Anderson, you remember that bill to prevent the burial of dead within the city limits of Ballingstoke?"

"Yes," said Anderson, and his voice reflected the fact that the suggestion was not a light-producer.

"Well, that was our bill," said Hendley laconically, but with a leering and significant smile.

"Yes," said Anderson, and his tone betrayed no impression of comprehension.

"And," said Hendley, and here his voice became thick with a suppressed chuckle while his face reflected a violent effort to suppress rising mirth, "do you remember the bill to build a bridge across the north arm of the Lampasas River?"

"Yes," said Anderson, and still his face was blank.

"That was our bill," said Hendley, and there were evidences that the rising mirth would get the best of him.

"Yes," said Anderson, and not the flicker of an eyelid indicated that he understood the drift of the revelations.

"Now," said Hendley, suddenly getting serious and emphatic, "this railroad bill is ours, and we want it to go through. The right people are behind it, and it was put up to Winter to introduce. We want you to keep your hands off and let 'er slide. You needn't speak for it, or vote for it, but we want you to keep your hands off."

With the conclusion of this communication Anderson's eyes suddenly narrowed to slits, and the lines around the corners of his mouth tightened. When he spoke his voice was just a little hoarse, but the words were clipped short.

"I don't think I quite understand," he said. "I don't think you have made it quite clear to me. Perhaps you can be a little more explicit."

"Sure," said Hendley with an air of affable condescension, indicating that he had taken Anderson's inquiries for further particulars as acquiescence. "It is this way. You see, we own a graveyard over there in Laurel. Laurel, you know, is that new suburb of Ballingstoke. Well, it was too far away to get good business, so we framed up the deal to prevent any more people being buried in the city limits. Under the Greater Ballingstoke bill Laurel is the only place left out of the consolidation. All the preacher guys, the County Medical mutts, and others tumbled for the deal, and we got the bill through. Then we wanted a bridge to get over there, and of course when we suggested it everyone that lived in or had an interest in Laurel rose up on his hind legs and hollered like a wolf for it. Then we got the bridge. That was all right so far, but we had to have some transportation facilities to get across from the city, and a trolley line is necessary. We passed the bill along to Winter, and he introduced it. They thought you would agree to it, as you had pushed both the other bills. I told them they



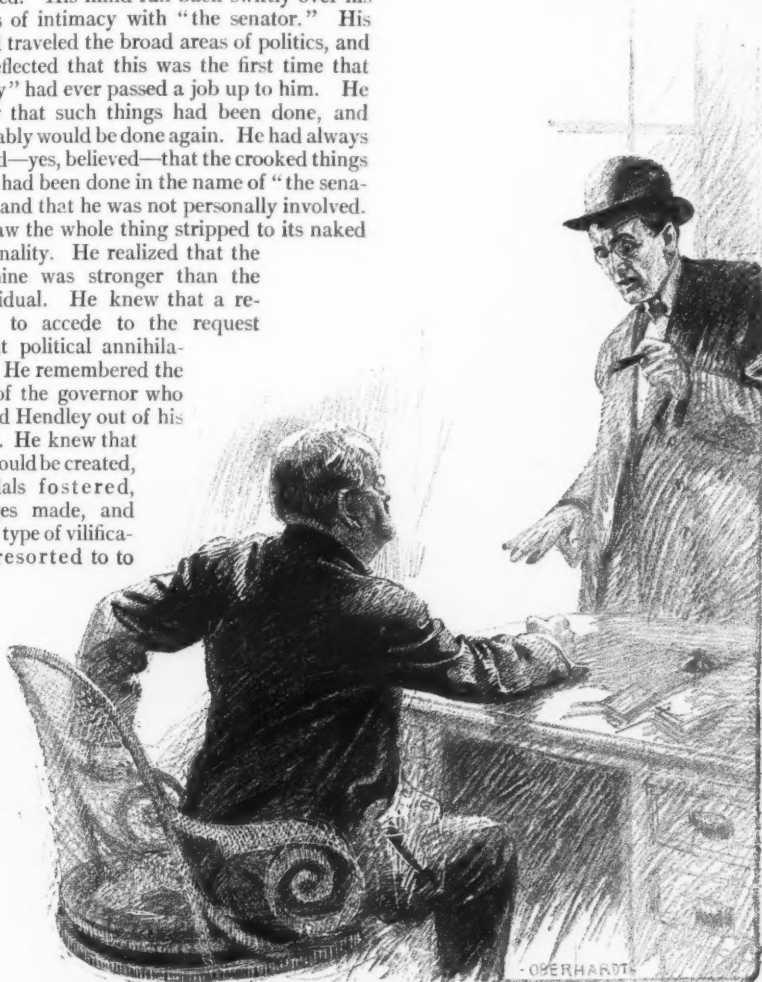
ought to put you wise, but they thought you would not object. However, now that you know why, I suppose you won't fight the proposition any longer."

"And whom may I consider to be 'them' and 'they'?" asked Anderson, and there was an ominous level tone in his voice.

"Why," said Hendley, and his face reflected blank astonishment, "'the senator' is in, and Mooney the speaker, and—well, you know, all the people in the organization."

"U-m-m-m," said Anderson, and his brow knitted. His mind ran back swiftly over his years of intimacy with "the senator." His mind traveled the broad areas of politics, and he reflected that this was the first time that "they" had ever passed a job up to him. He knew that such things had been done, and probably would be done again. He had always hoped—yes, believed—that the crooked things done had been done in the name of "the senator," and that he was not personally involved. He saw the whole thing stripped to its naked criminality. He realized that the machine was stronger than the individual. He knew that a refusal to accede to the request meant political annihilation. He remembered the fate of the governor who kicked Hendley out of his room. He knew that lies would be created, scandals fostered, charges made, and every type of vilification resorted to to

drive him out of office and back to private life. He knew that it meant breaking up a lifelong friendship with a man whom he had honored and trusted—a man who had taken his complaisance in the past in matters concerning the organization as an augury and indication that he would be equally pliant in other and more serious things. He saw himself stripped of the office of which he was so proud, subjected to every kind of abuse and attack, driven from the councils of the party which was a second life to him, and left alone, a mem-



LOOKING HENDLEY SQUARE IN THE EYE, ANDERSON THUMPED HIS FIST ON THE TABLE AND FAIRLY SHOUTED

## A Deal in Graveyards

ber of that great army—that sad, hopeless army whose battles are over, whose flags are furled, and for whom there is nothing in the future, “the ex’s.”

All these things ran through Anderson’s mind quicker than it takes to record them. Hendley seemed to divine vaguely something of his thoughts, for he leaned a little closer and whispered confidentially:

“‘The senator’ told me,” and this was said with an ingratiating smile as if the tremendous import of the sacrifice was not to be minimized, “that there was fifteen thousand dollars of the stock of the company put aside for you and that it would pay twenty per cent. dividends inside of a year. It is a cinch.”

Anderson raised his eyes to the level of Hendley’s. Then he shoved his chair back slowly and began to speak. He did not raise his voice above the monotone of ordinary conversation. He talked softly, almost winningly, but there was a curious catch at the end of certain words that betrayed his tremendous earnestness.

“Hendley,” he said, “I want to tell you a little story. Up in the town where I live—you know my town is Hardstock, don’t you?—two men had been lifelong friends. They grew from boyhood together. They had been in business together and prospered fairly well. They married cousins. They built houses adjoining each other. They were directors in the same bank, and both were members of the same church. It is hard to conceive of two

men better friends or more closely allied. One day—almost simultaneously—the idea occurred to each of them to start a cemetery. Acting independently for one of the few times in their lives, they started out, and the first thing they knew they were business rivals. They became embittered. A lifelong friendship was broken up. They carried their quarrel to the courts and into their homes—and the end was that they both worried, sickened, and died. The first man buried in each of the graveyards was the man who started it.”

Suddenly dropping the tone of mere narrative, squaring his shoulders, looking Hendley square in the eye, Anderson thumped his fist on the table and fairly shouted,

“If you ever enter this room again, broach that subject to me or speak to me again, you will be the first fellow buried in yours.”

Hendley sprang to his feet, his face livid. Then a great terror came into his eyes, and he whispered, “But ‘the senator’?”

“You tell ‘the senator’ what I said,” answered Anderson, and once more his voice had regained its normal tone. He turned quietly to his papers, and a shaft of light striking through a great window fell athwart his temples, silhouetting the gray. He looked curiously old and tired, but the fine lines of the face were fixed. Hendley gave one glance at his face, seemed to read the inflexibility stamped indelibly there, and faded like a shadow from the room.



# Magazine Shop-Talk



THE present issue brings another volume of the COSMOPOLITAN to a close, and we feel sure that our readers have been amply repaid for the time they have given to the magazine. We have two accounts with them—pleasure and profit. Mr. Partridge's "The Kingdom of Earth," "the most interesting serial published in years," is followed by "Passers-By," a novel from the same pen and equally absorbing. "The Long Arm of Mannister" series by E. Phillips Oppenheim has been called the cleverest work yet done by that very ingenious author. The new "Wolfville" stories have proved that the popularity of these remarkable tales has not diminished. On the profit side, Charles Edward Russell's "At the Throat of the Republic" articles have accomplished a great deal in arousing the American people to a sense of the greatest existing menace to our government—the extent and facility of election crimes. If no such universal approval and commendation has been the fate of Captain Hobson's remarkable contributions, "If War Should Come," at least the very extensive criticism, favorable and unfavorable, that has greeted these articles shows that the whole country has been set to thinking on a possible danger and its consequences. The brilliant "Owners of America" series has treated in a unique way the character and methods of our great financial magnates.

## The December Cosmopolitan

THIS SERIES WILL BE CONTINUED in the December and following issues. It will be one of the big magazine features of the coming year. Mention will be made elsewhere of what great and good things our readers will have in 1909, but there is room here only to talk about the very interesting and entertaining COSMOPOLITAN that will bear the date of December, 1908.

GARDNER TEALL, the well-known connoisseur and expert, has written an article on "Fraudulent Art," discussing in a thorough manner a topic that has recently come much

into public interest and which is sustained on account of several important suits about to be tried in the courts. Few people are aware to what great extent all forms of art-production—paintings, statuary, porcelain, wood and metal work—are counterfeited nowadays. Mr. Teall has procured some extremely interesting pictures to accompany his article.

THE SUBJECT OF DIET commands universal attention, and certain methods of reform are making rapid progress. Among these "Fletcherism," which aims at a physiologically economic nutrition, is probably the most important. Its chief claims are:

First: The better preservation of physical health and mental vigor.

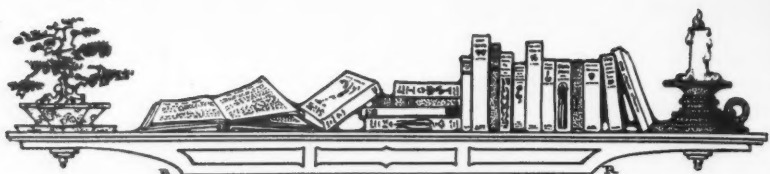
Second: A great saving of expense.

The surprising results thus far obtained by Mr. Horace Fletcher and his now numerous followers are worthy of serious consideration, and Mr. Elbert Hubbard has written for the December COSMOPOLITAN an excellent and instructive article on the subject of treating foods as nature intended they should be treated.

Mr. Fletcher, when the name of Mr. Hubbard was suggested, replied, "No one has shown more familiarity with the gist of the matter, and of course no one can express views more clearly or forcefully than Mr. Hubbard."

A TRULY SUPREME FEAT OF ENDURANCE is the Marathon race run at the Olympic games, and which was, as everybody knows, won this year in London by a sturdy young American, John J. Hayes. In the December COSMOPOLITAN Mr. Hayes will tell how he prepared for the race and how he won it.

THE DECEMBER FICTION includes the continuation of the two splendid serials, "The Romance Syndicate" by Henry C. Rowland, and "Passers-By" by Anthony Partridge. Besides these there will be an exciting yarn of the Caribbean by George Allan England, a splendid story of the West by Philip Verrill Mighels, and a most unusual tale by Johnston McCulley, entitled "The Song and the Man," all beautifully illustrated. The "Little Tales" will be short and snappy as usual.



## Small Contributions

By Ambrose Bierce

### Little Johnny on Diet

UNCLE NED he sed, "Johnny, di ever tel you a bout wen I was in Gargaroo, wich is in Afca?"

I spoke up an sed no he didnt, cos the Bible it ses them wich tels lies shal be casted in to the lake of fier and broom stone.

Then Uncle Ned he lookt reel foolish, like gerls, but bime by he sed: "Wel, Ime a prety good swimmer, and Ime a goin for to take my chance on that story. You se, I went to Gargaroo along with Mister Pitchel wen he was a mitionary preacher to them benited hethens, wich wurships idles, to teech them for to wurship their selfs, same as we do. I took a long fifty bushels of glas beads, and ten sackxs of jack nifes, and a mile of brite callico for britch clowts, cos we are comanded for to cloath the hungry and ol them in othority."

But my father, wich is a Repubcan, like me and Billy, he sed that a feller wich is in othority and cant cloath his own self isent a good provider and no better than a gum dasted Demcrat. Uncle Ned is a Demcrat, but he ony jest turned his nose up contemptible and went on for to sa, "One day wen Mister Pitchel had got dun preechin to a imense congation of Gargaroosters, and was a singin 'Green Lands Icy Mountins' wile I took up a clecktion of ephalents tushes, the King of the Gars cum to me and sed: 'It looks to me like you 2 gods wasent wurkin in hominy. I ges that feller over there is a trubble maker and is bent on disturbin' the servises. Wot shal I do to him?'"

"I was mity buisy stackin up the tushes, so I jest sed with out lookin up, 'Boil him.'"

"That was a thotless thing for me to sa, yet in a way it was thotfle, too, for I new there wasent enough wotter in that mizzable

desert for to boil a baby. But, Johnny, that big fool went and done it, and him an his family et him, too, evry litle bit up."

Then I sed, "Uncle Ned, that isent so, for Mister Pitchel is a live and cums here to diner."

Uncle Ned he lookt at me reel sollem out of his eyes, and bime by sed: "You impentent wurm of the dust, if I was stil a mitionary I shuld feel moofed for to reproof you as a infiddle, and infiddles is a thief! But Ime in the inshurence bisness now and yure soles perril dont wurry me. Still, I dont mind xplainin that Mister Pitchel, as you have the hapiness to kno him, is a mirracle! Yes, Johnny, he has cum back to us from a uther and beter world for to sho us the way to go thare."

"You se, I didnt kno that he had ben et, but that nite the Prime Minnister of the natif niggers busted in to my tent, as pale as dirt and over comed with a moshion! After kanockin his hed again the grownd a wile, respeckfle, he sed, 'If it please, yure revrence, my awgust master, the granfather of the sun and the moon, and ol the royl family, is a twistin and a howlin with belly ake, and wont you givem sum thing for it?'"

"I tole him I didnt want it, but he took on so offle that I ast him wot tha had et, and he sed they had boild and et the feller wich sung, but I sed, 'Non sence, thare isent any wotter for to do that!'"

"Then he spoke up reel hotty, the Prime did, and sed, 'The resorces of this mity kingdom is various and inexostible. We kild a rhi nosey rose and boild the feller in the blud of the rhi, and the feller was pizen!'"

"Then I sed to the Prime, 'You gam doodled fraidcat, you go back and tel the awgust pashents not to take a thing, for nuthing is the mater withem, xceptin that the

holy man wich they have et is arosing from the ded."

"An that was tru, Johnny, for nex da Mister Pitchel was up and a bout, ol rite, ony jest a little pale and home sick, and him and me loded the offerins of the faiful on to seven cammles and ackcepted a call to a other part of the morl vinyard."

But ole Mister Brily, thats the fat butcher, he says good mutten, drest in the rite time of the moon, is the staf of life. And thats wy my sisters yung man ses Mister Brily is a man wich is none by the cumpny he keeps.

Mutten is fine, and sossidges is fine, and cannibles eats their selfs wen they can get it, but rabit pi is the king of beasts!

### On a Certain Infirmary of Temper

IT is to be wished that the profession and practice of "simplified spelling" might be contemplated by "guardians of our noble tongue" with a softened resentment and something of the large tolerance of archangels for spotted toads. From the point of view of a mere observer it does not appear that the "spelling reformer" is the vicious and dangerous person that he is austerey commanded to think himself. There are those, indeed, who, denied a comfortable faith in total depravity, hold him in respect as a vertebrate mammal dowered with the right of repentance and salvation along with the rest of us.

Divested of its irrelevancies, incompetencies, and immaterialities, the question between him and his contemnners is merely this: Shall a movement which nothing can retard be accelerated by concerted action? Since ours became a written language the tendency to simplification of its spelling has not for a moment abated, nor shown a promise of abatement. Chaucer himself was a spelling reformer, as were Hakluyt and Sir John Mandeville—as are Prof. Harry Thurston Peck and all the singularly audible enemies of "innovation" in our day. What these gentlemen are demanding is perpetuity of forms that have been thrust upon their predecessors against as strenuous an opposition as they themselves are making to forms now proposed. In every line that they write in antagonism to the spelling reformers of today they unconsciously affirm the wisdom of the spelling reformers of yesterday, for they demand that the work, so far as it has proceeded, shall be the eternal and unalterable

standard. To be consistent they would have to spell as did our ingenious "forefathers of the hamlet" in the pre-Beowulf days. Every change since that golden period is the work of spelling reformers.

Considering these self-evident truths, it does seem that the "guardians of our noble tongue" might advantageously cultivate a more charitable spirit without renouncing any of their cherished principles. But the outlook is not bright, as incident after incident discloses. For example, Prof. Brander Matthews recently sent a polite little note to Mr. Charles Lummis, the head of an important public library, editor of an excellent magazine, and a charming writer when he is not seeing red. Professor Matthews asked his cooperation in effecting some small and possible reforms in spelling—reforms in the opinion of Professor Matthews. This, I regret to say, threw my good friend Lummis into so reasonless a rage that in page after page of his magazine he signified his refusal in so coarse and profane language (having no relevancy withal) that I trust the recording angel mercifully ignored the outburst.

The trouble with these worshipers of the consummated and challengers of the inevitable is not actual moral delinquency, but imperfect skill in thinking and indiligent attention to the rules of the game of controversy. They are not bad and would not hurt a fly; they are just queer. As to the expediency of associated effort in hastening a foregone conclusion, there may be two honest and intelligent opinions, but unfortunately only one of them finds logical and courteous expression.

### The Writer Folk

MRS. ATHERTON'S ACCOUNT, in "Ancestors," of the destruction of San Francisco is considered by an English reviewer "the most striking narrative of a great historical catastrophe since Pliny the Younger." And unlike her early competitor, Mrs. Atherton lacked the literary advantage of a famous uncle destroyed in the disaster.

MR. FRED T. JANE has brought his "Fighting Ships" down to date, and gives the second place in power to the American navy. In this new edition he includes the navies of Panama and Persia, but coldly leaves out those of Switzerland and Abyssinia.



ANTI-SPELLING REFORMERS who declare (with heat) that "the language as Shakespeare wrote it" is good enough for them should be painfully interested in "The Old-Spelling Shakespeare," edited by Doctor Furnivall. They should buy it; but read it the devil a bit can they.

THE GENTLEMAN who has paid three thousand and fifty dollars for the manuscript letters of Sir Walter Scott to the Marchioness of Abercorn is either a fool or hopes to do business with one.

PUBLICATION OF MR. TRACY'S "The Red Year," a story of the Sepoy mutiny, reminds me of one of the most pathetic and fascinating books that I ever read, "The Story of Cawnpore," by the sole survivor of the siege and massacre in 1857. Doubtless it is out of print. If I were a publisher I should look it up.

"ALLEN RAINE," who died recently in London after a successful career as a novelist, nearly two millions of her books having been sold in the United Kingdom alone, was Mrs. Puddicombe. Her preference for a *nom de guerre* was an intelligent feeling. Yet Hogg, Dickens, Longfellow, and many others have "lived down" more absurd names than hers and made them seem sweetly serious.

HEADLESS HORSEMEN engaged in riding down Doctor Gould for uncovering the personal character of the late Lafcadio Hearn should read what Mr. S. O. Howes says of them in the *St. Louis Mirror*. It will not augment their self-esteem, but may mend their manners. As Hearn's personal character is of no consequence, Doctor Gould's book is needless; but if one is to do a needless thing one should do it right and regardless; and that is what this author seems to have done.

THERE IS A NOTE of disparagement in the assertion that the late Bronson Howard "was essentially a playwright of his own genera-

tion," who "wrote for an active theater and produced pieces that satisfied the requirements of the times in which he was most steadily engaged." Considering that the same can be said with indubitable truth of Sophocles, Æschylus, Shakespeare, and Molière, a really analytical mind will look a little farther and deeper for Howard's capital deficiencies as a dramatist.

IN "THE VERMILION PENCIL" Homer Lea is said "to have done for China what Kipling has done for India—given us an intimate knowledge of the land and its people." (That, by the way, is to have done rather more for us than for China, is it not?) But has Kipling done any such thing "for India"? He has told us all about the British in India—their lives, their ways, their deeds, loves, and speech; but for the Hindu himself, in his habit as he lives, we must go to the late C. W. Doyle's fascinating book, "The Taming of the Jungle"—a volume of better tales than most of those of Kipling. Published in the glare of Kipling's glory, it got no attention and is long out of print. Its disappointed author is dead by his own hand, and it cannot be too often nor too smugly repeated that the path of merit is the way to fame.

THE REVIVAL OF THE *Southern Literary Messenger* is a project taking sentimental attention in the North as well as in the South, especially from those of the elder generation, all of whom manifest an affectionate interest in the scheme. The South is singularly barren in the matter of periodical literature; that is to say, it is a poor producer. That it is a good consumer I infer from observation of the "book-stores" in some of its cities. Those of Galveston, for example, are more abundantly supplied with periodicals, both foreign and domestic, than any that I know of in the North. The new *Southern Literary Messenger*, although edited in Richmond, is to be published in Philadelphia—eventually, perhaps, in New York. It is to be hoped that this will not entail a change of character and title, but scientists tell us that sometimes environment is stronger than heredity.



# November COSMOPOLITAN

15 Cents

GENERAL LIBRARY  
UNIV. OF MICHIGAN  
OCT 8 1900





Behold  
the never ending row  
Of maids who use

# SAPOLIO

Maids of heart and maids of head  
Unmarried maids and maids who wed  
Bright maids of every land and clime  
Will choose

# SAPOLIO

every time



# TIFFANY & Co.

## Standards and Methods of Manufacture

Every article bearing the name of Tiffany & Co. must be the embodiment of the exacting standards of quality maintained throughout the establishment

Since the foundation of the house in 1837 it has been the constant endeavor of Tiffany & Co. to offer for sale only such articles of use and adornment as express the best taste and exemplify the finest work of the period

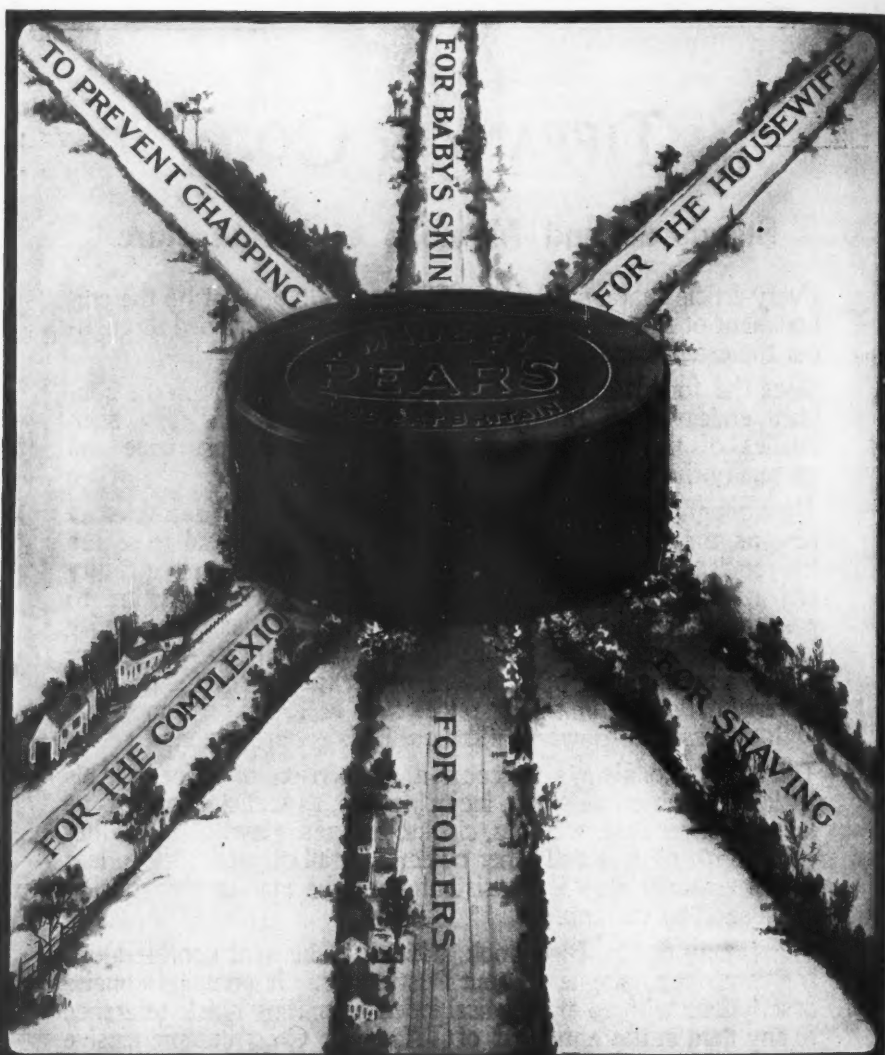
The thought and care given to the preparation and execution of designs, the cutting of dies, the alloying of the metal to secure the requisite strength and fineness, the use of the proper quantity and quality of gold, platinum or silver employed, combine to give to Tiffany & Co.'s wares their lasting qualities, individuality and general excellence. While these and other details of Tiffany & Co.'s methods of manufacture necessarily affect the cost, no material difference in selling prices will be found on comparison with articles sold elsewhere if the quality is given due consideration

Tiffany & Co. always welcome a comparison of prices. This applies to their entire stock, including rich, as well as inexpensive jewelry, silverware, watches, clocks, bronzes, glass, china, leather goods, fancy goods and other objects, for all of which the prices are as reasonable as is consistent with the standard of quality maintained by the house

The Tiffany & Co. Blue Book, which will be sent upon request, is a compact catalogue without illustrations. It contains concise descriptions with an alphabetical index permitting quick reference to any item in the entire list of Tiffany & Co.'s comprehensive stock and gives the range of prices for each article

Upon advice as to requirements, giving limit of price, Tiffany & Co. will send photographs, cuts or descriptions of what their stock affords. If desired, selections of articles will be sent on approval to those known to the house or who will make themselves known by satisfactory references

## **Fifth Avenue and 37th Street New York**



ALL ROADS LEAD TO  
**Pears' Soap**

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.  
"All rights secured."

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



# COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOL. XLV

NOVEMBER, 1908

No. 6

Loyalty . . . . .	Elbert Hubbard . . . . .	567
Man's Machine-Made Millennium . . . . .	Hudson Maxim . . . . .	568
Illustrated by William R. Leigh		
Stealing a Border Town . . . . .	Eleanor Gates . . . . .	577
Illustrated from photographs		
The Marriage Problem in Goshen. An "Aunt Jane" Story . . . . .	Eliza Calvert Hall . . . . .	588
Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson		
The Romance Syndicate—I. What Happened to Dallas. A Story . . . . .	Henry C. Rowland . . . . .	598
Illustrated by Gordon Grant		
Owners of America—VI. John D. Rockefeller . . . . .	Alfred Henry Lewis . . . . .	610
Illustrated from drawings and photographs		
Passers-By—Chapters XVI-XX. A Novel . . . . .	Anthony Partridge . . . . .	622
Illustrated by Will Foster		
Our Usable Occult Forces . . . . .	Lida A. Churchill . . . . .	634
The Toiler. A Poem . . . . .	Theodosia Garrison . . . . .	638
Theatrical Portraits . . . . .		639
The Looking Out of Faro Nell. A "Wolfville" Story. . . . .	Alfred Henry Lewis . . . . .	654
Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton		
How the Hyæna Came to Laugh. A Poem . . . . .	Oliver Herford . . . . .	661
Illustrated in color by T. S. Sullivant		
Little Tales		
The Magic Name . . . . .	George Phillips . . . . .	665
Illustrated by William Oberhardt		
The Spirit of Loot . . . . .	Jacob Rahl . . . . .	669
Illustrated by Horace Taylor		
A Startling Prediction from London . . . . .	Alan Dale . . . . .	674
A Deal in Graveyards. A Story . . . . .	Charles P. Norcross . . . . .	677
Illustrated by William Oberhardt		
Magazine Shop-Talk . . . . .		683
Small Contributions . . . . .	Ambrose Bierce . . . . .	684
Cover Design . . . . .	J. O. Brubaker . . . . .	

EDWARD H. CLARK, President.

B. S. CANTALERO, Treasurer.

GEORGE VON UFAAS, Secretary, 2 Duane Street.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00

SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS

Copyright, 1908, by International Magazine Company. Trade-Mark Registered December 25th, 1906  
Published Monthly, International Magazine Company

Address all Communications to Cosmopolitan Magazine  
2 Duane Street, New York

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class mail-matter. Foreign postage, \$1.00. Canadian postage, 50 cents

THE CHARLES SCHWEINLER PRESS

## \$200<sup>00</sup> In Six Months From 20 Hens

TO the average poultryman that would seem impossible, and when we tell you that we have actually done a \$500.00 Poultry business with 20 hens on a corner in the city garden 30 feet wide by 40 feet long we are simply stating facts. **It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practiced by the American people, still it is an easy matter when the new PHILO SYSTEM is adopted.**

### The Philo System Is Unlike All Other Ways of Keeping Poultry

and in many respects is just the reverse, accomplishing things in poultry work that have always been considered impossible, and getting unheard of results that are hard to believe without seeing; however, the facts remain the same and we can prove to you every word of the above statement.

### The New System Covers All Branches of the Work Necessary for Success

from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise nearly all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail how to make everything necessary to run the business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner. There is nothing complicated about the work, and any man or woman that can handle a saw and hammer can do the work.

### Two Pound Broilers in Eight Weeks

are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler without a penny loss, and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here three cents per pound above the highest market price.

### Our Six Months Old Pullets Are Laying At the Rate of 24 Eggs Each Per Month,

in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with food others are using.

Our new book, the **Philo System of Progressive Poultry Keeping**, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries with simple, easy to understand directions that are right to the point, and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

### Don't Let the Chicks Die in the Shell

One of our secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the Ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

### Chicken Feed at 15 Cents a Bushel

Our book tells how to make the best green food with but little trouble and have a good supply anyday in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

### Our New Brooder Saves Two Cents on Each Chicken

No lamp required. No danger of chilling, over heating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep all lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can be easily made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

### A FEW TESTIMONIALS

Your system of poultry keeping should appeal to all poultrymen. The advantages of your system are many, and the quality of the large flock of poultry you have raised on your city lot is the best evidence of its success.  
Geo. L. Harding, Binghamton, N. Y.

Valley Falls, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1907.  
It was my privilege to spend a week in Elmira during August, during which time I saw the practical working of the Philo System of Poultry Keeping, and was surprised at the results accomplished in a small corner of a city yard. "Seeing is believing," they say, and if I had not seen, it would have been hard to believe that such results could have followed so small an outlay of space, time and money.

(Rev.) W. W. Cox,  
Windsor, Vt.  
March 8, 1908.  
I consider the one dollar I invested in the Philo System, Poultry Review and American Poultry Advocate, the best investment for the money I ever made.

Robert L. Patrick.

Jacobs Creek, Pa.

I received the Philo System Book mailed to my home address, Beechtree, Pa. I am highly pleased with it, and am anxious to spread the good news as far as I can. I am a preacher of the gospel engaged by the Baptist Association to do Evangelistic work. I am on the road all the time, have about 14 days in each town. I am very much interested in the hen and will do all I can to help the other fellow to know how, and to spread the good tidings received in the Philo System.

(Rev.) F. B. Williams.

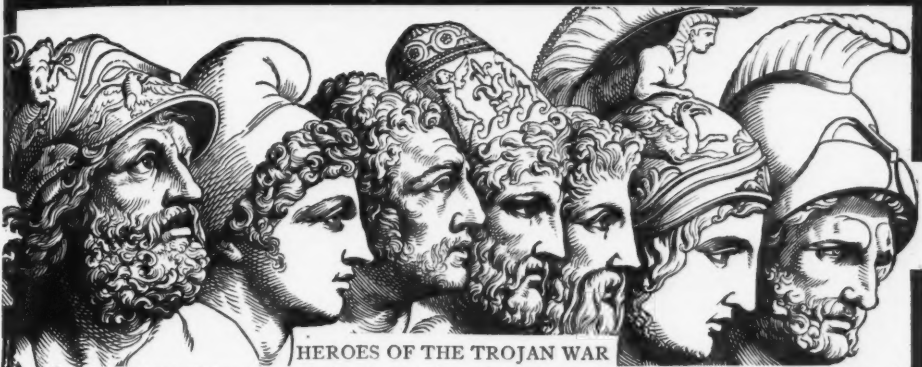
**Special Introductory Offer** By Special Arrangement we are able to give for only \$1.00 the book, with the right to use all plans.

One year's subscription to Poultry Review—A monthly paper for utility breeders. One year's subscription to the American Poultry Advocate.

Upon receipt of \$1.00 you will get the book by return mail and your subscriptions will start at once.

Copy of the Philo System book and a year's subscription to Poultry Review and the American Poultry Advocate, all for \$1.00.

**AMERICAN POULTRY ADVOCATE, 295 Hogan Block, Syracuse, N. Y.**



HEROES OF THE TROJAN WAR

**THE TROJAN WAR** has acquired an immortality of fame through the poems of Homer. The abduction of Helen, the most beautiful woman of Greece, the expedition against Troy for her recovery, the siege of the city for ten years, its final capture through the device of the Wooden Horse, the recovery of Helen and her triumphant return to her Grecian home forms a story of love, valor and heroism that will live for all time. This is but **one event** out of **thousands** which are fully described and illustrated in the world-famed publication

## Ridpath's History of the World

**THE PUBLISHER'S FAILURE** placed in our hands the entire unsold edition of this monumental work **BRAND NEW**, beautifully bound in half morocco. We are offering the remaining sets

**At LESS than even DAMAGED SETS** were ever sold

We will name our price only in direct letters to those sending us the Coupon below. **Tear off the Coupon, write name and address plainly, and mail to us now.** Dr. Ridpath's family derive an income from his history, and to print our price broadcast, for the sake of more quickly selling these few sets, would cause great injury to future sales.

**THE REASON** for Dr. Ridpath's enviable position as an historian is his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian in any generation has ever equaled. Ridpath is never dull. Most people imagine that history-reading is not really entertaining—only instructive. That's true of most histories, but it is not true of Ridpath. Dr. Ridpath might have been a great novelist if he hadn't chosen to be a great historian. He is by nature a storyteller, and in the history he makes real live people out of personages who had been nothing more than names before. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with **Drake**; to circumnavigate the globe with **Magellan**; to watch the line of Greek spearmen work havoc with the Persian on the field of Marathon; to know **Napoleon** as you know **Roosevelt**.

**RIDPATH** combines absorbing interest with supreme reliability, and makes the heroes of history real living men and women, and about them he weaves the rise and fall of empires in such a fascinating style that history becomes as absorbingly interesting as the greatest of fiction. But Dr. Ridpath never wavers for one moment from the exact facts of history. In twenty years his History of the World has never been found wanting; no error has ever been proven against him. Hundreds who read this have decided to buy Ridpath **some day, now** is the time. No need for us to tell you about Ridpath. The English-speaking world has pronounced this the only history of the world worth having. It is to-day in 200,000 American homes and is endorsed by Public Men—Educators—Business Men—The Clergy and everybody who knows history.

SEND COUPON TO-DAY.  
THE SAMPLE PAGES ARE FREE.

**WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION**  
H. E. SEVER, President and Treasurer  
CHICAGO

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

**FREE COUPON**

**WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION**  
204 Dearborn St.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Please mail, without cost to me, sample pages of Ridpath's History containing photogravures of Napoleon, Queen Elizabeth, Socrates, Caesar and Shakespeare, map of China and Japan, diagram of Panama Canal, etc., and write me full particulars of your special offer to Cosmopolitan readers.

# Cosmopolitan School Directory

## Bradford Academy

for Young Women. One hundred and sixth year. Thirty miles from Boston. Address the Principal,

MASSACHUSETTS, Bradford.

MISS LAURA A. KNOTT, A.M.

## The Misses Metcalf's

Boarding and Day School for Girls. College Preparation, Physical Culture, Tennis, Basket-ball. Highest efficiency with moderate rates.

NEW YORK, Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson.

## Powder Point School

Lower School for Young Boys. Upper School with Elective System. Elementary Course in Forestry.

P. B. KNAPP, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Duxbury, Box 439.

## Kingsley School

A college preparatory school of highest type. Twenty-two miles from New York. 500 feet elevation. Illustrated catalogue sent on application. JAMES R. CAMPBELL, M.A., Headmaster.

NEW JERSEY, Essex Fells, Telephone 64 Caldwell.

## Study Homoeopathic Medicine

Homoeopathic physicians are demanded by many towns that are still unsupplied. Hahnemann Medical College offers excellent courses in every branch of medicine.

HENRY C. WILSON, Registrar.

ILLINOIS, Chicago, 3120 Rhodes Avenue.

## Oaksmere

Mrs. Merrill's School for Girls. Reopens October Sixth.

NEW YORK, New Rochelle.

## Virginia College

For YOUNG LADIES, Roanoke, Virginia

Re-opened September 24th, 1908. One of the leading Schools for Young Ladies in the South. Modern building. Campus of ten acres. Grand mountain scenery in Valley of Virginia, famed for health. European and American teachers. Conservatory advantages in Art, Music and Elocution. Certificates received at Wellesley. Students from 30 States. Moderate rates. For catalogue address



Roanoke, Va.

MATTIE P. HARRIS, President,  
Mrs. Gertrude Harris Boatwright, Vice-Pres.

## National Park Seminary

ONE OF OUR  
18 BUILDINGS

For Young Women

Washington,

D. C.

(Suburbs)

The  
Glen  
School

The story of the school; of its phenomenal growth; its remarkable equipment of 18 buildings, grouped in College fashion, forming a miniature village; its training in home-making; its development of special talents; its pleasures, sight-seeing, and study of the Capital—can only be told fully in our catalogue. Address Box 115, Forest Glen, Md.

## The Master School of Vocal Music

Endowed and incorporated. FRAU PROFESSOR AURELIA JAEGER, Head Teacher of Vocal Instruction. Day of re-opening, Oct. 19. Voice trial and classification, Oct. 15-16. For catalog, address RICHARD EWERS, Business Manager, nr. Borough Hall, Subway Sta., NEW YORK CITY, Brooklyn Heights, 108 Montague Street.

## National School of Art

"A SCHOOL FOR THOSE WHO WISH TO STUDY ART SERIOUSLY." Instructors: A. B. Wenzell, E. M. Ashe, F. M. DuMond, Blendon Campbell, Fletcher Ransom, George Brehm. For prospectus apply to

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ART.

NEW YORK, S. W. corner Broadway and 68th Street.

## The Pennsylvania Academy

of the Fine Arts

Founded 1805. Schools of Painting, Sculpture, and Illustration. 18 students awarded \$500 each last year for foreign travel, as prizes. Write for circular.

PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia, Broad and Cherry Streets.

## LEARN PLUMBING

A trade that will make you independent for life. Hours shorter—Pay bigger—Demand greater than any other trade. You need no previous experience. Our practical methods enable you in a few months to hold position as skilled plumber or conduct your own business. Catalog sent free.

**BIG  
PAY  
SHORT  
HOURS**

St. Louis Trades School

4444 Olive St.

St. Louis, Mo.



## Learn Photography, Photo-Engraving or 3-Color Work

Photo-Engravers and Three-Color Operators earn \$20 to \$50 Per Week. Only college in the world where these paying professions are taught successfully. Established 16 years. Endorsed by International Association of Photo-Engravers and Photographers' Association of Illinois. Terms easy; living inexpensive. Graduates placed in good positions. Write for catalogue, and specify course in which you are interested.

Illinois College of Photography or 948 Wabash Ave.  
Bissell College of Photo-Engraving, Effingham, Ill.  
L. H. BISSELL, President.

## EMERSON COLLEGE OF ORATORY



WM. J. ROLFE, A. M., Litt. D., President. The largest school of Oratory, Literature and Pedagogy in America. It aims to develop in the student a knowledge of his own powers in expression, whether as a creative thinker or an interpreter. Beautiful new building. Summer sessions. Graduates are sought to teach Oratory, Physical Culture, Dramatic Art, Literature, Pedagogy. 28th yr. opened Tuesday, Sept. 29th. Address

HENRY LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK, Dean,  
Chickering Hall, Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.


Do you wish to know what advantages the schools have to offer? ASK COSMOPOLITAN



Webster's New \$8.50 Encyclopedic Dictionary FREE with each of the first hundred orders

# MAGNIFICENT 1908 EDITION OF THE NEW AMERICANIZED ENCYCLOPEDIA

FIRST IN WEALTH OF LEARNING, FIRST IN WEIGHT OF AUTHORITY, LATEST IN DATE OF PUBLICATION



Fifteen massive volumes, sumptuous binding, 10,000 double-column pages, 100 superb maps, 37,000 biographical references, hundreds of illustrations, colored plates of the rarest beauty.

"An intellectual ocean whose waves touch every shore of thought"

**\$1.00 Secures the Set**  
**SENT FREE FOR EXAMINATION**

A Home University  
A College Education  
A Huge Library

THE KING OF ALL ENCYCLOPEDIAS, AT PRICES NEVER BEFORE APPROACHED

You have always meant to get an Encyclopedia—every intelligent man does. NOW IS THE TIME. The possession of this latest and greatest of all ENCYCLOPEDIAS puts you ten years ahead of your less enterprising neighbor.

Other books tell you about ONE thing; this tells you EVERYTHING. It includes every phase of human knowledge, discovery, experience and belief. It records every step in the stately march of human progress. It covers all epochs of literature, all forms of government, all systems of religion. All gallant deeds and stirring scenes, all victories of brain or brawn, all marvels of science and invention, all the glorious achievements that have made history luminous and civilization possible are found in the ten thousand teeming pages of these splendid volumes. Can YOU afford to do without it?

**Its Matchless Authority** The most brilliant thinkers of the century are enrolled as its contributors. To state even a few of their names is like calling the roll of the world's scholarship. The European writers include such men of world-wide fame as Matthew Arnold, James Bryce, John Morley, Andrew Lang, St. George Mivart, Canon Farrar, Edmund Gosse, John Stuart Blackie, Leslie Stephen, Edward Freeman, Lord Kelvin, Robertson Smith, Sir Norman Lockyer, Thorold Rogers, Saintsbury, Romanes, Sayce, Rawlinson, Wallace, Merivale, Murray, Caird, Tulloch, Geikie, Palgrave, Rossetti, Swinburne and hundreds of others no less celebrated. To insure, moreover, that American topics should receive their proper proportion of space and attention, thus making the work in the truest sense of the word "AMERICANIZED," the services of the ripest scholars in America have been called into requisition. Such names as Simon Newcomb, John Fiske, Cardinal Gibbons, John Bach McMaster, Admiral Melville, Thomas B. Reed, Carroll Wright, and others equally famous give it an authority so overwhelming, so incomparable that it reigns without a rival in the realm of scholarship.

**Special Half Price Offer** To emphasize the issue of the 1908 edition of this magnificent work we are making for a limited time only a special introductory offer of just ONE-HALF the regular price. The cloth set we price at \$37, the half morocco at \$46. Moreover, with each of the first hundred orders to reach us we will send absolutely FREE Webster's Huge New Encyclopedic Dictionary, retailing regularly at \$8.50. It is bound in Full Sheep, marbled edges, gold stamped and indexed. This combination of the world's most famous Cyclopaedia and equally famous Dictionary gives you a magnificent reference library of enormous extent and unmatched value.

**Send No Money Now** Sign and mail the attached coupon and we will ship you a complete set for five days' FREE examination. You can return them AT OUR EXPENSE if they fail to give you entire satisfaction. We pay all transportation charges. Should you decide to purchase, then send us \$1.00 as first payment and pay the balance at the rate of \$2.00 per month for the cloth and \$2.50 per month for the half morocco.

**Do Not Delay** At these phenomenal prices the introductory sets will vanish like magic. It is the opportunity of a life-time. Enrich your mind, adorn your library, delight your family with this stupendous work. Write TO-DAY. Remember. No risk! No obligation! You purchase only if satisfied.

**THE BOOKLOVERS' SOCIETY**  
156 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Name.....

Address.....

If you prefer the cloth edition alter \$46 to \$37 and \$2.50 each month to \$2

THE  
BOOKLOVERS'  
SOCIETY

156 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me for examination, prepaid, a complete set of the New Americanized Encyclopedia in half morocco binding at your Special Price of \$46.00. If the set is satisfactory, I agree to pay upon the purchase price the sum of \$1.00 in cash within five days after receipt of goods and \$2.50 per month thereafter for eighteen months. Title to remain in The Booklovers' Society until full purchase price has been paid. If the books are not satisfactory I am to notify you promptly and hold them subject to your order. Also send me Webster's New Encyclopedic Dictionary, which I am to receive absolutely FREE should I retain the set.

Cos.  
Nov.

When you write please mention the Cosmopolitan



**\$25.00**  
**Per Week**  
**If You Earn Less**

I can **DOUBLE** your Salary or Income by teaching you how to write catchy, intelligent advertising. My system of instruction by Mail is the only one in existence that has the hearty endorsement of the great experts and publishers and I am anxious to send my Prospectus, together with the most remarkable facsimile proof ever given in the history of correspondence instruction, if you are interested. I will show you how to earn from \$25 to \$100 per week.

**GEORGE H. POWELL,**  
1043 Metropolitan Annex, N. Y. City.



**STUDY** **LAW** **AT** **HOME**

**Lending Law School in Correspondence Instruction. Established 1892.**

Prepares for the bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Method of instruction combines theory and practice. Approved by the bench and bar.

Classes begin each month. Send for catalog giving rules for admission to the bar of the several states.

**Chicago Correspondence School of Law**  
504 Reaper Block, Chicago



**DRAWING OUTFIT FREE**

**Illustrators and Cartoonists earn \$25 to \$100 a week**

We teach **Illustrating** and **Cartooning** by mail. Our students sell their work and hold positions. Women succeed as well as men. Send for our free booklet, **"Money in Drawing,"** tells how and gives the proof.

**THE NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N. 62 THE BALDWIN, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**

**Government Positions**

46,712 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail thousands of persons who pass these examinations and a large share of them receive appointments to life positions at \$8.40 to \$1200 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing full information about all government examinations and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

**COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

**WE CAN TEACH YOU TO DRAW**

You can earn **\$20 to \$50** and upwards per week.

We have **Successfully** taught all branches of drawing by correspondence since 1898. Practical, personal instruction. Experienced teachers. Art Director educated in Europe. Positions guaranteed. Successful students everywhere. Illustrated Year Book free.

**SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART,**  
7301 Fine Arts Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

**HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A BROKER**

We offer the only existing facilities for giving individual instruction by mail in Bond and Stock Brokerage. The Lectures are of a character equivalent to actual experience, enabling men to acquire the proficiency required to select securities of value, and profitably market them for themselves or others. You can make money easily from the investment business when qualified in it: Representing as Correspondent, a New York Bond House. The course is indispensable to investors or to those desiring to enter the business. Our booklet is full of facts—is interesting—get one. Write for "About Brokerage." Sent free. Association of Corresponding Brokers, 40 Wall St., New York

**HOME STUDY**

**THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO**

offers 350 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Ministers, Bankers, Farm and Home Economists, and future Engineering, Law, Medical Students.

The University of Chicago, Div. C Chicago, Ill.

**YOU CAN BE A NURSE**



You may become independent and in a short time be in a position to earn from \$12 to \$30 per week in a pleasant profession by our simple home study course, requiring small expense and a part of your spare time. Our school is the oldest in the world teaching nursing by correspondence. Our medical staff has entire charge of all correspondence, and are men of long experience. Our diplomas are recognized by leading physicians and hospitals. Send today for booklet telling all about nursing—sent free. Chicago Cor. School of Nursing, 1294-46 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

**STUDY** **LAW** **AT** **HOME**

The oldest and best school. Instruction by mail adapted to every one. Recognized by courts and educators. Experienced and competent instructors. Takes spare time only. Three courses—Preparatory, Business, College. Prepares for practice. Will better your condition and prospects in business. Students and graduates everywhere. Full particulars and Easy Payment Plan Free.

**The Sprague Correspondence School of Law**  
652 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

**Memory the Basis of All Knowledge**

**Stop Forgetting**

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, inexpensive. Increases income; gives ready memory for faces, names, business details, studies, conversation; develops WRITE-TO-DAY will, public speaking, writing, personality.

**Dickson Memory School, 751 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago**

**IF YOU STAMMER**

We will send you our 80-page book, "Advice to Stammerers," FREE. It explains how I quickly and permanently cured myself. Profit by my experience. Write for free book and advice to

**BOGUE SCHOOL**  
1471 North Illinois St., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

**I TEACH SIGN PAINTING**

Show Card Writing or Lettering by mail and guarantee success. Only field not overcrowded. My instruction is unequalled because practical, personal and thorough. Easy terms. Write for large catalogue. Chas. J. Strong, Pres.

**DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING**  
DEPT. S, DETROIT, MICH.  
"Oldest and Largest School of its Kind"

**LAW**

**TAUGHT BY MAIL.** Lessons prepared under the direction of Howard N. Ogden, Ph.D. LL.D., President of Illinois College of Law (largest law school in Chicago). University methods. Credit given by resident school for work done by mail. Books required for the first year **Loaned Free**. Special courses given by correspondence in Academic Preparatory work, English, Latin and German.

**UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LAW SCHOOL**  
301 E. Erie Street, Chicago

**WE WANT STORY-WRITERS**

We sell stories, plays, and book MSS. on commission. We read, criticize, and revise all kinds of MSS. and advise you where to sell them. We teach **Story-Writing** and **Journalism** by mail. Our students sell their MSS. for one to five cents a word. Send for free booklet, **"Writing for Profit";** tells how and gives proof. THORNTON WEST, Editor-in-Chief. Founded 1895. Endorsed by Leading Newspapers and Magazines.

**THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION**  
62 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

# Banished From American Market

## The New Americanized

# ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA

**Bids farewell to American readers in most sensational price slaughter book sale ever known.**

American Publishers were compelled to stop printing the Encyclopedia Britannica by decision of International Copyright Law taking effect November 1st, 1907.

The American Publishers have sold 270,000 sets—the greatest sale of encyclopedias ever made on the American Continent. We bought from the American Publishers the entire stock of the American Edition on hand November 1st, 1907, at practically our own price and are closing it out at a small advance on cost to us.

When our stock is gone you are in the clutches of the British Publishers, whose high priced sets will cost you \$125 to \$275. Remember the American Publishers can never print another copy of the Encyclopedia Britannica. The British lion has shown its teeth and the American Edition is banished. The few sets we have will last but a short time when this truth dawns upon the American people. If you intend ever to own a Britannica, in justice to yourself secure this bargain now.

**This Is the Last. Only a Few Sets Left. 1/4 Price While They Last.**



**Regular Price \$39.00.**

**Our Price \$10.75**

**NEW EDITION. REVISED AND COPYRIGHTED 1907.**

10 massive volumes. Weight nearly 35 pounds. 6,902 large double-column pages, 7x9 1/4 inches. 192 pages colored maps. Many page plates and innumerable illustrations. Clearly printed from brevity type on specially made book paper, restful to the eyes. Bound in dark red Russia leather with marbled sides. Will last your lifetime and that of your children and their children.

For 125 years the Britannica has been the world's great reference work. Contains the world's wisdom and knowledge gathered by 1,500 of the world's greatest scholars at an authorship expense of \$2,000,000.

Three hundred of America's ripest scholars, each a specialist in his line, have revised every word and line in this Americanized edition, added, enlarged here, condensed there, and improved and brought all information down to date.

Covers the field of Art, Literature, Mechanics, Invention, Geography, Astronomy, Agriculture, Law, Political Economy, Medicine, Science, Religion, History, Manufacture, Biography, Music, Legends, Natural History, Anatomy, Electricity, etc., etc., as no other American encyclopedia ever did.

Covers American topics more fully than does the British edition. Boils down articles of essentially foreign interest. The encyclopedia for the American student, reader, teacher, professional man, merchant, mechanic, the school and the home. Treats 250,000 subjects. Takes the place of thousands of books. A big library in itself. The most economical work you can possess.

**Sent on Approval, Freight Prepaid By Us**

We will ship the set, freight prepaid by us, and you can examine it five days in your own home. If you want it, you may send us \$10.75 at the end of the five days, otherwise, ship it back to us at our expense. Fill out the attached coupon and send to us and we will ship you without delay the entire set of 10 volumes.

**David B. Clarkson Co.,**  
342 Wabash Avenue  
Chicago

**Out Our Coupon—Sign and Mail Today—**

Name.....

Street No.....Street.....

City.....State.....

David B.  
Clarkson Co.,  
342 Wabash Ave.  
Chicago.

Gentlemen—Please send me, right prepaid, the New Americanized Encyclopedia Britannica, 10 vols. in half Russia leather binding. If I decide to keep it, I will send you \$10.75 within five days after receiving it. Otherwise I will ship it back to you in that time at your expense.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

LEARN BY MAIL  
BE A

*Certified Public or Cost Accountant*

**\$2,500—\$25,000 According to Ability**  
**The Only Professions in Which**  
**The Demand Exceeds the Supply**

**COST ACCOUNTING** is now for the first time crystallized by us into teachable form by mail, affording a new and highly paid calling for Bookkeepers and Accountants of every grade. Our Course represents the practical experience of 30 years of one of the ablest Cost Accountants and Systematizers in the World. You can take it in spare hours without interfering with present occupation or loss of income.

**CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANCY** is recognized now everywhere as a profession same as Medicine and Law. We teach you in your spare hours to pass C. P. A. Examination fitting you for practice anywhere. Our course of Mail Instruction was prepared and is taught practically by Certified Public Accountants and Lawyers of highest standing in New York.

**COST ACCOUNTING, THEORY OF ACCOUNTS, PRACTICAL ACCOUNTING, AUDITING, COMMERCIAL LAW, ALSO BOOKKEEPING AND BUSINESS PRACTICE.**

You cannot fail in either Course, being aided by instructive individual suggestion and criticism. We **GUARANTEE** their practicability.

Write for particulars to Department H.

**UNIVERSAL BUSINESS INSTITUTE, INC.**  
27-29 East 22d Street - New York

## SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

We absolutely guarantee to teach shorthand complete in only thirty days. You can learn in spare time in your own home, no matter where you live. No need to spend months as with old systems. Boyd's Syllabic System is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. Simple, Practical, Speedy. Sure. No ruled lines—no positions—no shading as in other systems. No long lists of word signs to confuse. Only nine characters to learn and you have the entire English language at your absolute command. The best system for stenographers, private secretaries, newspaper reporters and railroad men. Lawyers, ministers, teachers, physicians, literary folk and business men and women may now learn shorthand for their own use. Does not take continual daily practice as with other systems. Our graduates hold high grade positions everywhere. Send for day for booklets, testimonials, etc.

**CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**  
939 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

## BIG GUARANTEED SALARIES

ranging from \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year with expenses, are paid to competent salesmen. A successful salesman must "know his line." We teach by mail the **VITAL FACTS** of merchandise giving a thorough knowledge of the goods you must sell. We assist qualified graduates in securing big paying positions. Each course on the lines of merchandise listed in coupon is prepared by experts of national prominence. Only **School of Merchandising in the World**. Write for particulars and check off the class of goods you wish to become expert in.

Hardware	Grocery Brokerage	Harness
Clothing	Groceries	Shoes
Lumber	Advertising	Meats
Dry Goods	Furniture	Hats

**MERCANTILE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Kansas City, Mo.**



profession in the world. Send for our beautiful prospectus. It's FREE. Your future success in business depends upon your knowledge of this most important factor—advertising.

**PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL.**

Address either Office: Dept. Illi, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago, or Dept. Ill, 150 Nassau St., New York.

## LEARN MERCHANT TAILOR CUTTING.

Learn how to cut clothes for men and you are always sure of a good paying position. Cutters earn from \$1000 to \$5000 a year and are in demand everywhere. By our **ORIGINAL SIMPLE SYSTEM** teach you by mail how to become a first-class cutter. Write today for booklet 3. It's free for the asking. **ROCHESTER ACADEMY OF MEN'S CLOTHES CUTTING, Beckley Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.**



**FRENCH—GERMAN  
SPANISH—ITALIAN**  
Spoken, Taught, and Mastered by the  
**LANGUAGE  
PHONE  
METHOD**

Combined with  
**The Rosenthal  
Common Sense Method  
of Practical Linguistry**

**The Latest and Best Work of Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal.**  
**YOU HEAR THE EXACT PRONUNCIATION OF EACH WORD AND PHRASE.** A few minutes' practice several times a day at spare moments gives a thorough mastery of conversational French, German, Spanish or Italian.

Send for testimonials, booklet and letter.

**THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD**  
815 Metropolis Building, Broadway and 16th St., New York



## LEARN TO DRAW

Big money easily made. \$20 to \$100 a week. Pleasant, refined, fascinating work for men, women, boys and girls. We guarantee proficiency or discount enrollment.

*Illustrating, Cartooning, Commercial*  
Designing taught by artists trained in American and European Schools. Instruction adapted to each student's needs. Advisory Board of world's best artists approves lessons. **Test Work Sent FREE** to ascertain individual talents and needs. State course wanted. You assume no obligation. *Mechanical, Architectural and Street Metal Pattern Drafting* also taught successfully. **ACME School of Drawing, 950 South Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.** If interested, ask about The ACME Resident School in Kalamazoo.

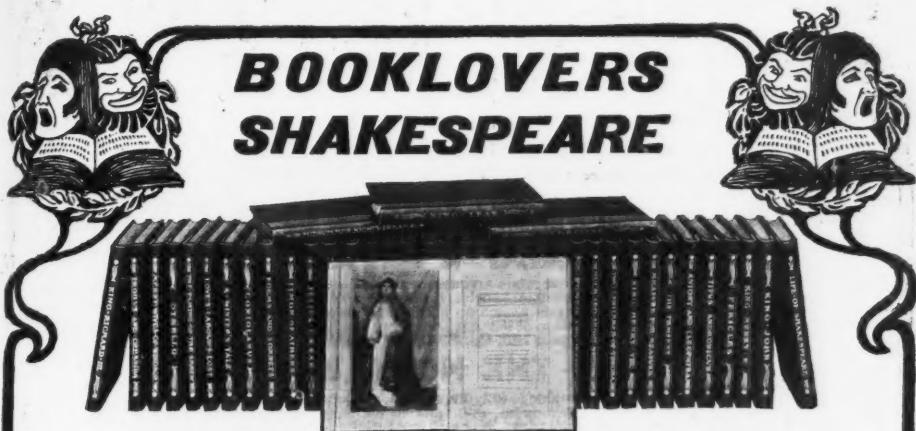
## A G E N T S

Use our reputation; a mine for live agents; establish a pleasant, profitable, permanent subscription business of your own by representing **Cosmopolitan Magazine**. Free outfit and instructions, write for them today.

Address

**Cosmopolitan Subscription Agency**  
Rose and Duane Sts., Dept. W. H. T., New York City

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan.



## ALONE IN THE FIELD

Yes, there are editions of Shakespeare a-plenty. Most of them largely depend for any value they may possess on more or less gaudy mechanical features. A few were once important but are now antiquated through the advance of scholarship and the progress of time. One or two are intended solely for special students, interested in minute dissection. There is just one edition that is at once mechanically rich and tasteful, new—abreast of modern research, and generously equipped with every sort of suggestion and help for the use of the general reader. Just one—and that's the **Booklovers**. We'd like to have you see it.

### SPECIAL EDITORIAL FEATURES PECULIAR to the **BOOKLOVERS** EDITION:

1. **Arguments**, giving in prose an outline of the story of each play—condensed, but not too much.

2. **Critical Comments**, selected from the writings of the best-qualified Shakespearean scholars, such as Goethe, Coleridge, Johnson, Lamb, Ulrici, Brandes, Schlegel, and Lee.

3. **Two Sets of Notes**: Critical, dealing principally with textual criticism; and Explanatory, containing careful explanations of such passages as the general reader might find difficult to understand.

4. **Study Questions**, which furnish the equivalent of a formal course of Shakespearean study.

5. **Glossaries**, a complete one in each volume, explaining all obsolete or doubtful words.

6. **Topical Index**, by means of which a desired passage may be quickly located.

7. **Biography and Appreciation**—one volume containing not only a life of Shakespeare by Dr. Gollancz, but also essays on Shakespeare and his genius by Walter Bagehot, Thomas Spencer Baynes, Leslie Stephen, and Richard Grant White.

missed by those seeking the best in literature. The special mail-order prices, which we have decided to keep in force **until the present edition is sold**, are \$31.00 for the half-leather binding, \$25.00 for the cloth.

Many a pretentious but unsubstantial and almost useless set has been sold for more. Discriminating book-buyers, alert for bargains like this, are eagerly responding.

Send your request this very day.

**The University Society** 78 Fifth Avenue  
New York

### WE SEND IT FREE FOR EXAMINATION

#### No Deposit. No Restriction. Simply Mail Request

The entire set will be sent to you, carriage paid, for your inspection. We do not ask for any money now. Fill out carefully and return promptly the coupon in the corner of this announcement. We allow you ample time for investigation of the books. If for any reason you decide that you do not wish to retain them, they may be returned at our expense. If you are satisfied—and we feel sure you will be—you retain the set and send us only \$1.00. The balance may be paid at the rate of \$2.00 per month. On your part there is no liability—no risk. Could any proposition be easier or fairer?

### COMPLETE—HANDY—UNIQUELY EDITED

The aim of the **Booklovers** is to make easy the understanding of Shakespeare's works. Every obsolete word, every doubtful phrase, every obscure reference is explained by noted scholars, whose commentaries throw light and interest upon the text to which they refer. Shakespeare is thus brought within the appreciation of all, whatever their degree of culture. This edition is printed in large type, from new plates, on selected white paper. There are in all 40 dainty volumes (7 x 5 inches in size), containing 7,000 pages, and artistically and durably bound in half-leather. The text used is founded on the famous Cambridge text. The illustrations comprise 40 full-page plates in colors and 400 reproductions of rare wood cuts.

The **Booklovers** is an absolutely complete and unabridged edition of Shakespeare. Each of the volumes contains an entire play and all the notes that explain that play. These notes are the most thorough and valuable ever offered to readers of Shakespeare in a general edition. In the extent of information it contains the **Booklovers** is, indeed, a Shakespearean Encyclopedia. Its clearness and convenience appeal to every intelligent reader.

### WHY YOU SHOULD ACT QUICKLY

Offered at one-half the quoted subscription prices (\$62.00 and \$50.00), and on very easy terms of payment, the **Booklovers** presents an opportunity too good to be

You may send, prepaid, for my examination, a set of the **Booklovers** Shakespeare in half-leather binding. If the books are satisfactory, I shall pay you \$1.00 within five days after their receipt, and \$2.00 per month thereafter for 15 months. If they are not, I shall notify you and hold them subject to your order.

Name.....

Address.....

If you prefer cloth binding, change 15 months to 22.

COUPON  
11-8

**COUPON:**  
University  
Society,  
New York





## ELECTRICITY



District of Columbia, Washington, Takoma Park.  
**Bliss Electrical School** is the oldest and best school in the world teaching **ELECTRICITY** exclusively. Course **COMPLETE IN ONE YEAR**. Students actually construct Dynamos, Motors and Electrical instruments. Graduates hold good positions. **SIXTEENTH** year opens Sept. 30. Send for free Catalog.



## FREE PRIZE OFFER

We have just made arrangements whereby we are able to offer to the readers of this magazine a valuable prize, if they are able to copy this cartoon. **Take Your Pencil Now**, and copy this sketch on a common piece of paper, and send it to us today; and if, in the estimation of our Art Directors, it is even 40 per cent. as good as the original, we will mail to your address, **FREE OF CHARGE FOR SIX MONTHS,**

### THE HOME EDUCATOR

This magazine is fully illustrated, and contains special information pertaining to Illustrating, Cartooning, etc., and is published for the benefit of those desirous of earning larger salaries. It is a Home Study magazine for ambitious persons who desire success. There is positively no money consideration connected with this free offer.

Copy this picture now and send it to us today.

**CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, Dept. 73 Scranton, Pa.**



## TRAVELING SALESMEN

### Earn Big Salaries

We will teach you to be a **High Grade Salesman** by mail in eight weeks and assist you to secure a position with a reliable firm. We have hundreds of calls for Salesmen from leading firms all over the United States and Canada. Salesmanship is the easiest, most pleasant and well paid profession in the world; besides a good salesman is always sure of a position because he produces the business that keeps the wheels of commerce turning. Why not be a producer? The man there is an unlimited demand for and the one they cannot get along without, and instead of being contented with poorly paid, hard or dirty work, earn a big salary. Write for our free catalog, "A Knight of the Grip," and testimonials from scores of men whom we have recently placed in good positions. Address

**Dept. 114 National Salesman's Training Association, Chicago, Ill., Kansas City, Mo., Minneapolis, Minn.** Write nearest office.

**FRENCH  
GERMAN  
SPANISH  
ITALIAN  
OR OTHER  
LANGUAGES**



**BY THE  
CORTINA METHOD**  
 Giving a thorough mastery of a language in the shortest time.

**The Original  
Phonographic  
System**

## LANGUAGE CORTINAPHONE OUTFIT

**FREE TRIAL** Really free, the complete outfit placed in your home. Express Prepaid. Send for particulars. Write today. Special records made to order in any language. We also give instruction privately or in class at our New York Schools. Awarded Medals, Chicago 1898, Buffalo 1901.

**CORTINA ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES**  
 44 West 34th St., Dept. C, New York.



## Mount Birds You Kill

Learn at home by mail the wonderful art of Taxidermy. We guarantee to teach you at no tuition. Preserve animals, game heads, fish. Keep rare specimens that soon will be extinct and very valuable. Earn lots of money by being a professional taxidermist. Send for book "How to Mount Birds and Animals" FREE. R. W. School of Taxidermy, Box 80 J Omaha, Neb.



## FLASHLIGHTS ON HUMAN NATURE 10c

A 240-page Illustrated Book for Adults, containing complete information on Health, Disease, Love, Marriage and Parentage. Tells all you would hesitate to ask a Doctor. Was 25c—now 10c to introduce. By Mail Prepaid on receipt of price. **MURRAY HILL BOOK CO., 1239 East 28th Street, New York City**

The question of **life after death** is vividly discussed in the books of Professor James H. Hyslop:

**PSYCHICAL RESEARCH AND THE RESURRECTION  
BORDERLAND OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, ENIGMAS OF  
PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, SCIENCE AND A FUTURE LIFE**

At all bookstores, each \$1.50 net; postage, 12 cents additional. Professor Hyslop, who formerly held the chair of Ethics and Logic at Columbia, is the founder and Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, and Vice-President of the English Society for Psychical Research. He has long been recognized as the leading American scientific authority on this subject.

Your address on a post card will bring you a pamphlet describing fully these and other important books on psychical research, which Gladstone pronounced "the most important work which is being done in the world—by far the most important."

**SMALL, MAYNARD & CO., Publishers, 36 Beacon Street, Boston**

## ALMOST ANYONE

### Can Become An Artist

under our system of easy, individual home instruction—if they have any talent at all, and will study a little. We have successfully fitted many to **Receive a Good Salary** and can very likely do so with you. Write today for our **Beautiful Portfolio of Drawings—Free** and tell us frankly your ambitions. We can assist you. **THE LEDERER SCHOOL OF DRAWING**  
 Cor. Desk A-2, Chattanooga, Tenn.

## A G E N T S

Use our reputation; a mine for live agents; establish a pleasant, profitable, permanent subscription business of your own by representing **Cosmopolitan Magazine**. Free outfit and instructions, write for them today.

Address

**Cosmopolitan Subscription Agency**  
 Rose and Duane Sts., Dept. W. H. T., New York City

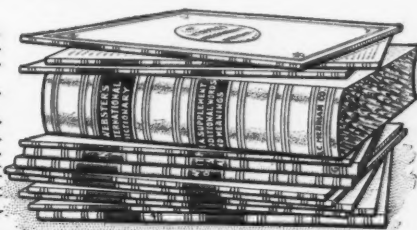
When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



## MANY BOOKS IN A SINGLE VOLUME WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Divide the International into its numerous departments and you have not only one but many books, bound together: a veritable library answering ALL KINDS of questions with final authority. It is indispensable to the person who desires to speak and write the English language correctly. What investment will prove more beneficial to the home, office, or school? Note diagram and table of contents.

Colored Plates, Flags, State Seals, Etc..  
Brief History the English Language..  
Guide to Pronunciation.....  
Scholarly Vocabulary of English.....  
Dictionary of Fiction.....  
Revised Gazetteer of the World.....  
Revised Biographical Dictionary.....  
Vocabulary Scripture Proper Names..  
Vocabulary Greek and Latin Names..  
Vocabulary English Christian Names..  
Foreign Words and Phrases.....  
Abbreviations and Contractions.....



25,000 Added Words. 2,380 Pages. 5,000 Illustrations.

Recognized by the COURTS, the SCHOOLS, and the PRESS, as The One Great Standard Authority.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY. Largest abridgment of the International.  
Regular and Thin Paper Editions. 1116 Pages and 1400 Illustrations.

Write for "Dictionary Wrinkles," and Specimen Pages. Mention in your request *this magazine* and receive a useful set of colored maps, pocket size, of the United States, Cuba, Panama, China, Japan, Etc. Free.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

## Big Pay in Civil Service

The pay is good, the work congenial, and promotion rapid in the U. S. Civil Service. If you are an American man or woman over 18 you are eligible for any government position if you pass the Civil Service Examination. To learn how you can qualify in your spare time, write for our free I. C. S. booklet.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,  
Box 541-C, Scranton, Pa.

## BOOK

of Life: on Home, Sex, Love, Marriage, Health, Pleasures, Diseases, Treatments, etc., (illus. art plates), 512 octavo pages, \$1.00 (worth \$3.00). Postpaid. (Cat. free.) Send stamps, M. O., money or check.

C. STEVENS PUB. CO., 123 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Low-Cost Suburban Homes—25c

Book of 90 Plans and Photos of Finished Houses, costing \$1,000 to \$10,000, by Best Architects. Sent prepaid for 25c.

HOUSE & GARDEN MAGAZINE, 1117 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA



YOU need never worry about your boy's company when he is chumming with

## The American Boy

It is supported by able contributors. Fascinating articles and fine pictures: departments devoted to Photography—Stamps, Coins, Curios—Mechanics—Electricity—Sports, make this the cleanest, brightest publication for boys inspiring higher morals and nobler ideals. Send \$1 to-day and get this valuable periodical for a year—12 big books of highest-class reading. Sample copy, 10c.

SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., 58 Majestic Bldg., DETROIT, MICH.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

## Brown's Famous Pictures



Reproductions of famous Paintings, Portraits and Homes of Famous People, etc. Thousands of subjects, size 5 1/2 x 8, 1 cent each. 120 for \$1.

SEND 2c. STAMP to pay postage. We will send 3 sample pictures and big catalogue with 1,000 miniature illustrations.

COLORED PICTURES OF BIRDS, SIZE 5 x 7, 2 CENTS EACH. \$1.75 PER 100, CATALOGUE AND SAMPLE FOR 2c. STAMP.

GEO. P. BROWN & CO., - - Beverly, Mass.



## Self and Sex

The information in these books will insure marital happiness and save mankind untold suffering.

### The Sex Series

The only complete series of books published on delicate subjects. Written in a manner understood by every person and information given which should not be hidden by false or foolish modesty. Commended by medical authorities everywhere.

Four books to boys and men: "Young Boy," "Young Man," "Young Husband," "Man of Forty-five." Four books to girls and women: "Young Girl," "Young Woman," "Young Wife," "Woman of Forty-five." \$1 a copy each, post free. Table of contents free.

VIN PUBLISHING CO., 571 Church Bldg., 15th and Race, Philadelphia, Pa.



## SUPREME MASTER of THE SHORT STORY

For the first time ever presented American readers the **ONLY COMPLETE** Edition, unexpurgated, in English of this great French writer, translated from the Original Manuscripts by linguists of literary distinction. Wonderful Critical Preface by **Paul Bourget**, of the French Academy.

### SENSATIONAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER (Limited) RESPOND TODAY.

De Maupassant wrote with the conviction that in life there could be no phase so noble or so mean, so honorable or so contemptible, so lofty or so low as to be unworthy of chronicling.—no groove of human virtue or fault, success or failure, wisdom or folly that did not possess its own peculiar psychological aspect and therefore demanded analysis. **Real Parisian Studies. More Realistic than Balzac. More Entertaining than the Arabian Nights.**

327

Short Stories  
Dramas  
Comedies  
Novels  
Travels & Poems

17

Handsome  
De Luxe  
Library  
Volumes

Less than  
7 cents  
per Story

The Complete Set  
yours for all time  
at less than  
**7 CENTS PER DAY**

### Read How Easy—If You Act Quickly, You Can Obtain a Set.

This is the first time it has ever been possible to secure this great author's works except at very high prices. The publishers have arranged for and just completed this wonderful edition, and for a limited time are going to make a **Special Introductory offer**—this New Library edition, \$51.00 value—\$24.00 now on small monthly payments. The right is reserved to withdraw this offer without notice.

**Prompt return of coupon will bring the books direct to you for examination, On Approval, all express charges prepaid. Don't Delay.**

**THE EDITION**—Seventeen volumes, actual size 8 x 5½, consisting of 5,500 pages, printed from a new cast of French Elzevir type—elegant and clear—on pure white antique egg-shell finished paper, made especially for this edition. Pages have deckled edges and liberal margins. There are 30 illustrations from original drawings. The books are exquisitely bound in Blue Vellum De Luxe Cloth, with distinctive brown and gold title labels, silk headbands and gold tops.

### SEVENTEEN ENTRANCING VOLUMES OF RARE FRENCH FICTION

#### LEON TOLSTOI

Maupassant's "Une Vie" is to my mind the greatest novel produced in France since Victor Hugo wrote "Les Misérables." I love his sincerity, his power, and the beauty of his style.



**THE WERNER COMPANY**

**Akron, Ohio**

THE WERNER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio.

Please send me, charges prepaid, for examination, the complete works of **GUY DE MAUPASSANT**, in seventeen (17) volumes, bound in Blue Vellum De Luxe Cloth. If satisfactory, I will remit you \$2.00 at once and \$2.00 per month for eleven (11) months. If not satisfactory, I will advise you within ten days.

Signature.....

City.....

Cos.  
11-08

Residence Address .....

State.....

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

# Booklovers Dickens



## FOUR MILLION COPIES SOLD

The popularity of the Works of Charles Dickens, among English-speaking peoples, has been ever increasing. In 1891 his original publishers reported the sales by their firm as four times greater than in 1869—the year before his death. In twenty-two years they sold no less than 800,000 copies of the Pickwick Papers. A total estimate of 2,000,000 copies of the Pickwick Papers sold in that time, would, it is said, be well inside the mark. Within twelve years after Dickens's death, some 4,000,000 copies of his books were sold in Great Britain alone. And there can properly be no talk of a Dickens "revival," for this interest has never waned. Its manifestations have been fully equalled in the British Colonies and the United States. Dickens is today the best known and most read of all great English writers of fiction. "The principal characters he created are ever remembered as distinct types, while his phraseology constitutes part of our language."

### No Other Edition Has

These Combined Features:

1. A Composite Life of Dickens. One volume of the Booklovers is devoted to a composite Life of Dickens by F. T. Marzials, Mamie Dickens, John Forster and A. W. Ward; with Critical Essays by Swinburne, Taine and J. L. Hughes.

2. Full Introductions by Andrew Lang, Charles Dickens the Younger, H. W. Mabie and Edward Everett Hale.

3. Essays, Critical Comments, Arguments and Notes, selected from the writings of F. G. Kitton, J. T. Fields, F. R. Stockton, W. Teignmouth Shore, Walter Jerrold, George Gissing, G. K. Chesterton and many others.

4. Miscellaneous Papers, consisting of short stories, sketches and essays, largely from the files of "Household Words" and "All the Year Round." One entire volume of Dickens's characteristic work is thus preserved.

5. Letters, Speeches, Plays and Poems—the best of Dickens's remarkable correspondence; the most typical of his eloquent public utterances; three of his plays; and all of his writings in verse.

## FIRST ADEQUATE AMERICAN EDITION

In view of all this it may seem strange that America has not hitherto produced a satisfactory collected edition. "Complete editions" have been advertised on every hand, but none even approximates completeness. The only editions that might justly be so described were published in England at prices making them, when imported, far too expensive for the generality of American readers. Furthermore, all American editions have hitherto been inadequate not only in extent, but also in their editorial features. Only a few perfunctory attempts have been made to give the reader any background for an appreciation of these masterpieces.

The Booklovers Edition—the introductory sale of which we hereby announce—is the first adequate edition for general distribution in America, and the first to be equipped with helps and suggestions that immeasurably augment the literary pleasure of the reader. *The Booklovers contains about 2,000 pages of material not in any other edition generally available to Americans.*

## BUT NO INCREASE IN PRICE

Notwithstanding these highly valuable additional features, the Booklovers is sold at a price that is actually less than that of most other editions equally well made from a purely mechanical standpoint. This is the more remarkable from the fact that it not only comprises a grand total of some 16,000 pages, but is bound in thirty handy-size, portable de luxe volumes instead of the cumbersome form with which readers are familiar. The type-work is handsome and very legible; the paper is of superior quality, being what is known as Bible paper, which, while perfectly opaque, is much lighter than other grades. The prices are for the cloth binding \$27.50, for the half-leather \$37.50. These bindings are attractively stamped with full gold backs.

## MAKE RESERVATION NOW

Prior to publication we are booking reservations, and just as soon as the sets are fully ready we shall make deliveries on approval in regular sequence. We scarcely need to enlarge upon the wisdom of securing one of these Introductory Sets and thus obtaining the very first impressions from the new plates. This is the time to buy. Payments may be made at the rate of \$2 on acceptance and \$2 per month thereafter.

**THE UNIVERSITY SOCIETY, 75 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK**

RESERVATION COUPON

Name .....

Address .....

(Change if cloth is preferred.)

Cos.  
11, '08

THE  
UNIVERSITY  
SOCIETY,  
NEW YORK

Please reserve and, when edition is ready, forward prepaid for examination an Introductory Set of the Booklovers Dickens in half-leather. If the books are satisfactory, I shall pay you \$2.00 within five days after receipt, and \$2.00 each month thereafter until the full amount, \$37.50, has been paid. If not, I shall notify you and hold them subject to your order.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

# Where the harm lies in calling all Piano-players Pianolas

The Aeolian Company are compelled to  
emphasize constantly the fact that there is

## BUT ONE PIANOLA

The tendency on the part of the press and others, to call all Piano-players Pianolas, is a compliment, but nevertheless a source of confusion and injustice;—

Injustice to the Pianola, whose individual prestige is thus used to exploit other less worthy instruments;—

Injustice to the eminent musicians and educators who have endorsed this particular instrument;—

*And above all, injustice to the individual who buys some other Piano-player in the belief that he is securing a Pianola.*

### **The genuine Pianola has won a high place for itself in the musical world**

Its fine points of construction; its vitally important musical features, such as the METROSTYLE, THEMÓDIST, etc., and the extreme care exercised in editing its enormous repertoire of music, have given it this standing.

Few people would care to pay the price of the Pianola, for a mere means of producing more or less mechanical music.

That they are willing to pay, however, for a serious musical instrument, such as the attitude of the musical world shows the Pianola to be, is proved by the enormous sale of this instrument, which exceeds the sale of *all other Piano-players combined*.

It is only fair that the public should understand that an endorsement of the Pianola is *not* an endorsement of Piano-players in general.

And that it is the Pianola—and the Pianola alone—which has received the endorsement of practically every one of the great musicians of the present day.

PIANOLAS COST FROM \$250 TO \$450

Send for free catalog W; details of easy purchase plan and name of nearest agent.

# The Aeolian Company

Aeolian Hall, 362 Fifth Ave., near 34th St., New York





## THE QUESTION BEFORE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE



THE third day of November, 1908, there will be referred to the conscience and the intelligence of the individual citizen the question whether William Howard Taft or William Jennings Bryan shall be elected to the greatest administrative office in the world. The alternative consequences that attend such a choice are so great as to make thoughtfulness in voting a patriotic duty.

Success in maintaining this great Republic of ninety million people, in peace, contentment and prosperity, is not easy to attain. The Republican Party has, however, been hitherto successful and its record gives the greatest basis for reliance in the future.

### *A Candidate in Costume—Look Behind the Make-up*

The candidate of the Bryan Democracy is the same one who in 1896 urged the voters to stake the nation's welfare on 16 to 1, and a fifty-cent dollar; and who in 1900 urged the voters to turn their backs upon the obligations of world greatness.

Both times the Democratic Party matched the intellect and character of its candidate against those of American voters. Was it right then and the American voter wrong? Is there any assurance that it has changed? Will you admit that you can't remember 1896 or 1900 and that you can't see through its claims now?

### *The Democratic Platform a Cloak—the Republican Platform a Record*

The Democratic candidate seeks to conceal the purposes of himself and his followers under a caricature of parts of the Republican platform.

Business and industry are inevitably driven to apprehension when he appears. The confidence of the people is infinitely more important for national prosperity than the self-confidence of the candidate. Webster interpreted the genius of American industry and commerce when he said to Andrew Jackson in 1834—"If public confidence is not shaken, all is well; but if it is, all is difficulty and distress." Who can believe that the confidence of the American



people can be established with the apostle of Free Silver, Discontent, and Government Ownership in administrative control of the Government?

*The Record of the Republican Party*

*All important steps in National Progress in the last forty-seven years have been brought about by the Republican Party, whose policies have always been constructive rather than destructive.*

It has extended national power and commercial prestige.

It gave freedom to Cuba and is aiding her to establish responsible self-government.

It has added enormous areas to United States territory—Porto Rico, Guam, the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippines, and has knitted together the interests of this country and the Latin American republics in a manner to command their confidence and increase our trade.

Through President Roosevelt it put an end to the war between Russia and Japan and commanded the affectionate recognition of both countries.

It established the gold standard, placing this country in the rank of other advanced commercial nations.

It passed a currency measure designed to prevent currency suspension in case of panic.

It has appointed a monetary commission to consider further reforms in the currency system.

The Republican Party has constructed a navy capable of meeting that of any other nation. By reorganizing the army it has made an effective fighting force.

It acquired control of the Panama Canal and is pushing the work in a way which amazes by its enterprise the nations of the world.

It has extended to the war veterans and their widows the benefits of a service pension.

It has provided for the arbitration of labor disputes between railroads and their employees, and it has regulated the hours of railroad employees in a way to entitle them to adequate and necessary rest.

It has modified the old common law principle of employment so as to make it possible for the

laborer in public service to recover for injuries received while at work.

It has restricted the immigration of the criminal and defective classes, thereby reserving this country for the honest laborer.

It has safeguarded the public health by establishing proper standards under the Pure Food Law.

It has put an end to timber-thieving on public lands.

It has checked criminal monopoly by energetic enforcement of the laws.

It has abolished railway rebates and established equality of treatment and opportunity for shippers, communities and consumers.

It has sought to insure purity of elections and correct expression of the people's will by prohibiting corporations from contributing to national elections.

The highest aspirations of the American people for moral reform and national progress have ever had the sympathy

and support of the Republican Party. Is it not the duty of the citizen who looks forward and not backward to vote for a party that has done things rather than for one which simply cavils at things done?

*With the Democratic Party in Office Ruin Could Not Be Avoided*

Democrats who, fearing their own candidate, place reliance upon the obstruction of the Republican Senate, are not wise. This great nation cannot lie at anchor in the stream of time. Business must go forward or backward; it cannot long stand still. Constant dread would soon overcome the feeling of safety and bring disaster.

Even if legislation could be kept at a standstill administration must go on and administrative power is not only the all-important thing to-day but is a lever in legislation.

Many of the most important laws, especially those affecting the public credit, are discretionary in their character, and call for sympathetic and energetic enforcement in times of stress. What business man would have liked to see a Bryan Secretary of the Treasury in the seat of Secretary Cortelyou in the panic of 1907?



The only way in which the confidence of business men in one another and in the future can be expressed is by the triumph of the Republican Party. You, as a voter, as you cast your ballot, contribute to the national message of this election. Make it a message of confidence, not a message of despair. The Democrats stopped the clock at Denver while they were nominating their candidate for the Presidency. Do you wish to stop the clock of national progress by electing him?

*Taft—One of the  
World's Great  
Administrators*

The personality of William Howard Taft has long been associated in the public mind with sturdiness and sincerity, firmness and integrity, seriousness and kindliness, with foresight and sagacity, aggressiveness and persistency, industry and tact. The better he becomes known, the clearer it is that these qualities are not assumed but were run in the metal of the man.

William H. Taft comes of rugged stock. His stern purpose, the dominant note in his composition, came from New England ancestors who left England to establish freedom in the wilderness. From companionship with his father, the Judge, the Secretary of War, the Attorney-General and the Minister to Austria and to Russia, came prudence and an insight into men and things not taught in schools or to be learned from books. He inherited an almost Spartan capacity for endurance from the mother, who from her deathbed cheerfully bade him God-speed upon his errand of duty to the Philippines, there to keep his promise and to initiate that self-government in the Orient which his own pioneer work had made possible. From her, too, came the wholesome good nature that makes men love him and the calm that suggests strength and compels confidence.

No quarrel or rancor long resists the magic of the Taft smile. His power to make men look beyond the petty detail to the important and substantial whole, and to see beyond the immediate the ultimate result, is an economic asset of in-



calculable value to a people like ours. Who can deny this who remembers its influence in the Philippines, on the Panama Isthmus, and in the War Department? The conservation of energy and the combination of forces

are the natural elements of the Taft method of work.

If William H. Taft should never hold another public office, the record of his public service would be long remembered as one of the most honorable in American history. Entering public life in 1881, he has been, successively, Asst. District Attorney of his county, Internal Revenue Collector, Judge of an Ohio State Court, Solicitor General of the United States, United States Circuit Judge, Governor of the Philippines, and Secretary of War.

There is no record of his ever having blundered or having been faithless to his duty. *The name of Taft stands for no perilous novelties in government: TAFT has spelled WORK and achievement from*

1881 to 1908. In each important office he achieved a triumph. As Solicitor-General he clinched an American diplomatic victory by defeating the contention of the British authorities in the Behring Sea Case. As Circuit Court Judge he laid the foundation for Federal control of trusts upon the principles of the common law. As Chairman of the Philippine Commission he dispelled all apprehension of American imperialism. As Secretary of War he organized that mammoth work in connection with the Panama Canal, bringing order out of chaos, and brought the palm of administration to the American Republic. With Taft, great success in administration has become a habit. To ask for promises, after twenty-seven years of such performance, would be absurd.

Charles Hopkins Clark said recently in *The Independent*:

"He is as strong as he is gentle. His reputation is simply spotless. In all the agitation of a heated campaign for the greatest office in the world, no one has ventured to intimate a doubt of the absolute honesty of this man, who has been before the country for a quarter of a century. Nor can any one successfully dispute the simple proposition that in the whole history of the United States no one was ever named for the Presidency who was so fitted by nature, by training, and



by experience for the duties, dignities and responsibilities of that unique office."

About the life and opinions of William H. Taft there is nothing secret or discreditable. They are written in the country's history. He is a genuine product of American

institutions, like them his growth has been a continuous and material development. If the country had put a selected man in training for the great office for which Taft is a candidate, how could it have devised more splendidly than he has done in shaping his own career? No man knows more about the country and its whole people or about the problems to be solved in the next four years or has greater fitness to solve them than William H. Taft.

#### *The Career of James S. Sherman*

Mr. Sherman's career has been one of public service of the highest order, in which he has been tried and not found wanting. He is a man of blameless personal character, large powers and experience, and has always been on the right side of every public question.

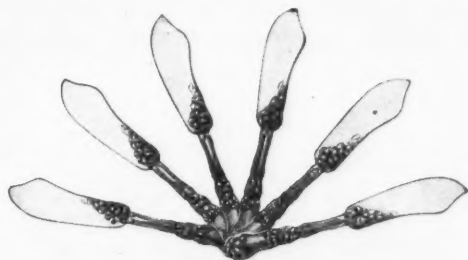
The members of the National Government know with what fidelity and painstaking industry he has worked for the country's good. They know with what modest disregard of personal display, thorough knowledge, clearness of expression and force of mind and character he has maintained upon the floor of the National House of Representatives his views of what was best in legislation. They know that he possesses to an unusual degree the rare combination of quick perception, fair judgment and decision of character, and his more

than twenty years' continuous service in Congress, with his long experience as Chairman of Committee of the whole, has shown him to be a master of parliamentary practice and a man who has special aptitude for the honorable position of presiding officer of the United States Senate.

Mr. Sherman comes from honest stock which has been identified with the growth and development of Central New York from its earliest settlement. At 28 he was elected Mayor of his home town—Utica, and he has always been held in the highest respect for his justice, honesty, fairness and consideration, always bearing the part of a good and high-principled citizen in the public affairs of his community and of the nation. His character is such as to be worthy of the best tradition of that great deliberate body,—the United States Senate.

What does the Democratic candidate offer you? The record of his brief career as a member of Congress few remember; there is no instance of his ever having been entrusted with administration. What good reason of any kind can you give yourself why you should vote to reject for your country the services of such a great jurist, diplomat and administrator as William H. Taft? Can you give any reason consistent with sound Americanism or your own self-respect? If you cannot, it is your duty to your fellow-citizens and to yourself to vote for William H. Taft for President of the United States and for James S. Sherman and Republican Congressmen who will uphold his hands and support his administration.





## These Six Silver Butter-Spreaders Free

They are marked Wm. Rogers & Son, AA. That means their famous Extra Plate, with a base of highest grade of Nickel Silver.

The design is new and original, known as the Armour Lily Pattern.

You will find individual spreaders in the best jewelry stores, and the price will be \$3, or more, for the six.

They are worth it. One can't find a design, even in solid silver, more chastely artistic. And no better plate is obtainable.

Here is a way to get them:

We want you to use a little Armour's Extract of Beef—just enough to know it. We don't want to give you a jar—that would cheapen it. It is good enough to buy, and we ask you to buy it.

and silver for 60 cents, simply by proving, for your good and ours, the merits of Armour's Extract of Beef.

The spreaders, of course, have no advertisement on them. They bear only the name of Rogers, the maker, as you find them in jewelry stores.

One object is this: There are numerous extracts of beef on the market not nearly so good as ours.

Perhaps they cost a little less. You may buy them on that account. But, even with the best of them, you are obliged to use four times as much as you do of Armour's.

We want you to prove that—in your own home.

Then judge for yourself if you want an extract four times as good as the common.

## *Armour's* Extract of Beef

But we are going to give you, for a little time, a present worth more than you pay. That is this individual butter-spreader—the most popular silver table article sold in the stores today.

Our offer is this: Send us the metal cap from the jar that you buy. Or send us the paper certificate under the cap.

Send with it ten cents to pay cost of carriage and packing. We will then send you one of these butter spreaders.

You will want a whole set when you see it. So we are going to supply you enough for your table—all on the same terms.

Send us one cap or certificate for each spreader you want. Send them any time—just as you buy the Extract. Send with each cap the carriage and packing cost—ten cents—and we will send you one spreader for each.

Our usual limit is six to a family, but we will send up to twelve if you need them.

That means you can get \$3 worth of stand-

Another object is this: American cooks have not yet learned the hundred uses of Armour's Extract of Beef. German cooks use fifty times as much.

The making of beef tea is one of the least of its uses. Any meat dish that needs more flavor calls for extract of beef.

You need it in gravies—in soups—to reinforce sauces. You need it to utilize left-overs. It makes left-overs appetizing and gives them a savor. You can save in this way a vast amount of waste.

This is why we offer these individual butter spreaders. We are willing to give back more than you spend—for a little time—to show you what Armour's Extract of Beef means to you. Then you will use it forever, and use it in a hundred ways.

Please order one jar—now before you forget it. Then send the cap with ten cents to Armour & Company, Chicago, Dept. V.

Sold by grocers and druggists everywhere.

CHICAGO

**ARMOUR AND COMPANY**



CHICAGO

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

TETRAZZINI

# Which is which?

Victor III  
\$40

You think you can tell the difference between hearing grand-opera artists sing and hearing their beautiful voices on the *Victor*. But can you?

In the opera-house corridor scene in "The Pit" at Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland, Cal., the famous quartet from *Rigoletto* was sung by Caruso, Abbot, Homer and Scotti on the *Victor*, and the delighted audience thought they were listening to the singers themselves.

Every day at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, the grand-opera stars sing, accompanied by the hotel orchestra of sixteen pieces. The diners listen with rapt attention, craning their necks to get a glimpse of the singer. But it is a *Victor*.

In the rotunda of Wanamaker's famous Philadelphia store, the great pipe organ accompanied Melba on the *Victor*, and the people rushed from all directions to see the singer.

Even in the *Victor* laboratory, employees often imagine they are listening to a singer making a record while they really hear the *Victor*.

Why not hear the *Victor* for yourself? Any *Victor* dealer will gladly play any *Victor Records* you want to hear.

There is a *Victor* for every purse—\$10 to \$300.

New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



# New Victor Records for October on sale throughout America on September 28

All vocal selections have accompaniments by the Victor Orchestra

## 8-inch—35 cents

**American Polka** No. 5417 Accordion Solo. John J. Kimmel  
**Smarty** No. 5455.....Miss Jones and Mr. Murray

**A Mighty Fortress** (Ein' Feste Burg) No. 5434 Trinity Choir  
**Rah, Rah, Rah** (from "The Soul Kiss") No. 5460 Peerless Quartet

## 10-inch—60 cents

**Ye Ancients March** No. 5549.....Arthur Pryor's Band  
**"Morning, Cy!" Barn Dance** No. 5569  
.....Victor Dance Orchestra, Walter B. Rogers, Conductor  
**Spanish Dance** No. 5548 Violin Solo.....Howard Kattay  
**Bill Pickles Rag** (Ragtime Two-Step) No. 5560  
Xylophone Solo.....Chris Chapman  
**American Valor March** No. 5565 Mandolin and Harp  
Guitar Duet.....Siegel and Butin  
**Tout Passe Waltz** No. 52007 Whistling Solo.....Guido Galdini  
**Any Old Port in a Storm** No. 5547.....Frank C. Stanley  
**Wilson's Lullaby** No. 5563.....Al. H. (Metz) Wilson  
**The Soft Southern Breeze** (from "Rehekah")  
No. 5567.....Harry Macdonough  
**I Was Roaming Along** No. 5561.....Arthur Collins  
**Sunbonnet Sue** No. 5568  
Harry Macdonough and Haydn Quartet  
**Don't Take Me Home** No. 5545.....Eddie Morton  
**Somebody Lied** No. 5546.....Eddie Morton

**Tobermory** No. 52008.....Harry Lauder  
**Killecrankie** No. 52009.....Harry Lauder  
**The Boy Who Stuttered and the Girl Who Liped**  
No. 5566.....Miss Jones and Mr. Murray  
**Old Black Joe** No. 5562.....Peerless Quartet  
**Tempest of the Heart** (Il balen) (from "Trovatore")  
No. 5564.....Alan Turner  
**Let Me Like a Soldier Fall** (from "Mariana")  
No. 5551.....William T. Evans  
**Be Sweet to Me, Kid** No. 5543.....Billy Murray  
**It Looks Like a Big Night To-night**  
No. 5559.....Billy Murray  
**Victor Minstrels No. 13** No. 5544.....Minstrel Record

## The Famous Prayer and Cavatina from Norma

**Norma** Casta diva (Queen of Heaven)  
No. 52526.....Giuseppina Hugue

## 12-inch—\$1

**Hungarian Fantasia** No. 31707.....Arthur Pryor's Band  
**The Death of Nelson** No. 31706.....Harold Jarvis  
**The Wedding of Sandy McNab** No. 58001.....Harry Lauder

**Finale to Act II** No. 58392  
.....Mime. Huguet—M. Pini—Corsi—M. Badini

## Grand Finale from Verdi's Traviata

**Traviata**—Alfredo, di questo core (Alfred, Thou Knowest Not)

## Duet from Don Pasquale

**Don Pasquale**—Fronta lo son (My Part I'll Play) No. 58399  
.....Giuseppina Huguet—Ernesto Badini

## New Victor Red Seal Records

**Emma Calve, Soprano**  
**Plaisir d'Amour** (Martini) (Love's Delight) No. 88134  
12-inch, with piano, \$3 In French  
**Emma Eames, Soprano**  
(a) **Si tu le veux** (Koechlin)  
(b) **Aubade Cherubin** (Massenet) No. 88135 12-inch, with  
piano, \$3 In French  
**Emilio de Gogorza, Baritone**  
(a) **Mother o' Mine** (Tours)  
(b) **The Lark Now Leaves Its Wat'ry Nest** (Parker)  
No. 74118 12-inch, with piano, \$1.50 In English  
**Florencio Constantino, Tenor**  
**Favorita** (Donizetti) Una vergine (Like an Angel) No. 64090  
10-inch, with orchestra, \$1 In Italian

**Evan Williams, Tenor**  
**Lead Kindly Light** (Newman-Dykes) No. 64092 10-inch,  
with orchestra, \$1 In English  
**Meistersinger** (Wagner) Prize Song No. 74115 12-inch, with  
orchestra, \$1.50 In English

**Gina Viafara, Soprano**  
**Trovatore** (Verdi) Tacea la notte placida (My Heart is His  
Alone) No. 74116 12-inch, with orchestra, \$1.50 In Italian

**Alice Nielsen, Soprano**  
**Figlia del Reggimento** (Donizetti) Convien partir ("Tis  
Time To Part," from "Daughter of the Regiment") No. 74117  
12-inch, with orchestra, \$1.50 In Italian

Victor Records are universally acknowledged as the best—best artists, best selections, best materials, best recording, best reproducing, best wearing, best money's-worth.

Every Victor Record is a record of quality—a work of art from start to finish.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

# Victor



To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



around  
the  
world

Wherever civilization has gone,  
Schlitz beer has followed.

It has been known in South Africa since the white man first went there. It is shipped in large quantities to the frigid wilds of Siberia. It is advertised in the quaint newspapers of China and Japan. Since Dewey captured the Philippines Schlitz goes there in solid train loads.

Schlitz has won against the competition of the whole world.

The reason is we go to extremes in cleanliness. Our materials are chosen from among the best grown by one of our partners. Our brewing is watched by another. The beer is cooled in filtered air. It is aged for months in glass lined steel tanks. Every bottle is sterilized. There are no impurities, no biliousness in Schlitz.

It keeps in any climate and always retains its delicious flavor.

*Ask for the Brewery Bottling.*

*See that the cork or crown is branded Schlitz.*

**Schlitz**  
**The Beer**  
**That Made Milwaukee Famous**

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

53RD SEASON

## Albrecht Furs

Northern-Caught

"From Trapper to Wearer Direct"

Leaders of fashion everywhere wear the famous "Albrecht Furs." Made in Saint Paul, the city which produces the best furs in the world. Buying furs "From Trapper to Wearer Direct" saves you all middlemen's profits; and gives you the manufacturer's guarantee that your furs are exactly as represented.

Illustration Shows Albrecht 1908 Model 70 Q and Animal Muff to Match

One of our handsomest animal-skin effects. Extremely popular. Fur on both sides. Animal muff is latest model, large and stylish.

Introductory Price, for 30 days only:

British Columbia Mink, \$67.50—muff \$76.50

Japanese Mink, 28.00—muff 25.20

Blended Sable Squirrel, 19.80—muff 23.40

Blended River Mink, 13.50—muff 12.60

Sent express prepaid on receipt of price.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

**68 PAGE CATALOG No. 26**

Most Complete Fur Fashion Book

Ever Published

**SENT FOR 4c in STAMPS**

Shows 150 latest styles in garments;

134 models in neckwear and 140

kinds of muffs. Full description of

all kinds of furs. You take no risk in

buying Albrecht Furs by mail be-

cause we positively guarantee satisfaction

or we promptly refund your money.



**E. ALBRECHT & SON**

6th & Minnesota Sts. Station Q

Saint Paul, Minnesota

## Dress-making Troubles Ended

Mrs. WM. J. WOOD,

"The Cambridge", Pittsburg,

Pa., writes:

"The Suit you made for me has just been received. It fits me perfectly and I am highly pleased with it. I feel that I never want to get a Suit any other way than from the 'National', it saves so much trouble about fittings and other dress-making annoyances."

"I thank you for your prompt-

ness."

The "NATIONAL" has

been making Suits to

Order from Measure-

ments sent by Mail for

just Twenty Years.

Twenty years spent in doing

just one thing makes one an ex-

pert. Don't you think so?

So we do know how to make

Suits to measure perfectly. We

do know we can fit YOU per-

fectly and relieve you of all

Dress-making troubles.

**Tailored Suits**

Made-to-Measure \$7.50 \$35

New York Styles

Expressage Prepaid to

Style Book and Samples Free

All you need do is to write us

for your FREE copy of the

"NATIONAL" Style Book.

You make your own selection

from all the new and desirable

suits worn in New York this sea-

son. We make it to your measure

out of YOUR OWN CHOICE

of our 400 new materials.

And remember, all the risk of fitting you and pleasing

you in style, workmanship and material—all this risk is ours.

This "NATIONAL" Style Book

and Samples

FREE

Style Book

Won't you write us to-day for your FREE copy of the "NATIONAL"

Style Book?

In addition to all the new Fall Suits, Made-to-Measure, it shows the

following "NATIONAL" Ready-Made Goods at "NATIONAL"

prices: Coats, Waists, Skirts, Furs, Hats, Rain Coats, Petticoats, Cor-

ssets, Kimonos, Sweaters, Hosiery.

We prepay postage or expressage on anything you

order from us to any part of the United States.

**National Cloak & Suit Co.**

212 West 24th Street, New York City

Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World

Mail Orders Only

No Agents or Branches

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

Illustration of a woman wearing a fur coat and a large hat, holding a fur muff.

## LET US PAY YOUR DOCTOR'S BILLS!

**YOU** carry fire insurance for protection against loss of property. What provision have you made for loss of income or your expenses in case you fall ill or become physically disabled? Guarantee your income and expenses while ill with our Popular Premium Policy.

Write for Particulars

**Empire State Surety Co.**  
86 William St. - New York

Office in New York City

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Will you accept  
a bottle of  
**ED. PINAUD'S**  
(Eau de Quinine)  
**HAIR TONIC?**



You can obtain a liberal  
sample of this exquisite  
French hair preparation  
by writing us to-day.

Every man or woman who is interested  
in hair culture should learn of the merits  
of this fine hair tonic.

It stops falling hair, prevents dandruff and  
causes a luxuriant growth of beautiful hair.

When writing, please enclose 10c. in sil-  
ver or stamps (to pay postage and packing).

¶ All first-class dealers sell ED. PINAUD'S Hair  
Tonic. Be sure to get the genuine ED. PINAUD'S.  
Avoid inferior substitutes.

## PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD

ED. PINAUD BUILDING, Dept. 407,

NEW YORK

**ED. PINAUD'S TOILET WATER**  
(LILAC VEGETAL)

An exquisite perfume for general toilet use. The best  
after-shaving preparation.

**ED. PINAUD'S BEAUTEVIVA**  
(LIQUID FACE POWDER)

If toilet and face powders do not agree with your skin,  
then try this delightful preparation.



Used by discriminating buyers for FOUR generations

## Dr. Sheffield's Crème Dentifrice

Est.  
1859

—THE ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE. None but the purest and best  
ingredients used. Retains uniform constituency—is never too hard, nor  
too soft. Possesses a delicious, lasting flavor.

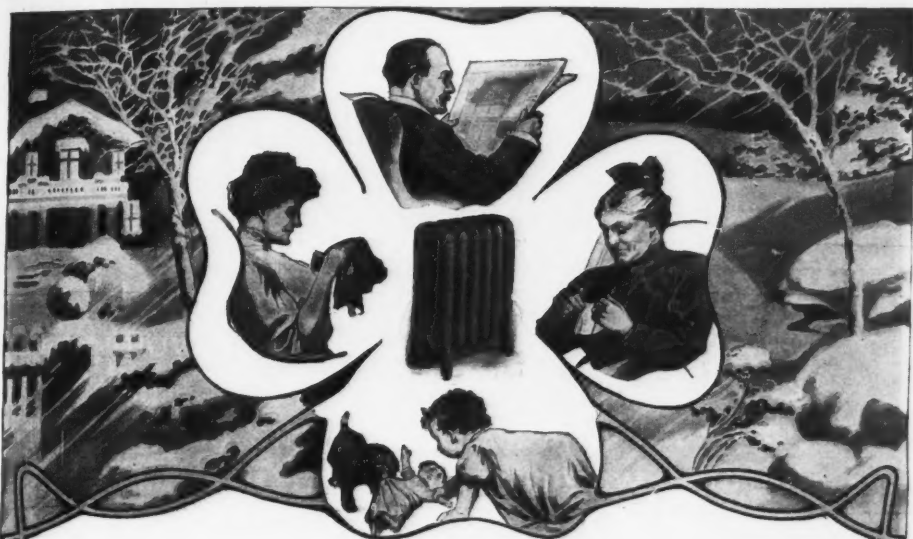
The cost of producing this highly meritorious dentifrice is greater than that of any  
other brand—although the retail price is the same. Therefore do not accept an inferior  
substitute on which the retailer's profits might be greater. Send 3 one-cent stamps for  
sample tube.

SHEFFIELD DENTIFRICE CO., 107 Broad St., New London, Conn.

# DIAMONDS LOFTIS SYSTEM ON CREDIT

**You Can Easily Own a Diamond or Watch** or present one as a gift to some loved one. Send for our beautiful  
descriptive catalogue containing 1,500 illustrations of all that is cor-  
rect and attractive in Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. Then, in the privacy of your home or office, select whatever you desire. **WE SHIP ON**  
**APPROVAL** the goods you wish to see. If you like them pay one-fifth the price on delivery and the balance in 4 equal monthly payments. Your  
credit is good and we give you the advantage of lowest possible prices. We make \$5 or \$10 do the work that \$50 does in a cash store and give you  
a written guarantee of value and quality. **DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NOW CONVENIENTLY AND LEISURELY.** Don't  
wait until the Christmas rush is on. Now is the time to make choice selections. If considering a Diamond or Watch  
**LOFTIS THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND** as a gift, you will find the Loftis System a great and timely  
**AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE, ESTD. 1888** convenience on anniversaries, birthdays, weddings, holidays  
etc. Our catalogue is free. Write for it today. Do it now.  
BROS. & CO. Dept. BX 34—92 to 98 State Street, Chicago, Illinois.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan.



## Family Contentment

No family can enjoy the home or do best work if obliged to huddle around a stove or fireplace. Different members of the family want to do different things in different rooms in all parts of the house.

**AMERICAN & IDEAL**  
RADIATORS & BOILERS

warm, with no dangerous drafts. No coal gases, soot, or ashes reach the living rooms—to menace health and destroy furnishings.

The *first* cost is all the cost there is—the outfit lasts as long as the building, with no repairs. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators save enough in fuel, labor, and house cleanliness to quickly pay off their original or first cost—thereafter they are a *lasting investment*.

Do not wait to build a new home, but enjoy comfort and *content* in the present one. Put in without tearing walls or partitions. Sizes for all classes of buildings—smallest to largest—in town or country. Our free book, "Heating Investments Successful," tells much that it will pay you well to know. Sales offices and warehouses in all large cities of America and Europe.

for Hot Water or Low-Pressure Steam give you just the temperature you want in every room—halls, window-places and floors are alike



**ADVANTAGE 15:**—The fire pots of IDEAL Boilers burn the largest possible amount of air to get the full heat out of each lump of coal.



Dept. 23

**AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY**

CHICAGO



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan





**This is the sign!**

Look for the Genasco trade-mark on every roll. This insures your getting the roofing made of real Trinidad Lake Asphalt the perfect natural waterproofer.

# Genasco Ready Roofing

Ask your dealer for Genasco. Don't be misled by any other sign. Insist on the Hemisphere trade mark, and get the roofing that lasts. Mineral or smooth surface.

Write for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book.

**THE BARBER ASPHALT PAVING COMPANY**

Largest producers of asphalt and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world

**PHILADELPHIA**

New York

San Francisco

Chicago



View of Trinidad Asphalt Lake, British West Indies.  
The part that looks like land is asphalt, the streams are surface water.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

THE COMFORT  
OF A BED  
Lies in the Mattress used

A good pillow helps—an Ostermoor Pillow helps a lot—but the body rest is on the mattress. Our experience of over fifty years of mattress making has developed, to the point of sleeping perfection, the

## Ostermoor Mattress, \$15.

A mattress that never humps or lumps; sags or bags. That is clean and keeps clean—a sun-bath its only needed renovation. Germ-proof, vermin-proof, moisture-proof.

A mattress that is guaranteed by its makers—not only that it is as represented but that it will and must satisfy you.

Send for our 144-page Book and Samples of Ticking—Free

With them we send the name of your Ostermoor dealer. When you buy, be sure that the name "Ostermoor" and our trade-mark label is sewed on end of mattress. Then, and then only, will you have a genuine mattress. If your dealer has none in stock, we will ship direct, express prepaid, same day check is received. 30 Nights' Free Trial granted, money returned if dissatisfied. Send for our free book, "The Test of Time."

**OSTERMOOR & CO., 111 Elizabeth St., New York**  
Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.


This trade-mark is on the end of every genuine Ostermoor



# 1835

## R. WALLACE

### SILVER PLATE THAT RESISTS WEAR



**1835** R. WALLACE plate is made, not for people who cannot discriminate, but for those who take particular pride in the appearance of their tables. It is different because of the care with which it is made, the skilled efforts of picked designers, the quality of resisting wear, yet it costs no more than the ordinary kinds. Ask your dealer.

We publish a delightful little book on the care of silver. It will be sent free to any woman who is particular about the appearance of her table.

**R. WALLACE & SONS Mfg. Co., — Box 20 — WALLINGFORD, CONN.**



*How can you better invest \$1.75 a year for your family  
than by subscribing now for*

## The Youth's Companion

*The fifty-two issues of 1909 will give for \$1.75 as much good reading as twenty 400-page books of fiction, travel, biography, etc., costing ordinarily \$1.50 each. The contents will include*

- 50** STAR ARTICLES—Contributions to Useful Knowledge, by Famous Men and Women.
- 250** CAPITAL STORIES—Serial Stories, Stories of Character, Adventure and Heroism.
- 1000** UP-TO-DATE NOTES on Current Events and Discoveries in Nature and Science.
- 2000** ONE-MINUTE STORIES—Anecdotes, Timely Editorials, Miscellany, Children's Page, etc.

*Sample Copies of the Paper and Illustrated Announcement for 1909 sent Free on Request.*

### NEW SUBSCRIPTION OFFER.

EVERY NEW SUBSCRIBER WHO AT ONCE CUTS OUT AND SENDS THIS SLIP (OR MENTIONS THIS PUBLICATION) WITH \$1.75 WILL RECEIVE

**Free** All the issues of the paper for November and December, 1908, including the Thanksgiving and Christmas Holiday Numbers. The Companion's Calendar for 1909—"In Grandmother's Garden." The picture is 8 x 24 inches, lithographed in 13 colors.

THEN THE COMPANION FOR THE FIFTY-TWO WEEKS OF 1909—AS MUCH READING AS WOULD FILL TWENTY 400-PAGE BOOKS COSTING ORDINARILY \$1.50 EACH.

CM 23

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



**"New Process" GILLETTE Blades**  
will be on sale at all dealers after  
September 1st, 1908.

\*\*\*\*\*  
The Gillette Safety Razor Company has expended over four years of careful study, research and experiment in perfecting the process necessary to produce these blades. Machinery and process are completed to the satisfaction of the experts engaged in the work, and now, for the first time, we are prepared to supply "New Process" GILLETTE blades to GILLETTE users.

\*\*\*\*\*  
A superfine steel is essential to take the keen edge given "New Process" blades, and for that reason the steel used is made from our own formula. The steel is then rolled thin — made flexible — and stamped into GILLETTE blades. The blades are then subjected to our new tempering process and are especially tested before the edges are put on them.

\*\*\*\*\*  
Automatically regulated machines sharpen both edges on every blade with powerful pressure and unswerving precision, producing a keen and enduring edge. Every cutting edge on each blade is perfect and possesses a degree of keenness not possible to produce by any other process. Consequently, although blades are paper-thin, they have the utmost endurance and survive any kind of service—whether in daily contact with the critical shaver's coarse stubble or the college boy's soft down. And they need NO STROPPING — NO HONING.

\*\*\*\*\*  
So superior are "New Process" blades in keenness, durability and all desirable shaving qualities to any blades ever previously produced that each one will give you

many more delightful shaves than you ever have had, no matter how satisfactory your previous experience with the GILLETTE has been.

\*\*\*\*\*  
"New Process" blades are finished with a high polish. They are much easier to clean after using since dust and moisture do not cling readily to their polished surface. This renders them practically immune from rust—adding another element of durability.

\*\*\*\*\*  
"New Process" blades deserve a new package and we have spared no effort or ingenuity to provide a suitable one.

It is a handsome nickel-plated box which seals itself hermetically every time it is closed.

It is absolutely damp-proof—will protect the blades from rust in any climate, land or sea, thus greatly prolonging their life.

You receive a fresh box with every set of blades. The empty one then forms an elegant, waterproof match-safe.

Twelve "New Process" GILLETTE blades are packed in the box. The retail price is One Dollar.

\*\*\*\*\*  
If you happen to use some other shaving device or have the "barber habit," you'll find it worth while to adopt the "GILLETTE Way" with "New Process" blades instead.

You'll enjoy every GILLETTE shave—it is smooth, even, full of comfort and satisfaction.

The standard razor set consists of triple silver plated razor and 12 "New Process" blades in morocco velvet-lined case. Price \$5.00.

Combination sets containing shaving accessories, ranging in price from \$6.50 to \$50.00.

\*\*\*\*\*  
At all hardware, drug, jewelry, cutlery, haberdashery and sporting goods dealers.

### GILLETTE SALES COMPANY

New York  
205 Times Bldg.

BOSTON  
205 Kimball Bldg.

Chicago  
205 Stock Exchange Bldg.

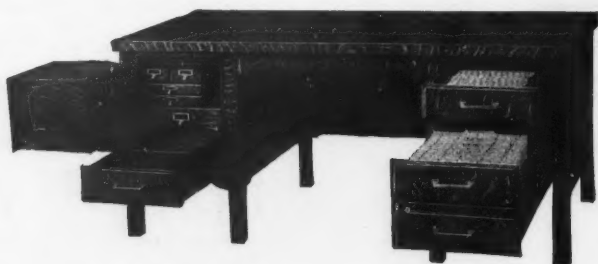
# Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Something  
Entirely  
New



The  
"Edition  
de Luxe"  
in Desks



Sectional Bookcase with Desk

**Wagemaker**

Stands for Quality. We have established ourselves throughout the country as leaders in developing new ideas and practical improvements in **Office Furniture and Business Systems**. The thousands of users will testify as to the quality and make up of our goods. Simply ask your business friends using them. We guarantee all of our goods to be just as we represent them. *This protects you.*

#### How to Write for Catalogue

Please use your business stationery. Explain fully and in detail what information is desired and articles you want us to quote you on. This will enable us to send you the correct literature covering such articles, and save time.

#### Desks

Our catalogue shows a full line of flat, roll top and typewriter desks, in Quartered Oak, Birch Mahogany and Solid Mahogany.

#### Sectional Book Cases

You can fit up your home or office with several sizes, styles, woods or colors, in our sectional book cases, your choice of leaded glass, plain glass, sanitary or plain base, paneled or plain ends.

#### Office Chairs

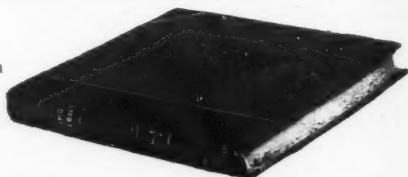
See our fine line of office chairs in leather, cane or wood seats. All woods and colors to match our desks.



The Latest and Most Modern Office Chair

#### Wagemaker's Book on "Filing Systems"

Published by us and written by Isaac Wagemaker, our President, contains over 200 pages of valuable information how an office can be systematized and equipped with the most modern filing devices and business methods. Its 90 colored plates and 110 black illustrations, covering hundreds of subjects, will do more for you than a personal visit from many an expert. The price is \$4.00, express prepaid. Should it suggest even one small change in your present system, it will repay you ten fold. Write for literature.



#### Wagemaker Filing Systems

correspond in quality, construction and finish to our "edition de luxe" desks—160 sizes and styles—hand-rubbed and hand-polished Golden Oak, our new satin dull rubbed finishes—ball-bearing drawers, reducing sections—a complete line all described in our catalogue.

Sold by merchants in the large cities, or direct

**Wagemaker**

COMPANY Ltd., Dept. D

MANUFACTURERS

Grand Rapids : : : Mich.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan







## Paint the Kitchen Floor

You can't "touch up" the worn places in oil-cloth or linoleum—when its worn, it's worn out and that means an entire new covering.

A painted floor is as bright and cheery as any floor covering—cleans more easily—does not show grease spots. Can be renewed anywhere and any time and costs practically nothing in comparison.

### **Granite Floor Paint** **ACME QUALITY**

is all ready to brush on—anyone can apply it evenly and smoothly. It makes a hard, durable, lustrous finish that cleans easily and remains bright and attractive.

#### **The Acme Quality Textbook on Paints and Finishes**

tells all about Granite Floor Paint and many other finishes for use about the home. It is invaluable as a permanent reference book, for it tells what finish to use for every purpose, how to prepare the surfaces, whether new or old, and how to apply. This book will be sent free upon request.

If you are thinking of painting the outside of your house ask your painter about Acme Quality New Era Paints.

Acme Quality Paints and Finishes for sale by leading dealers.

Complete catalog and details of our selling helps for retail dealers on request.

**ACME WHITE LEAD & COLOR WORKS,**  
**Dept. A, Detroit, Mich.**

**IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living**

## **Address of Hon. Thomas L. Hisgen in Accepting the Nomination of the Independence Party for President at the National Independence Club, New York.**

**G**ENTLEMEN of the notification Committee:

I regard my nomination as a call to public service, and it is in this spirit that I accept your summons.

Parties are created for the public service, and the fact that my nomination comes from a new political party is due to the old parties having become instruments of private advantage rather than of public service.

I accept your nomination with the enthusiasm of sincere belief in the Independence Party and its principles.

I believe that the principles of the Independence Party, if carried out consistently and in their entirety, will solve our present difficulties and insure future progress on sound and legitimate lines.

I believe that a new party is necessary to accomplish the reforms our platform calls for, because the leaders of the old parties are either insincere in their advocacy of reforms or unsound in their proposed plans of reform.

The rank and file of each of the old parties are sharply divided over the support of reform measures and policies.

There are reform Democrats and reform Republicans, and there are stand-pat Democrats and stand-pat Republicans.

The only way to unite the reform elements of both the old parties is in a new party, and the only way to defeat the reactionary elements of both the old parties is with a new party.

Thanks to the present senseless division

of the reform or progressive elements, the control of the Government has slipped away from the people into the hands of machine politicians and party bosses.

I believe that the first essential of all reform is to take the conduct of public affairs out of the hands of special interests and their tools, the corrupt bosses, and restore it to the hands of the people.

To accomplish this I heartily advocate, as does our platform, direct nominations, the initiative, the referendum and the recall.

The direct primary is spreading rapidly through the States of the South and the West. Wherever the direct primary goes the party boss disappears. The party convention and its dummy delegates are the boss's tools. Destroy them, and the boss is powerless.

The right to initiate legislation, and when occasion arises to pass upon and reject legislation, is the purest popular government, and is condemned only by those who have lost faith in the right and in the ability of the people to govern.

Especially valuable is the referendum, when franchises and other public property are sought to be disposed of.

Hand in hand with these measures of popular government goes the right of recall. When an official elected for a term of years demonstrates his unfitness or betrays the public trust early in his term, there should be a speedy and simple way of recalling or getting rid of him instead of leaving him in office working public mischief, and at the

same time strengthening his hands by the use of patronage.

Upon this great issue of genuine popular government the Republican platform is silent, and the Democratic platform—gravely submitting the question, "Shall the people rule?"—ignores the very existence of either the direct primary, the referendum or the recall. Moreover, Mr. Bryan declares that he regards the omissions of a platform as binding as its declarations.

#### GENUINE POPULAR GOVERNMENT

I believe, furthermore, that to obtain genuine popular government the corruption of money must be eliminated, and I endorse our platform declaration which not only calls for full publicity of campaign contributions, as do the platforms (but not the legislation) of the Republican and Democratic parties, but which prohibits, as they do not, the use of any money in elections except for meetings, literature and the necessary travelling expenses of candidates.

Given a genuine popular government, the question at once arises, What constructive measures and reforms do you propose to put into effect with it? Here we are emerging painfully and slowly from panic and unnatural and unnecessary business depression. Impoverished investors, exasperated business men and idle workingmen will no longer be baited with shifty evasions, crafty straddles and empty promises. They want to know, this time.

With the cost of living constantly increasing, with competition stifled, individual opportunity in business steadily lessened, and a ban placed at the same time upon the right of laborers and farmers to organize for their own protection, the business man, the workingman and the farmer want plain speaking. This they get pre-eminently in the Independence Party platform, and I confidently submit its clean-cut declarations to my fellow citizens.

As a business man, it seems to me to be a

first essential to national prosperity that there should be economical and business-like conduct of public affairs. Extravagant appropriations, due largely to a horde of unnecessary officials and log-rolling legislation for purely political purposes, mean higher taxes; and all taxes, whether direct or indirect, as our platform declares, come out of the pockets of the people, and necessarily add to the ever increasing cost of living.

Economical and prudent administration is a matter that was necessarily avoided in the Republican platform, and barely considered worth mentioning by the Democrats.

No business man has more reason than I to insist upon a strict enforcement of the law against oppressive trusts and criminal monopolies, but I would substitute conviction of criminals for reckless and disturbing threats and denunciation. Furthermore, I believe, as our platform declares, in jail for the responsible offenders instead of fines that are in reality imposed upon stockholders or collected from the consuming public.

#### EVIL OF OVER-CAPITALIZATION

Our platform condemns the evil of over-capitalization and demands as a primary necessity for sounder business conditions the enactment of laws, both State and National, to prevent watering of stock, dishonest issues of bonds and other forms of corporation frauds. I believe that stock watering and dishonest financiering have been potent factors in bringing on the country's business troubles; I believe, furthermore, that stock watering has been both the means and the motive for the launching of nine-tenths of the great trusts. The way to curb the formation of trusts is to root out the great motive for their organization, and this is accomplished when you prevent the issuing of fictitious and inflated securities.

The trusts have grown and fattened upon

Republican rule, and the Democratic platform has nothing to offer on the subject but a fanciful scheme of Federal license, and meddlesome and ineffectual regulation and inspection.

To another anxious body of the country's producing classes—the nation's workingmen—the Independence Party's platform proposes definite, plain and concrete measures, where the old parties deal in attempts to delude and mislead. In one breath, as an appeal to certain financial interests, they vie with each other in reverence for the courts, while in another breath they covertly assail judicial decisions and procedure as a supposed sop to organized labor.

Regulation of court rules and practise, however desirable, falls far short of being the goal for which labor has been waging its long struggle. Fair wages, reasonable hours, sanitary conditions, safe appliances, protection from convict, pauper and Asiatic labor, abolition of child-labor, trial by jury and prohibition of the "black list" are the objects for which workingmen have combined, and their protest is against being branded as outlaws because of having so combined.

#### ORGANIZATION OF WORKMEN

I believe, as the Independence Party does, in organization among workingmen designed to increase the effectiveness of human effort and improve the conditions of human life and labor, and that such organizations should not be classed as in criminal restraint of trade. I stand firmly on the Independence Party plank that gives the American workingman the American right of trial by jury before he shall be deprived of his liberty, and that forbids the use of the writ of injunction in labor disputes until after a jury trial upon the merits.

The criminal courts are competent to deal with criminal acts whenever occasion arises and the civil courts should no longer be permitted to be used, even unconsciously,

as instruments of intimidation, by writs procured upon one-sided affidavits whose statement of facts would never stand the light of a jury trial.

When the Independence Party's labor planks are compared with the Republican plank, which all agree is a fraud, or with the Democratic plank, which requires a constitutional lawyer to expound, I do not believe that any living man can deliver the workingmen's vote either to Mr. Bryan or Mr. Taft.

Not only does the Independence Party thus propose definite and constructive measures in the interest of business men and workingmen, but it at the same time looks to the prosperity and well-being of that other great department of the nation's wealth producers—the farmers.

#### FARMERS' UNIONS

With the Independence Party I indorse farmers' unions, which deserve the encouragement and not the condemnation of the law. I believe in building up a national system of good roads by means of national aid to States and counties, for good roads are as important to the development of the agricultural resources of the country as are reasonable freight rates and railway facilities. So, too, will a wide and immediate extension of the parcels post not only relieve the whole country of the exactions of the express companies, but will bring farm and market, country and city into closer contact. The gambling transactions of so-called Cotton and Produce exchanges, involving the fictitious selling of farm products for future delivery, are a menace to great sections of our country. Such transactions rob the farmer and planter and unsettle industries, and I sincerely support the demand of our platform for the suppression of such bucket-shop methods and fictitious dealings. I rejoice that our new party so fully recognized the advantages accruing to our agricultural and other interests from development of our inland

waterways, and that it has declared so forcefully for this development, along with irrigation of arid lands and all steps calculated to preserve and increase the country's natural resources. The old parties have adopted our declarations, but their sincerity may be judged by their failure to accede to the President's request for an appropriation to further these policies in a practical way.

In addition to these important measures, directed especially to the interests of business men, workingmen and farmers, our party proposes many other great constructive policies that concern all alike.

Nothing save honest government is more intimately associated with national prosperity than the currency system, yet on this great subject the Democratic party, which for a decade made this its supreme issue, says not a word, while the Republican platform contents itself with praising the Wall Street emergency currency bill, and takes refuge in a commission.

I declare with this new party that the power to issue money and control its volume should not be confided to individuals or private corporations but is inherent in the Government, and should be exercised by the Government, and that the rational and safe way to put necessary increased issues of money into circulation is through the medium of a central governmental bank.

A most valuable adjunct of such a system will be the establishment of postal savings banks, which will draw money out of hiding, make deposits secure and furnish a great convenience to numerous localities not now supplied with any banking facilities.

This plank is greatly superior to the plan of insuring bank deposits, since such insurance would only serve to encourage reckless banking, and since the depositors would inevitably have to pay for such insurance in lessened interest or in added taxation.

I confidently believe that the declaration of the Independence Party for a gradual reduction of the tariff, with just consideration for the rights of the consuming public and of established industry, will appeal more strongly to business men and workingmen than the Republican demand for an extra

session and an immediate general revision, calculated to alarm and throttle reviving business, or the Democratic demand for a tariff for revenue only.

I warmly approve of our platform declaration favoring the extension of public ownership as rapidly as the Government demonstrates ability to conduct public utilities for the public benefit. For instance, practically everybody admits the desirability and practicability of the Government taking over and operating the telegraphs in connection with the postal service. When this is done, and done successfully, as I believe it will be, we shall be ready for a further extension of this principle.

The railroads, which are the great arteries of trade and commerce, must be kept open to all upon exactly equal terms, as our platform demands. Rebates and discriminations are crimes, and must be treated as such. There must be no abatement in public opposition to the practise of pooling, and I strongly condemn the Republican and Democratic party planks sanctioning contracts between railroad corporations for the maintenance of rates and the pooling of freights.

Expressing my cordial and earnest support of every plank in the carefully thought out and statesmanlike platform unanimously adopted by the first National Convention of the Independence Party, I enter the campaign as its standard bearer with a solemn appreciation of the duty that devolves upon me.

I thank you, gentlemen, and through you the delegates to the National Convention of the Independence Party, as well as the members of that party, for the very great honor that you have conferred upon me. I regard it as the greatest honor that could come to any man to be chosen as the standard bearer of this new party in its first national campaign, and the only way in which I can express my gratitude is to assure you that I shall devote every particle of power of mind and body that I possess to advance our cause in this great contest; and I believe our cause is the people's cause.

## **NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDEPENDENCE PARTY**

**211 Security Building, Chicago, Ill.**

When you write, please mention the *Cosmopolitan*



## This Beautiful Panel FREE

We will send this beautiful 10-inch Florentine Panel, made of best 3-ply white basswood and stamped with this design, with full directions for burning, if you will send us 20c to pay postage and cost of the beautiful Fac-simile Water Color of this head sent with each panel as a pattern. This picture exactly fits the panel and can be mounted with those who prefer to burn only the border. Regular price of above combination 45 cents.

Same Decorated,

**\$1.00.**

Size  
10 in.



For  
Pyro-  
graphy

## SPECIAL Our No. 97, \$2.40 \$1.60

Outfit, only . . . This splendid outfit, partly shown above, is complete for burning on wood, plush, leather, etc. Includes fine Platinum Point, Cork Handle, Rubber Tubing, Double-action Bulb, Metal Union Cork, Bottle, Alcohol Lamp, two pieces Stamped Practice Wood and full directions, all in neat leatherette box. Ask your dealer, or we will send C. O. D. When cash accompanies order for No. 97 outfit we include free our 64-page Pelican Instruction Handbook (price 25 cents), the most complete pyrography book published.

## Assortment N Only \$1.75

If bought by the piece would cost \$2.50. Includes: Handkerchief Box, 7x7 in.; Jewel Box, 5½ x 4½ in.; American Girl Panel, 9x12 in.; Match Hanger; Oval Picture Frame; Card Tray; Tooth Pick Cup; Two Napkin Rings, and Three Souvenir Post Cards. All twelve pieces are made of best 3-ply basswood and beautifully stamped in popular, up-to-date designs, all ready for decorating. If Outfit No. 97 and this assortment are ordered together \$3.20

our special price for both is only

Write for New  
FREE Catalog **N 60**  
ever issued. Write for it today.

THAYER & CHANDLER,  
160-164 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.  
"Largest Makers of Pyrography Goods  
in the World."



## A BERKSHIRE HILLS MANSION FOR SALE

21 rooms, 4 baths, modern conveniences, 8 acres land. Stable is a GEM. 12 stalls, coachman's quarters, 5 rooms and bath. 10 minutes walk from Post Office, Churches and Stores of Beautiful Pittsfield. Price \$5000. GEO. H. COOPER, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



## Tailored Clothes on Credit \$20 up

Better Garments

than obtainable elsewhere; cost less. Larger variety fabrics and patterns. Our cutters are all experts; the clothes are made for you, and we can guarantee a perpetual fit.

Take advantage of the charge privilege if you wish: no inquiries of em-

E. R. BRADLEY, Pres.

BELL TAILORING CO., 132 E. Madison St., Chicago.

## Darken Your Gray Hair!

Send for the "Book of the Hair," a 32-page illustrated booklet, containing valuable hints on the care and dressing of the hair, and full information about the

## Ideal Hair Dyeing Comb

The most practical device for restoring gray, faded or streaked hair to its natural color or to any desired shade. Used like an ordinary comb. Absolutely harmless. Not sold in stores.

H. D. COMB CO.

Dept. D, 35 W. 21st St., N. Y.



## TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines SOLD or RENTED AT WHOLESALE at ¼ to ½ M.T.'s prices. **RENTAL APPLIED ON PRIOR.** Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Catalog 9 TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 92-94 Lake St., CHICAGO



## Magic Lanterns

With the Alco-Radiant Light

Can be used anywhere: no electricity required. A brilliant white light adapted to schools, churches and lodges. Uses denatured alcohol. Costs a few cents per hour. We adapt the A-B light to any lantern. We also make electric and calcium lanterns, moving picture machines and films. We rent song slides, lecture sets with readings and Special Travelogue Sets. WILLIAMS, BROWN & EARLE, DEPT. 14, 918 Chestnut St., Phila.

## LAME PEOPLE



The Perfection Extension Shoe makes both feet appear exactly alike. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial.

Expressage prepaid.

Write for Illustrated Booklet

HENRY C. LOTZ,

Old Style

313 Third Avenue,

New Style

NEW YORK

## First and Original Motor Buggy

\$250 "SUCCESS" AUTOMOBILE

Practical, durable, economical and absolutely safe. A light, strong, steel-tired Auto-Buggy. Suitable for city or country use. Speed from 4 to 40 miles an hour. Our 1908 Model has an extra powerful engine, patent ball-bearing wheels; price \$275. Also 10 h. p., \$400. Rubber tires, \$25 extra.



Write for descriptive literature. Address

SUCCESS AUTO-BUGGY MFG. CO., Inc., St. Louis, Mo.



## WANTED

I want new songs by new Writers. Send your poems or compositions. If they have merit

I guarantee immediate publication

Send the postage for full particulars to Dept. U.

"Shapiro" MUSIC PUBLISHER

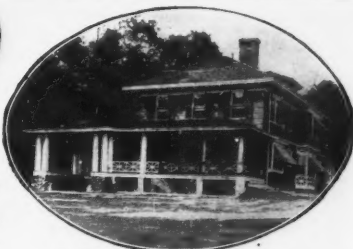
Cor. Broadway & 59th Street, NEW YORK CITY

# Are you? going to build?

DO you want comfort in your new home? Do you want it free from drafts? Do you want it warm in winter, cool in summer? Do you want to save a big part of your winter's coal bill? If you do, let us tell you how and why

## NEPONSET WATERPROOF PAPER Keeps Houses Warm

Whether you are building a dwelling, a stable, a barn or an outbuilding, you ought to know about Neponset Sheathing Paper, Florian Sound-deadening Felt, or Paroid Roofing.



Residence of F. G. Allen, Norwood, Mass.  
Sheathed with Neponset.  
Allen & Collens, Architects.

**TELL** us what you are going to build, and let us send you information that applies. Years of experience has given us a fund of information of great value to the man about to build.

### "COMFORTABLE HOMES"

an attractive brochure, illustrating many attractive houses and giving building points worth while, sent free.

Address Dept.

**F. W. BIRD & SON**

Dept. J East Walpole, Mass.  
and Hamilton, Ont.



See that LEA & PERRINS signature is on the wrapper and label.

## SOUPS Stews and Hashes

are given just that "finishing touch" which makes a dish perfect, by using

# LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a perfect seasoning for all kinds of Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, Cheese, and Chafing-Dish Cooking. It gives appetizing relish to an otherwise insipid dish.

Beware of Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



**AFTER A MEAL**

# Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

**THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED  
CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM**

AN OUNCE FOR A NICKEL AND IN 5¢ AND 10¢ PACKETS

FRANK H. FLEER & CO. INC. PHILADELPHIA AND TORONTO.

## No More "Stuffy" House Heating

Where the Farquhar Sanitary Furnace is superior to every other heating system is in its perfect protection against overheated fire-box and stuffy, scorched air. This is due to the perfect automatic fire control. There is always an abundance of clean, pure air in every room in the house. The automatic fire control of the

## "FARQUAR" Sanitary Furnace

keeps fire from becoming dangerously hot or getting too low. The welded steel fire box is proof against escape of gases. The ventilating system changes the air in every room 4 to 6 times every hour. Great economy of fuel, burns any kind—one filling every 24 hours keeps house warm in zero weather.

Let us prove this to you.

Send for Booklet "Sanitation in House Heating." Free.

FARQUHAR FURNACE CO., Wilmington, Ohio.

# Evans' Ale

To make EVANS' ALE all that a good ale should be has been the aim of the Evans' Brewery ever since it was started in 1786.

SPARKLING SPRINGS on the banks of the Hudson give EVANS' ALE an advantage that places it beyond rivalry. It has four distinct sources of supply of singular purity.

In the brewing of EVANS' ALE an original path is followed, and the result is as near perfection as can be attained in ale making. Besides there's the BREWERY bottling.

It carries with its reputation the assurance of getting the best that money can buy or scientific brewing can produce. It affords the means of securing the best ale in the world free of duty.

In "Splits" as well as regular size bottles Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, Saloons and Dealers Everywhere

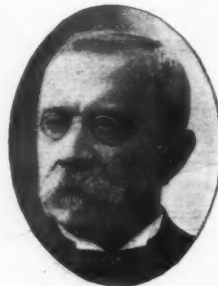
**C. H. EVANS & SONS**

BREWERY AND BOTTLING WORKS

HUDSON, N. Y.

## Make Yourself Well With OXYDONOR

Discoverer and Inventor



*Hercules Sanche.*

Copyright 1907 by Dr. Hercules Sanche  
All rights reserved.

No matter from what form of disease you suffer, though physicians have pronounced your case incurable, do not give up hope until you have tried OXYDONOR, the great discovery and invention of Dr. Hercules Sanche.

OXYDONOR places the body under the forces of a great Natural Law which compels the body to absorb quantities of oxygen, thus instilling new life and vigor, impelling a natural and strong functioning of the vital organs, with the result that disease is overcome and good health restored.

Mr. W. R. Magill, Room 402, Girard Trust Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I would not sell the Oxydonor I have back to you for a thousand times what I paid for it. It does all you claim for it."

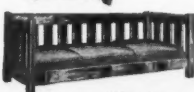
Send for Free Books. Read about OXYDONOR, what it is, what it has done; and you will realize that in OXYDONOR you have an ever-present protection from disease. Send for the books to-day.

There is but one genuine OXYDONOR, and that has the name of the Discoverer and Inventor, Dr. H. SANCHE, stamped in its metal. Beware of fraudulent imitations.

**Dr. H. SANCHE & CO.,** 61 5th St., Detroit, Mich.  
489 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.  
364 W. St. Catharine St., Montreal, Canada

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

## Buy it in the "Knock-Down" AND SAVE TWO-THIRDS



The finished parts of a complete piece of furniture, including fastenings, Mission stain, etc., are shipped to you in a compact crate.

You need only to put the parts together, put on the stain, etc., according to simple instructions—an hour's work and it is done.

Every piece is selected oak. You save—(1) in the factory cost, (2) in the factory profit, (3) all the dealers' profit, (4)  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the freight, (5) cost of finishing, (6) cost of expensive packing.



As she received it.

**I absolutely guarantee you will be satisfied**—that I will sell you beautiful furniture at about one-third of what a dealer would charge for a similar piece. I will instantly refund your money and freight charges if you are not satisfied. **You do not risk one cent.** I have made this statement as strong as I know how. The goods warrant it.



C. C. BROOKS

My free catalogue is a revelation in economy in artistic furnishings, showing 40 pieces from \$2 to \$25, suitable for the home, office, lodge or club. Send for it today.

C. C. BROOKS, Pres.

Brooks Mfg. Co., 7911 Ship St., Saginaw, Mich

## CREDIT TO YOU

We'll ship you a single article or furnish your home completely and give you from *twelve to thirty months in which to pay for your purchases*. You enjoy the full use of the home furnishings while paying for them a little each month as you earn the money. **We furnish homes on credit** all over the U. S. It is positively the most confidential, the most pleasing and the most thoroughly convenient plan of credit ever devised. We charge absolutely nothing for this credit accommodation—no interest—no extra of any kind.

### CATALOG No. 38 FREE

It's a large and beautifully illustrated catalog of Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Draperies, Shores, Refrigerators, Go-carts, Crockery, Sewing Machines, Clocks, Silverware, etc., illustrated very elaborately in colors. Write for this beautiful catalog—this great price wonder. A postal card will bring it. Write for it TODAY.

### SOLID OAK ROCKER

\$4<sup>35</sup>

Upholstered in guaranteed Nantucket Leather, which has the wearing quality of genuine Leather. Elaborately carved. Fancy back is tufted and has ruffled edge. A marvel at the price.

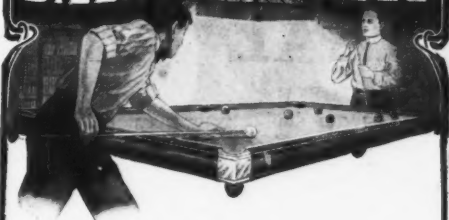
**SHIPPED ON 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL.**  
Terms 10c cash, balance payable 50c per month.  
**22 Great Stores. Largest home furnishing concern on earth.**  
**Satisfaction Guaranteed or MONEY REFUNDED.**



75c Cash  
50c per Month

**HARTMAN FURNITURE AND CARPET CO.**  
223-225-227-229 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO

## BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE



### \$1.00 DOWN

Puts into your home any Table worth from \$6 to \$15. \$2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, etc., free. **NO RED TAPE.**

### BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The Burrowes Home Billiard and Pool Table is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalogue.

The E. T. Burrowes Co., 13 Free St., Portland, Me.

## "GUNN" SECTIONAL BOOKCASES



For richness in Library Furnishing, the "GUNN" Sectional Bookcases are constructed to designs which give them a **solid appearance**. There are **no unsightly iron bands** to mar the beauty of the high quality of finish for which Gunn products have become justly famous. They have such exclusive (patented) features as the **Roller-Bearing, Non-Binding, Removable Door**, and are absolutely **Dust-proof**.

Gunn sections may be purchased to accommodate 20 or 20,000 books according to the size of your library.

Our new, complete catalogue, fully illustrated, will be sent free on receipt of a postal card request. Write Today to

**The Gunn Furniture Company**

Grand Rapids, Mich.

"You don't get done when you buy a Gunn"

## 24 % in REAL ESTATE

You can double your spare dollars over and over again, with perfect safety, in New York suburban land, no matter where you live.

Carefully compiled statistics show that New York suburban land is increasing in value at an average rate of 24% a year.

Right now I am offering some full-sized lots at prices that will never again be so low.

More than sixteen hundred conservative people from all parts of the country have already become possessors of some of this property and the opportunity is now open to you, no matter where you live.

Send me your name and address and I will mail you the full facts about the property and will tell you how you can secure one or more lots on as easy terms as \$5 per month per lot.

### I will also mail you THREE OTHER THINGS

FIRST: Our unique publication "LAND," a journal of real help to those who wish to make money in real estate.

SECOND: A little folder containing some of the most interesting figures you ever read.

THIRD: A big booklet of letters from good people who know us well and who have made money through their dealings with our company.

*Your name and address mailed to-day  
—a post-card will do—will receive my  
personal attention.*

*W. M. Ostrander*

President

Suite 1104, 437 Fifth Avenue

NEW YORK



### SEVEN SAMPLES

from the testimonial booklet that will be sent you when you answer this advertisement. Full names and addresses furnished upon request.

*"I purchased property from W. M. Ostrander about one and one-half years ago. I sold the property at an advance of 50%."*  
G. A. G., Nevada City, Cal.

*"My lot netted me nearly 100% more than I paid for it."*  
C. R. C., Bridgton, N. J.

*"I consider your property the best I saw around New York."*  
H. S., Collinwood, Ont., Canada.

*"I am much pleased with my investment, the increase in value being more than double at this time."*  
J. T., Elmira, N. Y.

*"I am very much pleased with the investment I made with your Company."*  
MRS. A. N., Randall, Wis.

*"Have had highly satisfactory business relations with W. M. Ostrander."*  
T. M., Quasqueton, Iowa.

*"I started less than three years ago with nothing. To-day I hold deeds to several properties, all through your advice and help."*  
R. S. G., Buffalo, N. Y.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan





## Get a Razor that Strops

Good-bye, Barber:  
Good-bye, Old Style  
Razor:

Both are fast becoming  
relics of the past.

"Toy" Safety Razors  
and the "no stropping"  
joke have injured our  
Patience and hurt our  
Common Sense.

The Skill of the expert  
barber to strop (sharpen)  
and the Finished Experi-  
ence to shave are all com-  
bined in the AutoStrop  
Safety Razor.

## AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR Strops Itself

Therefore, the AutoStrop places in your hand an expert mechanical barber.  
The stropping arrangement is a part of the razor frame—not a part to put on  
or take off, but a self-contained, fixed part, and the strop runs through—a few  
draws back and forth and the sweetest of shaving edges is the result.

This same stropping part exposes the blade to  
wipe clean after shaving, or to insert a new blade—  
without taking anything apart, without unscrewing  
anything, without any trouble at all.

\* \* \*

You strop (sharpen) the AutoStrop in less time than it takes  
to insert a new blade in any other Safety Razor.

And you are not out of pocket for new blades every now  
and then, because an AutoStrop blade stands good indefinitely.

The shaving question, dear reader, furnishes a variety of  
obstacles, and it takes a good sort of razor to provide against  
them all.

*But if you are a man with a wiry, tough beard and a tender skin—  
there is no surer relief for you under the sun than an AutoStrop  
Safety Razor.*

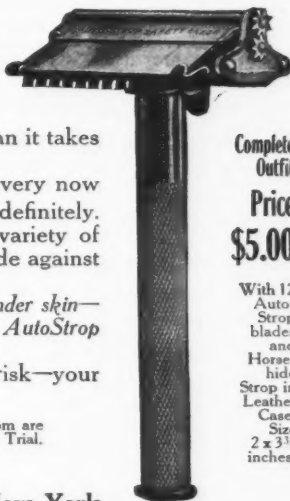
You can experiment with the AutoStrop without risk—your  
money back if you want it.

All the best Hardware, Drug and General stores have it—any of whom are  
willing to hand you the AutoStrop Safety Razor on 30 days' Free Trial.

If you can't get it in your locality, write us—  
at any rate, write for our little Booklet.

**AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 345 Fifth Ave., New York**

"The man who neglects to keep himself presentable is apt to neglect other things,—the cloud  
on his linen or the scratch on his face may extend to his conscience."—AUTOSTROP MAXIM.



Complete  
Outfit  
Price  
**\$5.00**

With 12  
Auto-  
Strop  
blades  
and  
Horse-  
hide  
Strop in  
Leather  
Case,  
Size  
2 x 3 1/2  
inches.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

# How to Distinguish Furs of Quality

By WILL LIVINGSTON AGNEW

**T**O most women no article of wearing-apparel is so little understood or so difficult to select as the omnipresent and fascinating furs.

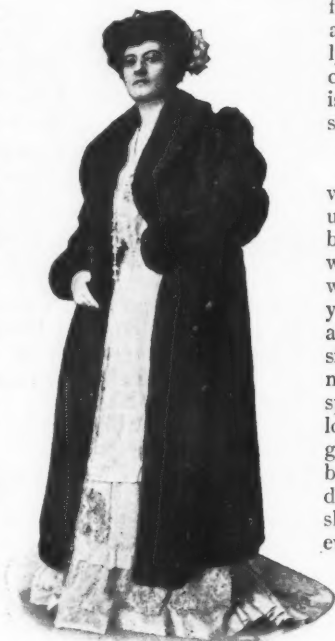
Where the choice is limited to low-priced, low-grade furs, it is usually a case of taking what is offered without much regard to style or quality. When, however, the buyer is able to afford a set of furs at \$25.00 or upward, or a fur or fur-lined garment at \$50.00 and over, there is a wide range of choice, increasing in proportion to the price.

It is impossible, in the limits of a short magazine article, to say all that might be said about choosing furs. The few brief hints that follow may be of value, however, to many readers.

**Mink.** The mink of the East is smaller, darker, and not so strongly marked as the animal from the Northwestern states and Canada. The latter is larger, deeper, and denser furred, and more decidedly striped than the Eastern mink. High-quality skins come from both localities. Look for evenly furred, soft, silky skins; clearly defined stripe; in color a rather dark yellowish brown. Natural mink has a high luster, and the hair lies smooth and even. If the color inclines to be exceptionally dark, is a reddish rather than a yellowish cast, and particularly if the price seems to be remarkably low, suspect a colored or "blended" skin. Tails are not large, but should be flexible, not stiff, and well furred. Paws are usually sable paws, few trappers saving the natural mink paw.

**Lynx.** Naturally a tawny yellow, lynx is almost always preferred in black or blue, which are of course artificial colors. Good lynx is very long, silky, and with a high luster. The black is jet black to the roots, and a durable, fast color. The blue shows hairs with white ends, giving a

lighter cast to the surface color. Blue is not a fast color, and cannot be re-dyed, but is a beautiful fur and in great demand. Wolf and fox, dyed black or blue, are sometimes offered as lynx. The wolf is a coarser, harsher hair, not so straight and does not lie so smoothly. The fox is too soft, has not the firmness of the lynx, and rarely as high a gloss or luster. Blue lynx is more evenly and delicately colored than blue wolf, is longer haired, and much silkier.



*Courtesy of Plymouth Fur Co., Furriers, Minneapolis, Minn.*

**Fox.** There are very many varieties. White fox is the natural arctic, or polar fox. Should be very soft and fluffy, and as white as possible. Some otherwise good skins show a slight yellowish or pinkish tinge. "Isabella" and "sable" fox are simply red fox skins colored medium and dark brown, respectively. Good fox is very long, soft, silky hair, with a fine gloss or luster. Color should be rich, reddish brown, evenly distributed. Inferior skins have shorter hair, not so straight and even, and are harsh and dull.

Look especially for long, deep, silky hair of rich color and luster.

**Sable.** Buy sables only from a furrier whose reputation is such that he cannot afford to be anything else but honest. Russian sables vary from \$50.00 to \$1,000 and higher a skin. Fair skins can be had at the former figure. Good skins show gray or gray-tipped hairs scattered through the prevailing dark chestnut. Hudson Bay sable is more of a reddish color than the Russian. It is also lighter in the under-color, which is usually a brownish orange. Good Hudson Bay skins can be had as low as \$25.00 to \$35.00. Some are quite equal to the Russian variety. Genuine, natural-color sable fur shows successive layers, or gradations of color from the roots of the hair to the surface. Blended or



*Kellogg's*  
**TOASTED  
CORN FLAKES.**

The package of the genuine bears this signature

*W. K. Kellogg*

Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.  
Canadian Trade Supplied by the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Ltd., London, Ontario.



Copyright, 1907, Toasted Corn Flake Co.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

artificially colored fur is likely to be deficient in this respect.

**Ermine.** Ermine should be as white as possible, though good skins are apt to show a little tinge of yellow. While soft and silky, it is firmer in the hair and not so cottony as coney, practically the only imitation. It should be fairly long haired, smooth and glossy. The genuine ermine tail, tipped with jet black, almost always



Courtesy of Plymouth Fur Co.,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

shows a slight yellowish or greenish tinge. Tails should be rather small in size. If unusually large or without any hint of yellow or green, suspect an imitation.

**Squirrel.** Siberian gray squirrel is valued according to the clearness and evenness of coloration. A medium gray is desired. Too dark or too light is less valued. It should not show any reddish coloring. Sable squirrel is the gray fur colored. Very even in shade, soft and lustrous. Much glossier than brown coney, and a richer reddish brown. The leather, or pelt, of the squirrel is more delicate and closer grained than that of coney, the usual substitute.

**Chinchilla.** It is impossible to imitate successfully this delicate, curiously colored fur. It should show a moderately dark, bluish black under-color. The surface has irregular splotches of smoky-brown color, barely coloring the tips of the soft, long, silky hairs. Chinchilla is valued according to the clearness and evenness of the

blue-gray surface color. "Bastard" chinchilla, so called, is a true chinchilla, but shorter haired, and not so strongly marked as the rarer skin. Attempted imitations do not have the dark under-color or the clear, blue-gray tint of the genuine skin.

**Black Marten.** The fur of the skunk, which is a true marten. The name is quite accurate, therefore, and not the fraud that some suppose. Is not an absolute black, but rather a very dark brown. Under-color should be a bluish black. The leather is naturally white, but as this does not look well shining through the dark fur, it is always dipped or brushed, to darken it. The color is not permitted to touch the hair. Marten is very strong, straight, glossy hair, almost wiry in texture. If it does not lie smooth, with the hairs all one way, or if the hairs are rough and "crinkly," suspect an imitation made of opossum or coon. Look also for the lighter-colored, bluish black under-fur.

**Seal.** Good sealskin lies quite flat, and yet with a density and body to the fur. It should be of velvety softness and texture. Under-color is usually rather bright reddish brown. Imitations and inferior qualities are not so velvety in texture, and are apt to have muddy under-color. "Near seal" and electric seal are black to the roots of the hair. A good seal coat should not show seams or joins.

**Persian Lamb.** This skin is valued according to the silkiness and luster of the hair. It should be of moderately close curl, though excellent skins are had with quite a large curl. Inferior skins are uneven in curl, and are woolly in texture, lacking the beautiful gloss of fine skins. Look for evenness of curl and marked luster.

**Astrakhan.** This, being a moderate-priced fur, is rarely imitated. Good qualities are had in close, medium, and large curl. All are equally durable. It should have a fine luster, and this is one of the points to look for. A moderately close curl, evenly distributed, with good luster, is most valued.

**Caracul and Russian Pony.** Are much alike in general appearance, though caracul is much the richer and finer. Look for good "character" in the fur, that is, the curiously waved watered-silk effect. Caracul will show this more than the pony. The leather is also softer, and the fur rather softer and silkier. Both require care and attention to keep in good condition.

**Otter and Beaver.** Otter is shorter, denser, and silkier than beaver. Beaver fur is very

## To Good Housekeepers!

Dear Madam:—

**A** SHABBY piece of furniture never *looks* worth sending out to be refinished—It really *is* worth it. You forget that it isn't the *wood* that is worn—it is the *finish*.

*Replace the finish*—the piece is as good as new. When you do this yourself, the expense is slight and the labor nothing.

You must first *remove* the old finish. Varnishing over it looks *cheap*—shiny—home-made.

The old finish is a coat. Johnson's Electric Solvo takes this off quickly, easily. The piece is then left "in the white"—new wood—to be finished as *you* like.

Choose one of Johnson's Wood Dyes (14 shades). A shade to suit you. If too dark, add alcohol, if not dark enough, add our Flemish Oak Dye, No. 172. You'll find the dye thin like water. It enters the wood pores evenly—it brings out the beauty of the grain—the lights—the darks.

**JOHNSON'S**  
ARTISTIC WOOD FINISHES  
**JOHNSON'S**

You cannot make a "spotted" job if you try. It contains no varnish to *cover* the beauty of grain. It is a dye that accentuates the effect you want. Each shade is always the same.

The finishing is equally simple. Johnson's Prepared Wax is pastelike. It is applied with a soft cloth. It dries instantly. Rubbing with a dry cloth then gives a velvety protecting finish of great beauty.

The same treatment will refinish your *woodwork* and floor. This is worth your consideration for Johnson's Wood Finishes do not mar, scratch nor peel.

Every paint dealer carries these three simple necessities—Johnson's Electric Solvo—Johnson's Wood Dyes—14 shades—30c and 50c—Johnson's Prepared Wax—10c and 25c.

**48-Page Illustrated Book Free—  
Edition KS-11**

Our text book on "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture," will be sent you or your friends free for your names and addresses.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



fluffy, and averages about an inch in length. Otter is denser and half an inch long, or even

even reddish in some skins. Nutria—sometimes offered as a substitute for both otter and beaver—is much woolier and lacks the luster of the finer furs.



Courtesy of E. Albrecht & Son, Furriers,  
St. Paul, Minn.

less. The general color of otter is a dark golden brown. Beaver is more of a gray-brown,

As a general rule good furs are soft, silky, and lustrous. Natural uncolored fur almost invariably shows beautiful gradations of coloring from the leather out to the surface. Of course there are many fine furs that require blending or artificial coloring to bring out their beauty. For this reason there should be no prejudice against a fur simply because it is "dyed." The dyeing of fur is an art that was brought to perfection hundreds of years ago. The color is almost invariably fast, will not "crock" when set, and there is nothing in the dye that can be in the least injurious.

Above all, the fur-buyer should deal only with a reliable furrier, whose word can be relied upon. Such a dealer will be only too glad to explain the merits and failings of the various kinds of fur, and assist the purchaser to select the most suitable fur.

Always remember that good furs cost money. They cannot be had at bargain-sales. But, judged by their beauty, their durability, and the comfort and delight they bring to the wearer, nothing is so cheap or so thoroughly satisfactory an investment as high-grade furs.



**This Skirt  
Only \$5.72  
Made to Your Measure  
Express Prepaid**

**Let Me Send You Samples FREE and Quote  
You PRICES on a Kalamazoo**

## **Man-Tailored Walking Skirt**

**Made to Your INDIVIDUAL Measure**

**I** BELIEVE that we are showing today the best and most complete line of skirt material in America;

**I know** that we have the greatest establishment in the world devoted exclusively to making skirts to individual order;

**I promise** you that we will make to your individual measure, a better skirt for less money, than you get anywhere else.

**I will make** you a skirt from any material you may select from our samples, and send it to you, **express prepaid**. If you do not find it perfectly satisfactory, in **style, fit and finish**, I will send back your money by return mail. Remember, the skirt you order is cut and fitted to your individual measure by an expert man-tailor.

We save you all bother, worry and trouble, and we take all the risk.

Our new line of fall and winter goods is in; our new catalog is ready. Let me send you samples and quote you prices. You not only save money, but you get the latest styles and that finish which only the expert man-tailor can give. The saving of \$2 or \$4 or \$5 is well worth while—but the extra satisfaction is worth much more to you.

Now, I can't send you samples unless you send me your name. Are you not interested enough to get our prices and see for yourself how much we save you? Of course, you are. Write today and get our style book by return mail. Address

**KALAMAZOO SUIT CO.** Makers of Man-Tailored Walking Skirts, Petticoats and Children's Dresses. 330 Main St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

When you write please mention the Cosmopolitan

When you write, please mention the *Cosmopolitan*

**Don't simply say to your druggist:**

***"Give me some Vaseline."***

Find out what is best adapted to your needs and ask for *those kinds*. For every ordinary ailment there is a certain sort of

# VASELINE

(In a convenient, sanitary tube)

There's a kind that stops a toothache—**Capsicum Vaseline** (just drop a little into the cavity). Also better than mustard plaster for rheumatism, colds in the chest, throat, etc.

There's another kind best for neuralgia and nervous headache—**Mentholated Vaseline** (apply externally).

Another kind for antiseptically dressing cuts, sores, burns, bites, etc.—**Carbolated Vaseline**.

A kind for preserving the complexion and for rough skin—**Vaseline Cold Cream**; a genuine cold cream that will not become rancid.

And many other kinds—all adapted for *your* every day requirements—all excellent—all pure—such as:

Vaseline Camphor Ice  
Borated Vaseline  
White Vaseline

Pomade Vaseline  
Vaseline Oxide of Zinc  
Camphorated Vaseline

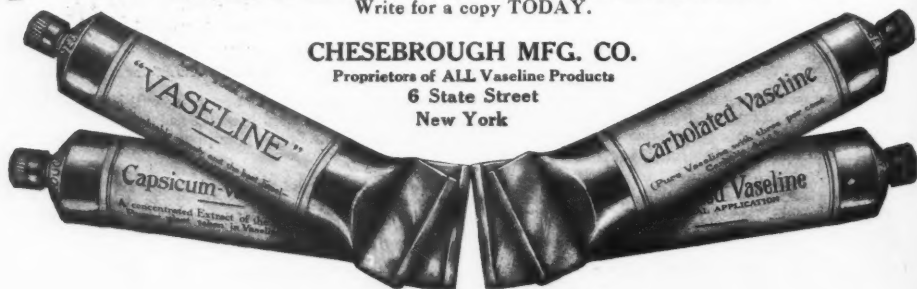
**We will send you a valuable household "VASELINE HANDBOOK" for the asking.**

It is brimful of suggestions that will prove useful to you. It fully describes the many uses of Vaseline and tells you *how* and *when* and *why* to use it.

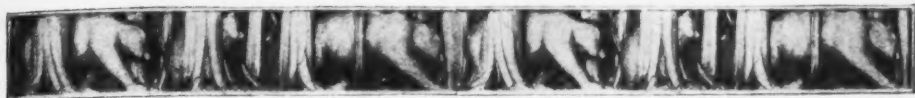
Write for a copy TODAY.

**CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.**

Proprietors of ALL Vaseline Products  
6 State Street  
New York



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



*Collectors and Makers of Fine Furs*

## Plymouth Furs

### *The Romantic History of Furs*

Furs have constituted the price of redemption of royal captives, the gifts of emperors and kings and the peculiar decoration of imperial functionaries and ambassadors.

At the present day furs vie with precious gems as ornaments and garniture of wealth and fashion.

### **Fur Buying is an Art**

Only an expert can detect the imitation from the real, therefore in buying furs the prestige of the Fur Company from whom you make your purchase, is your surest protection.

All uncertainty is eliminated by dealing with "The Plymouth Fur Co.," whose guarantee and experience of well on to a half century stands back of every purchase.

### **Write for Our Style Book "S"**

It tells about Furs. It tells, how, situated in the center of the great fur bearing district of America, "The Plymouth Fur Company" is enabled to secure the choicest pelts.

It tells of the great care exercised during every process of construction in the making of these pelts into practical, comfortable and fashionable garments. It explains the great saving that results from your dealing direct with the maker, be your expenditure \$5 or \$5,000.

**MEN'S FURS**—Fur Coats for Street, Automobile and Driving Wear. Fur Lined, Man-Tailored Coats, Chauffeur's Coats, Fur Caps and Gauntlets.

**WOMEN'S FURS**—Fur Coats, Jackets, Neck Pieces, Muffs and Fur Lined Coats in a vast variety of styles.

Plymouth Fur Company,  
Dept. S, Minneapolis, Minn.



*Illustration from our 64 page style book.*

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

## THE EDDY GIVES A KEEN EDGE

Your dealer will return the purchase price on demand any time if the Eddy No. 813 Razor Strop dries up, cracks, breaks or fails to give a keen edge in half the time required with any other strop.

No. 813 is the best strop in the world. Made of imported shell horsehide, dressed by a secret process. Is soft and pliable as velvet; requires no kneading, no dressing and no breaking-in. Eliminates the hone. Will not harden in any climate.

Sold by druggists and hardware dealers or sent postpaid for \$2.


Our useful booklet, "The Strop, The Razor and The Face," sent free.

### THE EDDY CO.

(Razor Strops from 50c. to \$2.00)

41 Southbridge St., Worcester, Mass.

NO.  
813

The surest way to avoid getting an old-fashioned or experimental typewriter is to get an Underwood Visible Typewriter—the accepted standard of to-day.

**The Underwood Standard Visible Typewriter**

**Write for Literature** describing regular and special billing models.

**UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO.**  
241 Broadway  
New York

*"The machine you will eventually buy."*

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



## WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BVDS

The Only Genuine

Note the taste, so different from others—that smooth melting quality and the surpassingly delicious

aroma.

Buy of your druggist or confectioner, or send us

one dollar for a pound box prepaid.

One sample box for 30c. in stamps and your dealer's name.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS

Cocoa Manufacturers

235 North Third Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

## DEAFNESS HEAD NOISES

If you are deaf or hard of hearing or have head noises I want you to write today for my new, free booklet, "The Deaf Can Hear," that tells of a wonderful scientific discovery that has upset traditions and startled the whole medical world. I have demonstrated conclusively that catarrhal deafness, even in the oldest and most chronic cases, can be

## RELIEVED AND STOPPED

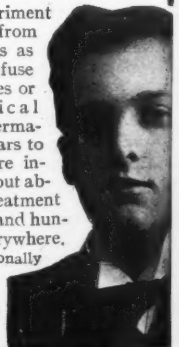
My treatment is not an experiment and is as radically different from other, unsuccessful treatments as day is from night. Do not confuse it with artificial drums, phones or other temporary "mechanical aids." My method offers a permanent relief that enables your ears to do their own work as Nature intended. A wonderfully simple but absolutely safe, effective home treatment that is endorsed by physicians and hundreds of grateful patients everywhere. Write today and address me personally

EVERETT WOODWARD, President

MASSACON SALES CO.

Suite 852, 534 Sixth Avenue

NEW YORK CITY





# White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

## FREE CAPITAL SUPPLIED TO START

you in business. You can begin in your own town or territory. The *free capital* is furnished by the uncollected debts on the merchant's ledger. I teach you how to make a large profit on that free capital, by debt collecting. My system of *Mercantile Collecting* has been perfected in 19 years of success to a point of practical infallibility. I not only teach you the methods that won my success but I also include **free of charge a large supply of printed forms, contracts, stationery** and other material necessary for you to start in business at once, bearing blank spaces where you may insert any name you choose for your concern. I am teaching others to succeed. Let me teach you.

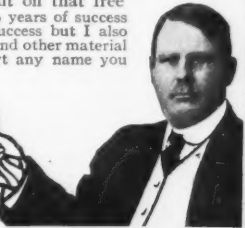
Harvey L. McCollum, Newport, Ark., writes: "Your system has been of great benefit to me in my collection department. I helped the retail merchants to effect an organization here and was elected secretary, treasurer and collector and already have more than \$15000.00 in accounts to collect."  
Orin D. Myrick, Norfolk, Va., writes: "I am fully convinced that your system of collecting is a solid foundation for anyone desiring to enter that business, and guided by it they will be successful. I consider myself very fortunate in securing your system before commencing."  
Albert E. Booth, Mgr. Standard Commission Co., Ottawa, Ont., writes: "We have found several most valuable features in your system of collections which we are now using in our business; in fact we consider the system **absolutely** first class."

Scores of others testify to similar success. If you are ambitious to make \$2000 to \$5000 or more a year, write today for *Free Booklet* giving detailed explanation of this income-building opportunity.

L. M. WHITNEY, President

WHITNEY LAW CORPORATION,

303 William Street, New Bedford, Mass.



# STEARNS & FOSTER MATTRESS

Let us send you all the facts about this perfect mattress and about our offer to send it C. O. D. on 60 nights' free trial.

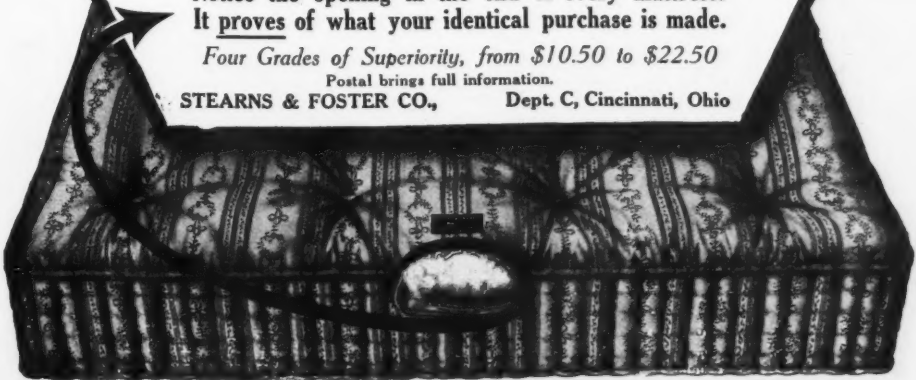
Notice the opening in the end of every mattress.  
It proves of what your identical purchase is made.

Four Grades of Superiority, from \$10.50 to \$22.50

Postal brings full information.

STEARNS & FOSTER CO.,

Dept. C, Cincinnati, Ohio



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

# Cosmopolitan Classified Directory

A Department of Little "Ads" offering Big Opportunities

**CLOSING DATE:** Advertisements for the next issue, published November 1st, should be in our office on or before October 14th, the final closing date.

**RATES:** \$2.00 a line, cash with order. Minimum space accepted four lines (about 30 words). On a definite six time contract the rate is only 50c. a line on the last or sixth insertion. Example, a four-line advertisement costs \$8.00 for each five consecutive issues and \$2.00 for the sixth or last insertion.

**NOTE:** We ask the assistance of our readers in excluding any objectionable advertisement from these columns as it is oftentimes impossible to know personally each advertiser.

## AUTOMOBILES

**AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES** of every description. Lamps, Generators, Gas Tanks, Speedometers, Plugs, Collis, Batteries and, in fact, everything for a Motor Car at prices that no other house can compete with. Catalogue Free on request. Reference any Commercial Agency or any Buffalo Bank.

Centaur Motor Co., 59 Franklin Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

**AUTOMOBILES (NEW), HIGH GRADE, CAN BE BOUGHT FROM US POSITIVELY CHEAPER THAN MANUFACTURERS' PRICES. WE BUY FOR SPOT CASH. WONDERFUL WHAT READY MONEY WILL DO. WE APPLY AND CARRY OUT THE SAME ARGUMENT RELATIVE TO SECOND-HAND CARS. YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO OVERLOOK OUR OFFERS. SEND FOR LIST. ALSO ASK FOR OUR NEW 100-PAGE CATALOG NUMBER 100, ON SUPPLIES. YOU WILL BE AGREEABLY SURPRISED WITH THE FIGURES, AND CERTAINLY SATISFIED WITH THE GOODS. FOR REDUCTIONS IN THE PRICE OF TIRES, THE BEST QUALITY OF FRESH GOODS, WE HAVE NO EQUAL. TIMES SQUARE AUTOMOBILE COMPANY. LARGEST DEALERS IN NEW AND SECOND-HAND AUTOMOBILES IN THE WORLD. 1599 BROADWAY, NEW YORK; 1332 MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.**

## HELP WANTED

I want to hear from a business having a good opportunity to offer a young man; one in which there is a good chance for advancement. Address

H. W., Box N 1859, New York City.

**CIVIL SERVICE** examinations will soon be held in every State. Full information, and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission, free.

Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

**CIVIL SERVICE EMPLOYEES** are paid well for easy work; examinations of all kinds soon; expert advice, sample questions and Booklet 5, describing positions and telling easiest and quickest way to secure them free. Write now. Washington Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

**UNCLE SAM** will hold November examinations everywhere for City Post Office Clerks and Carriers; early examinations for Railway Mail; Customs; and Departmental Clerks. \$600.00 to \$1600.00 yearly. Annual vacation. Common education sufficient. Candidate prepared Free. Franklin Institute, Dept. PH, Rochester, N. Y.

**LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED**—Splendid income assured right man to act as our representative for learning our business thoroughly by mail. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition, and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. Address

The Nat'l Co-Operative Real Estate Co.,  
Dept. K. C. X.,  
Washington, D. C.

## HIGH GRADE SALESMEN

**IF THERE WERE** no telephones in your territory now, and you had the exclusive right of selling them there, your proposition would not be as good as one I have to offer you now, if you are the man, or men. Ref. 1st Ntl. Bank, Chicago. M. B. Pitner, 183-189 Lake St., Chicago.

**\$100.00 WEEKLY** positively made selling and appointing agents to sell Hydro Carbon Lighting Systems. Our demonstrating system makes failure impossible. Wanted—A good man in every village and city in the world. Security Light & Tank Co., 167 S. Jefferson St., Chicago.

**WE HAVE SEVERAL** choice territories open which offer excellent opportunities for intelligent, energetic salesmen of experience in any line to earn a large income. Our line of art and commercial calendars, souvenirs, post cards, and signs for advertising purposes consists of copyrighted designs, reproduced by our Relief Process, different from anything else on the market and appeals to the better class of business houses in all lines. The work is pleasant and profitable. Write for full particulars.

Woodward & Tiernan Prtg. Co.,  
St. Louis, Mo.

## REAL ESTATE

**LA GLORIA**, the first and most successful American Colony in Cuba. Easy payments on instalment plan. Possession after first payment. Handsome illustrated booklet free. Cuban Land & Steamship Co., 32 Broadway, New York City.

**BUY A FARM IN PENNSYLVANIA**, New Jersey, or Delaware. Best States for profitable farming. Farm lands my specialty—sold and bought; write for particulars. Raymond G. Frick, 1100 Real Estate Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

**A FIVE-ACRE TRUCK FARM** and a town lot fronting on beautiful Copano Bay, Refugio County, Texas, for \$200—\$25 down, \$25 monthly; no interest. Ideal climate, bathing, fishing, hunting, sailing. All year resort. Black land, deep and fertile. Growth oranges, figs, grapes, vegetables. Farmers net over \$100 per acre. Send for booklet of sworn statements. Burton & Danforth, 1422 Syndicate Trust Bldg., St. Louis.

**FREE LAND IN OREGON**—IRRIGATED Under Cerey Act at low cost—Write to Land Commissioner. Deschutes Irrigation and Power Company, Bend, Crook County, Oregon.

**IMPROVED IRRIGATED TEN-ACRE FARMS** at Raymondville. Heart of the Texas Gulf Coast—Cleared, Fenced, Plowed with perpetual water rights. Best climate, Soil and Water. Schools and Churches. Easy terms. Booklet free. E. B. Fletcher, 1002 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**GARY**—The New Steel City. Home of United States Steel Corp. Lots \$100 to \$575. \$5 and up monthly. No interest. No taxes. Titles guaranteed by Chicago Title & Trust Co. Cement sidewalks and accepted city streets. For maps and booklets address, United States Land Co., Inc., 605 Amer. Trust Bldg., Chicago.

**CALIFORNIA LAND** \$1 acre cash payment. Balance purchase 90 cents month per acre. Close San Francisco. No taxes. No interest. 5-acre tracts. Level, rich, clear. Ready to plow. Irrigated. Perpetual water rights. Immediate possession. Particulars, maps, photographs free. Stevinson Colony, 1414 Market St., San Francisco.

## TYPEWRITERS

**TYPEWRITERS—CALIGRAPHS** \$6.00. Vost, Hammond, Williams, \$10.00. Remington \$12.00. Oliver \$25.00; years guarantee. Harlem Typewriter Exchange (Dept. C. C.), 217 West 125th St., N. Y. City.

**JUST A FEW LEFT**—Last chance to secure a typewriter at agents' prices. Remington, Densmore, Blickensderfer \$12.50. Postal, Hammond \$10. Best bargains, lowest prices. Standard Typewriter Exchange, 23 Park Row, N. Y.

**TYPEWRITERS Slaughtered**. Underwoods, Olivers, Remingtons, Smiths (all makes), rebuilt; genuine bargains, \$15 to \$35. Send for "Bargain List." Consolidated Typewriter Exchange, 245 Broadway, N. Y. (Established 25 years.) Reliable.

**DO YOU NEED A TYPEWRITER** and do you want the best value for your money? Send for our special price list and catalog of all makes standard machines. Some practically new, others completely rebuilt at 1 to 1 Manufacturers' prices. Rented anywhere. Sold on instalments or we allow 5% special discount for cash. Sold on three months' approval. Write for our Money Back Guarantee.

Rockwell-Barnes Co., 305 Baldwin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**LET ME TELL YOU** how to buy or rent an Oliver, Smith, Remington, Underwood, or any standard machine, newly built, direct from my factory at a saving of half or more. I don't mean a second-hand, glossed over and repaired machine. Can be sent on 30 days trial or rented with rent to apply on purchase. Grady The Typewriter Man, 45 Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

## PATENT ATTORNEYS

**PATENTS.** Advice and Book Free. Terms moderate; highest references; best service; Patents advertised at my expense. All business given prompt and proper attention. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

**PATENTS SECURED** or fee returned. Send sketch for free report as to patentability. Guide Book and what to invent, with valuable List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. One million dollars offered for one invention; \$16,000 for others. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress, sample free. Evans, Wilkens & Co., Washington, D. C.

**PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS, DESIGNS AND COPYRIGHTS.** Information freely furnished on request. Langdon Moore (formerly Examiner U. S. Patent Office), Washington Loan and Trust Building, Washington, D. C.

These pages offer a Department of Little Ads with Big Opportunities

## Cosmopolitan Classified Directory

### WOMEN'S CORNER

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR  
CAN BE PERMANENTLY REMOVED.**

Send me your address, enclose stamp, and I will tell you how I permanently cured myself by a home treatment, that is safe, positive, and true to nature. Permanent results guaranteed or I will refund the trifling cost.

Florence Hawthorne,  
318 White Plains Ave., New York, N. Y.

**A SAFE AND SURE Method of Removing Disfiguring Hair from Face, Neck or Arms. Send 10c. for packing and mailing Free Sample. D. J. Mahler, Dept. A, East Providence, R. I.**

**LADY SEWERS** to make up shields at home; \$10 per 100; can make two an hour; work sent prepaid to reliable women; send reply envelope for full information to Universal Remedy Co., Desk D, Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### FOR THE HOME

**EXCEPTIONAL OFFER.** For 2c. in stamps we will send you a full pint sample of Knox Gelatine (enough for six portions) and our recipe book "Delicious Desserts for Delinquent People." Knox Gelatine is the purest made and is a delicious and healthful dessert. If you have never tried it send for the sample and get acquainted. We know you will be surprised at its goodness. The regular size package makes two quarts, and is sold by all good grocers. If you are now using it send us an empty gelatine box and 10c. for a copy of the handsome "First Lesson" painting.

Chas. B. Knox, 49 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

### PIANOS

**PIANOS AT BARGAIN PRICES.**

Many of the world's best makes, slightly used, at \$125 \$150, \$175, etc.—delivery free—easy terms to responsible people ANYWHERE. For 63 years the Pease name has been a guarantee of fair dealings. Write for list.

Pease Pianos, 128 West 42d St., New York.

**GENUINE BARGAINS** in high-grade pianos. Slightly-used instruments; 7 Steinways from \$300 up; 6 Webers from \$250 up; 7 Knabes, \$250 up; 3 Chickering's, \$250 up; also good second-hand Uprights, \$100 up. Easy payments.

Lyon & Healy.

40 Adams St., Chicago. Write to-day.

### GAMES—ENTERTAINMENTS

**PLAYS, VAUDEVILLE** Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Entertainments, Make-up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison, Publ., Dept. 24, Chicago.

**MOTION PICTURE MACHINES,** Film Views, Magic Lanterns, Slides, and similar Wonders for Sale. Catalogue Free. We also Buy Magic Machines, Films, Slides, etc.

Harbach & Co., 809 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### NEW THOUGHT

**ELLA WHEELER WILCOX's** latest booklet on "What I Know About New Thought," sent free with 3 mos. trial subscription to *The Nautilus* (a \$1.00 magazine), for 10c. Read Mrs. Wilcox's new poem in *October Nautilus*. She is a regular contributor. In September number, "The Law of Opulence," explaining how to succeed; "Visions," by Mme. de Nle, treating of the occult in a scientific and interesting style; "The Way Out," a great new serial story of Southern life by Grace MacGowan Cooke; also a new poem by Edwin Markham. Send 10c. for booklet and magazine 3 mos. Or send \$1.00 for 18 mos. and booklet. Address Elizabeth Towne, Box E, 496, Holyoke, Mass.

### Books—Literature—Poems

**THE PLATFORM OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF America,** with a list of the standard books on socialism mailed free on request.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., 272 Kinzie St., Chicago.

**WANTED.**—Poems with or without music for sacred sheet music. Also short stories for new S. S. Library Books. Rev. W. K. Price, Newport, N. Y.

### Investments—Bonds—Mortgages

**BONDS**—at 80c. on the \$1. Gilt-edged industrial coupon, paying 6%. \$25 bond for \$20. \$100 bond for \$80, etc. Cash or monthly payments.

Drawer 52 F, Galesburg, Ill.

### AGENTS WANTED

**YOU CAN HAVE A** profitable business in your own community selling the latest and best Fireless Cooker, the "Eclipse"—the greatest invention of the age, Cooks without fire, saves time and fuel. Everyone is buying them. Send for particulars to

L. Rastetter & Sons, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

**WANTED**—Capable agents to handle new, high grade, up-to-date articles; lightning sellers in all homes, offices, stores, shops; \$3 to \$10 daily guaranteed. Promotion assured. Thomas Mfg. Co., 1302 Home Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

**WRITE FOR THE BEST** soap and toilet combinations for agents. Our soaps French milled. See our new Red Cross packages.

Pierce Chemical Co., Desk 14, 152 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

**AGENTS**—\$75 Monthly, metal combination Rolling Pin. Nine useful articles for the kitchen combined in one. Lightning seller. Sample free.

Forshee Mfg. Co., E 203, Dayton, Ohio.

**AGENTS**—Portraits 35c., Frames 15c., Sheet pictures 1c., Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c., Portrait Pillow Tops 50c. English Art Plates \$1.00. 30 days credit. Samples and free catalogue. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-156 W. Adams, Chicago.

**RELIABLE AGENTS** wanted to organize territory for "Junior" Typewriter. A standard keyboard, two-hand machine for \$15.00—does work like \$100 kinds. Easily carried about. Splendid opportunity. Write Dept. 1011, Junior Typewriter Co., 331 Broadway, New York.

We are the originators and only manufacturers of live soap and toilet article combinations with premiums, for agents. Attractive appearance, best quality, lowest prices. Toledo agent recently made \$14.00 in eight hours. There's a reason. Investigate. Davis Soap Co., 26 Union Park Ct., Chicago.

**AGENTS**—Here's your opportunity: new household articles, sell everywhere. Good money and expenses easily made. No capital required; for full information and samples address Dexter Supply Co., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

**AGENTS** make big money selling our new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Write to-day for free sample and full particulars. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 61 N. Clark St., Chicago.

**AGENTS**—OUR SWISS Embroidered Shirtwaist Patterns and other Novelties sell at sight. \$25 to \$50 weekly easily made. Write to-day for our illus. (and sworn to) Catalog. U. S. Embroidery Mfg. Co., Dept. 1, 96 East Broadway, N. Y.

**AGENTS**—\$25 a week easily made selling our 14 new patented articles. Each one a necessity to every woman, and a rapid seller. No scheme. Sample free to hustlers.

A. M. Young & Co., A 3, Howland Bldg., Chicago.

**AGENTS** make \$103.50 per month selling wonderful self-sharpening scissors and cutlery. V. C. Glebner sold 22 pairs in 3 hours, made \$13; you can do it. We show how. Free outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., 43 Home Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

**AGENTS.** New invention; sells like wild-fire; just hand them out and collect your money. You will just coin money every day. We will forfeit \$500 if we don't send you Free Samples the day we receive your application. Brahm Co., 635 Cincinnati, Ohio.

**AGENTS.** New invention. Never sold in your territory; coin money. Everybody wild about them. Sells on sight. Those getting territory will make a fortune. Free sample to workers. Write at once.

Automatic Co., L109, Cincinnati, O.

### OFFICE SUPPLIES

**THE ADVERTISER** has a slightly used hand-operated Burroughs Adding and Listing Machine for sale at a liberal discount from the list price of a new machine. This machine is as good as new and will last a lifetime. It has been displaced by the latest style Burroughs electric. I will be glad to quote a price on request.

B. A. M., Box N1859, N. Y. City.

### FLOOR POLISH

**BUTCHER'S BOSTON POLISH** is the best finish made for floors and interior woodwork. Not brittle; will not scratch or deface like shellac or varnish. Send for free booklet. For sale by dealers in Paints, Hardware and House Furnishings. The Butcher Polish Co., 356 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

### POST CARDS—COINS—STAMPS

**THANKSGIVING, CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR'S, Floral, Birthday, etc.** Beautiful designs, highest class, embossed, 8 for 10, 20 for 25, 40 for \$1.00, with catalog. Star Post Card Co., Mfrs. and Imp'trs., 110 So. 8th St., Phila.

**THANKSGIVING, XMAS, NEW YEAR, California Views, etc., regular 25c. and 50c. dozen cards.** We sell them One Cent each; 25 assorted for 25c.

One Cent Store, 156 East St., San Francisco, Calif.

**CERTAIN COINS WANTED.** I pay from 1 to 600 for thousands of rare coins, stamps and paper money to 1864. Send stamp for illustrated circular, get posted and make money quickly. Vonbergen, the Coin Dealer, Dept. So. 1, Boston, Mass.

Classified offers a universal errand boy who carries messages from seller to buyer

## **BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES**

**MANAGER WANTED** in every city and county, handle best paying business known, legitimate, new, exclusive control; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Chas. A. Halstead, 33 West 26th St., N. Y.

**BUILD A \$5,000 BUSINESS** in two years. Let us start you in the collection business. No capital needed; big field. We teach secrets of collecting money; refer business to you. Write to-day for free pointers and new plan. American Collection Service, 7 State Street, Detroit, Mich.

**MAKE MONEY** operating our new Vending Machines. They earn 300%. Only a small investment needed to start earning handsome income. Write quick for plan. Calile, Detroit, Mich.

**A WESTERN MFG. CO.** offers to clean record men with small capital an excellent chance for permanent income of one hundred dollars and upward per mo. in each locality. For full details, Dept. N.

Keyser-Russell Mfg. Co., Salt Lake City, Utah.

**MAKE \$2500 to \$7500 yearly** without capital. We teach you the real-estate and general brokerage business by mail; appoint you our special representative; furnish you readily salable real estate and investments; help you secure customers and make you quickly prosperous. Particulars free. Interstate Sales Co., 257 Times Bldg., New York

**"SUCCESS IN THE STOCK MARKET."** Our little book gives interesting details. It's yours for the asking. Write for it. John A. Boardman & Co., Stock Brokers, 53 Broadway, New York.

**MAN WANTED** to learn the Real Estate Business and act as our special Representative in your own town. Position assured. Get free booklet.

The Finks Realty and Mining Company, Ft. Smith, Ark.

**\$3,000 TO \$10,000 YEARLY** easily made in real estate business; no capital required; we teach the business by mail, appoint you special representative, assist you to success. Valuable book free. The Cross Co., 1888 Reaper Block, Chicago. See our other advertisement in this magazine.

**START MAIL-ORDER BUSINESS**—Sell goods by mail; cash orders, big profits. Conducted by anyone, anywhere, we supply everything. Our plan positively successful; satisfaction guaranteed. Write for free booklet and sample catalogue. Central Supply Co., Kansas City, Mo.

**SALESMEN**—Best accident, health policy. Old line company \$1000; death; \$5 weekly; \$100 emergency benefit. Costs \$2.00 yearly. Seal wallet free. Liberal Commission. Germany Registry Co., 911 Holland Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

**INCORPORATE IN WEST VIRGINIA.** Charter liberal. Cost small. Members exempt from corporate debts. No public statements. No office required in the State. Laws and particulars free. The Incorporating & Investment Co., Box 243-B, Parkersburg, W. Va.

**SUPPLY YOUR TOWN** Kushlon Komfort Shoes—big profits—permanent trade—no expense. Satisfied wearers buy again. Write for agency. Bully chance for hustlers. Kushlon Komfort Shoe Co., Dept. C-11, Boston, Mass.

**BE YOUR OWN BOSS:** Start Mail-Order Business at home; devote whole or spare time. We tell you how; very good profits. Everything furnished. No catalog outfit proposition. For "Starter" and free particulars address C. Krueger Co., 155 Wash. St., Chicago, Ill.

I want to hear from some business having a proposition offering big opportunities to the right person. Please state full particulars. Address

B. O., Box N 1859, New York City.

**MY NEW STORE** necessity is better than a telephone. Sells better than cash registers or scales ever sold. Sells for \$50 to \$1000. Your ability alone limits your possibilities. Salesmen, Territory Mgrs. and local Agts. wanted. Ref. 1st Ntl. Bank, Chicago. M. B. Pittner, 185-189 Lake St., Chicago.

**WE START YOU** in a permanent business with us and furnish everything. Full Course of Instruction Free. We are manufacturers and have a new plan in the mail order line. Large profits. Small capital. You pay us in three months and make big Profit. References given. Sworn Statements. Pease Mfg. Co., 801 Pease Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

**AGENTS**—\$10 daily being made; no competition; selling our 8-piece kitchen set—cleaver, saw, bread-knife, carving knife and fork, paring knife, can opener and sharpener. Complete set retails for \$1.50. Big profits for agents. Thomas Co., 351 Home Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

## **FARM AND GARDEN**

**IVAN POST HOLE AUGER**—Digs a 3-ft. hole in 3 minutes, any kind of ground. Made on a new principle. It's wonderful. Ask your dealer about it or write Ivan Bros., Dept. 103, Sreator, Ill.

## **FREIGHT SHIPPING**

**JUDSON FREIGHT FORWARDING CO.** REDUCED rates on household goods to all Western Points. 443 Marquette Building, Chicago; 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis; 851 Tremont Building, Boston; 101 Columbia Building, San Francisco; 200 Central Building, Los Angeles.

## **AUTOGRAPH LETTERS**

**AUTOGRAPH LETTERS OF FAMOUS PERSONS BOUGHT AND SOLD.** WALTER R. BENJAMIN, 225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

## **Elocution—Dramatic Art**

**ACTING, ELOCUTION, ORATORY.** We teach this fascinating and profitable art by mail and prepare you for the stage or speakers' platform. Booklet on Dramatic Art Free. Chicago School of Elocution, 926 Grand Opera House, Chicago.

## **TELEGRAPHY**

**TELEGRAPHY** taught at home in the shortest time. The Omnigraph Automatic Transmitter combined with Standard Key and Sounder. Sends you telegraph messages at any speed just as an expert operator would. 5 styles \$2 up. Circular free. Omnigraph Co., 39 F Cortlandt St., N. Y.

**TELEGRAPHY**—taught quickly. R. R. wire in school. Living expenses earned. Graduates assisted. Correspondence course if desired. Catalog free. Dodge's Institute of Telegraphy, 12th St., Valparaiso, Ind. Established 1874.

## **FOR MEN**

**GILLETTE** and other safety razor-blades sterilized and made better than new for two cents each. Send your address for our convenient mailing wrapper. Keenedge Co., 804 Henrietta Building, Chicago.

**HERBERT T. ATKINSON**, 810 Broad St. Bank Bldg., Trenton, N. J. Importer of Woollens and Worsteds, etc., for men's wear. Any length cut. Samples of new fall suitings. Post free on request.

## **FOR THE HAIR**

**Grow New Hair** by using our Hygienic Vacuum Cap. Cures dandruff. Stops falling hair. Prevents premature grayness. Rental \$1.00 a week. Rent applied if purchased. Free booklet. Hygienic Vacuum Cap Co., 23 Cutler Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

**HAIR GROWS** when our Vacuum Cap is used a few minutes daily. Sent on 60 days free trial at our expense. No drugs or electricity. Stops falling hair. Cures dandruff. Postal brings illustrated booklet. Modern Vacuum Cap Co., J 595 Barclay Bldg., Denver, Colo.

**OUR HAIR FOOD** absolutely restores gray hair to its original natural color, whether brown, blond, red or black, from the same bottle, without dyeing it. We want to hear from the skeptical. Dwight B. Sprague & Co., Chicago.

## **FOR THE DEAF**

**THE ACOUSTICON** MAKES THE DEAF HEAR INSTANTLY. No trumpet, unsightly or cumbersome apparatus. Special instruments for Theaters and Churches. In successful use throughout the Country. Booklet, with endorsement of those you know, free. K. L. Turner, Pres't, General Acoustic Co., 1267 Broadway, New York City.

## **FOR THE FIGURE**

**AUTO-MASSEUR** speedily reduces superfluous flesh without drugs, diets or exertion. I'm so confident that simply wearing my Auto-Masseur will permanently restore youthful symmetry, that I will mail it for 40-days' free trial without deposit. Write for Auto-Masseur to-day.

Prof. Burns, 1300 F Broadway, New York.

## **FOR THE FEET**

**ONYXIS INGROWING TOENAIL APPLIANCE.** Immediate relief, permanent cure, by a silver automatic appliance, easily adjusted. No failures. By mail, \$1.00; circulars free. Onyxis Co., 203 Lincoln Court, Cincinnati, O.

## **Diamonds—Watches—Jewelry**

**THE NEW DIAMOND.** Stands all tests. A genuine Precious Stone, guaranteed. Save \$45 out of \$50 on an Engagement Ring, set in 14-Karat Gold. Write to-day. Rhodesta Diamond Co., (12), Oakland Crescent, Chicago.

## **Architecture—Bldg—Machinery**

**RIFE AUTOMATIC HYDRAULIC RAM**, pumps water by water-power—no attention—no expense—2 feet fall elevates water 50 feet, etc. Guaranteed. Catalog free. Rife Ram Co., 1285 Trinity Building, New York City.



# COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM

(ANTISEPTIC)



Perfect, not only in its delicious flavor and wonderful cleansing power, but in the real convenience of the new package. More efficient than liquid, less wasteful than powder.

TRY THE CREAM BY SENDING FOR SAMPLE.

Mailed to you for a 2-cent stamp.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. C, 55 John Street, New York, U. S. A.

COMES OUT A RIBBON  
LIES FLAT  
ON THE BRUSH

## LAND OPENING!

Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railway  
IRRIGABLE LANDS IN THE FAMOUS PECOS VALLEY—PECOS COUNTY, TEXAS.

**No Homestead or Residence Requirements**

These lands may be entered in tracts of ten acres or multiples thereof at \$40 per acre on terms of \$16 down and \$8 per month—no interest—no taxes for five years, including perpetual water-right and proportionate ownership of the immense irrigation works, now building. Filings made without leaving home.

The "Orient" road now has over 800 miles built and in operation between Kansas City and the Pacific Coast in Mexico and will soon be in operation over its entire length and through these lands which will then command \$100 to \$500 per acre.

For full information regarding these lands and the "Orient" road enclose four cents in stamps to the

**BOARD OF LAND COMMISSIONERS**  
728 Victor Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

## A FREE SAMPLE of the New Building Felt



(LINON FELT MADE FROM FLAX FIBRE IN THIS FACTORY)

Sent to you, if you are about to build or interested in building a house of any kind. Also a neatly illustrated book

"THE HOUSE OF SILENCE,"

which tells how and why it  
SAVES ITS COST IN ONE WINTER.

**38 TIMES** AS EFFECTIVE  
AS STANDARD **BUILDING PAPER**

For Excluding Cold, Heat or Noises. Not Expensive—it adds less than 1 percent to the cost of any building; but adds fully 10 percent to its warmth and comfort.

SOLD BY HARDWARE AND BUILDING TRADES.

WRITE **UNION FIBRE CO.**

17 Fibre Ave., Winoona, Minn.

**THE PHILIP CAREY COMPANY**

Distributors, Cincinnati

Branches and Warehouses in all large cities in the U. S., Canada and Mexico



When you write, please mention 'the Cosmopolitan'



# C O S M O P O L

## A Great Serial



HERBERT QUICK

ELEANOR GATES

CHARLES E. RUSSELL

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR and the invention of a practical aeroplane are yet in the future, but many believe that we are on the threshold of these events. Herbert Quick has written for the COSMOPOLITAN a serial dealing with the air that is as thrilling as it is odd, quaint and unusual. Mr. Quick, the author of "The Broken Lance" and "The Occultation of Florian Amidon," has created in Craighead a character as finely drawn, as absurdly interesting, and as everlastingly hopeful as Mr. Micawber. The perfection of the dirigible and its relegation to the obsolete by the practical aeroplane is all worked out, closely interwoven with a tender love story and a great legal battle for control of the lanes of the air. One holds his breath when the aeroplane and the submarine, entangled by a steel trailer, fight it out to the death. Mr. Quick has a peculiarly graceful and quaint way of telling a story and in this one he has surpassed anything he has done before. It will begin during the early spring.

## New Stories by Eleanor Gates

MISS ELEANOR GATES, author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl," "The Plow-Woman," and other Western stories, and one of the most popular of the younger set of American story-tellers, will be a contributor of short fiction to the COSMOPOLITAN during the coming year. Readers will remember "The Spotted Dog" and "The Girl and the Gun-Fighter," and also that extremely interesting series, "The Girl Who Travels Alone," which appeared in the COSMOPOLITAN two years ago and aroused a great deal of discussion. "Stealing a Border Town," in the present issue, is a valuable study of new wholesome conditions that have come to prevail in the Southwest. This is the spirit that runs through Miss Gates's work, and her fiction is the most characteristic and up-to-date that we now have coming from the great West.

## Charles E. Russell's Life of Charlemagne

A GREAT FEATURE of the coming year will be a life of Charlemagne by Charles Edward Russell, whose forceful and picturesque writings are familiar to and always welcomed by the readers of the COSMOPOLITAN. Here is a subject worthy of Mr. Russell's pen, for, as he says, "a figure better adapted to romantic

interest could not be imagined." For some years Mr. Russell has closely studied all extant writings on the life and character of the great founder of the Holy Roman Empire, and he finds his chief rôle in history to be that of a great humanizer and champion of the beginnings of fraternity. This "Life of Charlemagne" is no dry-as-dust biography, but a living vivid narrative of one of the main epochs of world history. From the very first chapter the reader receives an unforgettable impression of a wonderful age and a wonderful hero. Special attention has been paid to the illustrations, and a great deal of valuable and quaint material has already been collected. Mr. Russell is now in Europe going over the scenes of Charlemagne's activities in search of more illustrations for his work.

## The Humor of Ellis Parker Butler

**P**IGS IS PIGS," and Ellis Parker Butler is Ellis Parker Butler. No one can put the quaint turn and the chuckle-compelling twist to a ludicrous situation like Mr. Butler. He will be heard from in the COSMOPOLITAN this year, and a broad grin is bound to follow the perusal of his tales.

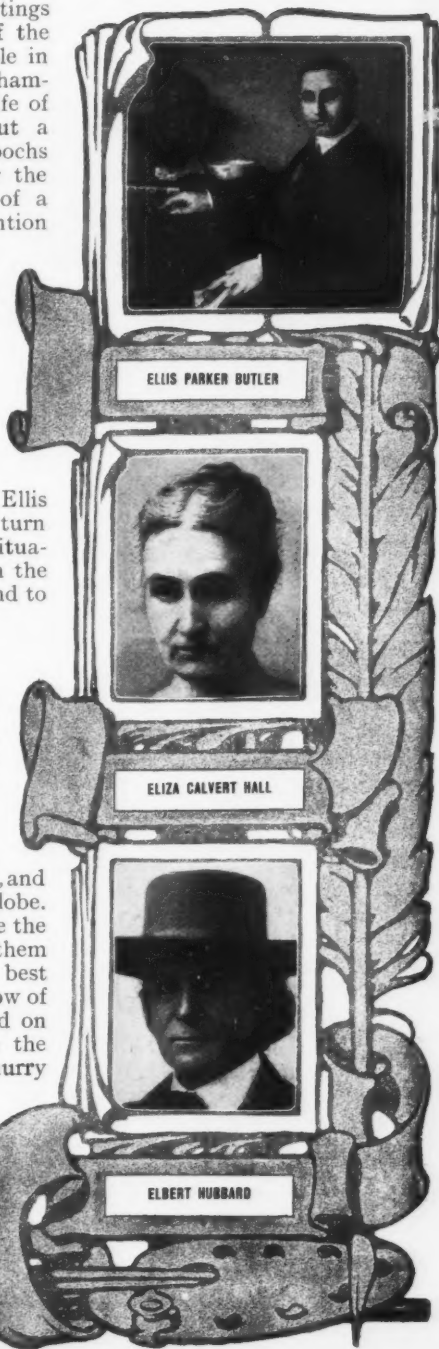
## More "Aunt Jane" Stories

**E**LIZA CALVERT HALL. The name of what contributor to the COSMOPOLITAN brings sweeter memories to its readers? Her "Aunt Jane" has won a firm place in the affections of all those who love that deep wisdom which comes of simplicity of nature and kindliness of soul.

It is more than ten years since "Aunt Jane" began telling her stories in the pages of this magazine, and there is still call for them from all quarters of the globe. "Aunt Jane" is the "real thing," and her tales are the "real thing." We are going to have more of them during the coming year, and they will be the best things Eliza Calvert Hall has ever done. We know of no fiction to-day that has taken a stronger hold on readers—men and women readers—than have the "Aunt Jane" stories. If you don't know them, hurry up and get acquainted.

## Elbert Hubbard

**T**HE writings of Elbert Hubbard on the opening pages of our issues, although short, are among the magazine's most popular features and will be continued during the coming year.



# C O S M O P O L

## What Mr. Blythe Thinks of New York



SAMUEL G. BLYTHE



EDWIN LEFEVRE



HENRY WATTERSON

SAMUEL G. BLYTHE will contribute several articles to the COSMOPOLITAN in the course of the year. You all know Mr. Blythe. He is a hard-headed, two-fisted writer who has no illusions about great men and great reputations, and views cities divested of all glamour. Mr. Blythe can turn the spotlight on a sham with unerring accuracy, and accentuate every pitiful angle of it. When he takes a public character and slowly turns him on the spit you can almost hear the sizzling. You have read his descriptions of London, Paris, and Berlin, or, again, you may have followed his tales of San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Seattle in the fight for the mastery of the Pacific, and, reading these stories, it is only necessary to say that Mr. Blythe will turn his attention to New York as a metropolis, and tell what he thinks of it. If you don't read anything else in the magazine all year, you will be repaid by this article, and there will be others from the same pen.

## Edwin Lefèvre on Wall Street

THERE IS NO WRITER that understands Wall Street as Edwin Lefèvre understands it. Mr. Lefèvre, like the Admirable Crichton, has "played the game." He knows every angle of it. When he starts to unfold a tale of the great financial district he writes as a master-craftsman of the money-mart. "The Golden Flood" was one of the most unusual and fascinating stories ever conceived dealing with the stock exchange and the great banks. Mr. Lefèvre will contribute to the magazine in the course of the year a series of articles dealing with financiers and Wall Street methods. He will show how the game can be, and is constantly being, beaten.

## Henry Watterson on Lincoln

FEBRUARY 12, 1909, is the centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. It has been said that more has been written about this majestic, somberly pathetic figure than about any other man except Christ. The place of Lincoln in history is fixed for all time, and whatever may be written in the future can add little or

Address

**Cosmopolitan Maga**  
New York

# LITAN • 1909

nothing to the sublimity of his life and his achievements.

Col. Henry Watterson, who, perhaps better than any other, can write sympathetically of the work and life of the martyred president, will contribute an appreciation of Lincoln to the March number of the COSMOPOLITAN.

Colonel Watterson will visualize Lincoln as no other writer of to-day can do. It is Lincoln the living, moving, breathing man that Watterson will write of, and not Lincoln the Statesman and the President.

## The Poe Centenary

THE COMING YEAR sees the centenary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe, the wonderful genius. An intimate personal sketch of the life of this stormy petrel of letters will be contributed to the magazine by Miss Elisabeth Ellicott Poe, a grandniece of the unfortunate writer. Much that has never been known of the life of Poe will be told by Miss Poe, and pictures, hitherto unpublished, will illustrate the article.

## Some Cosmopolitan Artists

YOU will find in COSMOPOLITAN during the coming year the work of such artists as, Harrison Fisher, G. Patrick Nelson, F. E. Schoonover, Horace Taylor, Charles B. Falls, Gordon M. McCouch, W. Herbert Dunton, Frank Snapp, Charles Livingston Bull, Will Foster and others.

## Subscription Price \$1 a Year

READERS will please note that while the price of a single issue of the COSMOPOLITAN is now 15 cents, an advance made necessary by the greatly increased cost of production and the usually large number of costly features to be found every month in its pages, the subscription price is kept for the present at the old rate of \$1 a year. A hint to the wise is always sufficient, so send your dollar to the address given below, or better still, send \$5 for a five years' subscription and be assured of the COSMOPOLITAN at this very low rate for a long time to come.

zine, Dept. E, 2 Duane St.  
City





Deposit your savings here,  
pending permanent invest-  
ment.

The advantages offered are—

Unquestioned safety and  
four per cent interest, com-  
pounded semi-annually.

Write today for Booklet E  
explaining our convenient  
banking-by-mail system.

Capital and Profits, \$2,900,000.00

**Commonwealth Trust Co.**  
PITTSBURGH, PA.

## The HOLSMAN "Goes Anywhere"

**High Wheels Travel All Roads Because  
All Roads are Made to be Traveled  
by High Wheels**

The Holman is the original high-wheeled automobile. It will go where no other automobile of equal horse power can go—up any hill, over rocks, ridges or stumps, through deep mud, ruts or sand. Winner in greatest 1908 Hill Climb in America. Cheaper than a horse. Operation under 1c a mile. Up-keep under 10c a day. Solid rubber tires. No differential gears or friction clutches. A blacksmith can make all ordinary repairs. Every machine guaranteed. Built by the oldest and largest manufacturers of high wheeled automobiles in the world.

Annual sales over \$600,000.00.  
Write for catalog and testimonials.

HOLSMAN AUTOMOBILE CO.,  
281 Monadnock Block, Chicago.

**\$550 Up**



## THE "BEST" LIGHT



The "Best" Light and Lighting System makes and burns its own gas. Operates any number of lights. Lamps from 100 to 2,000 candle power; made in 200 different styles. A beautiful, steady light, brighter than electricity or acetylene, and cheaper than kerosene. Catalog and estimate of the cost of installing the "Best" System in churches, offices, factories, stores, and residences furnished on request. Write to-day. Agents wanted everywhere.

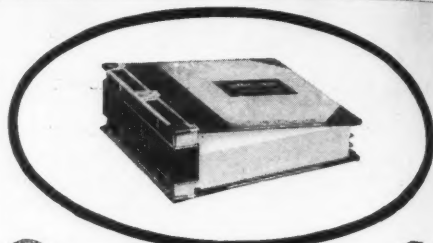
**THE BEST LIGHT CO.**  
826 EAST FIFTH ST., CANTON, OHIO

**1000  
CANDLE  
POWER**

**OVER  
200  
STYLES**



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



## Incomparable "Best Value" Ledger

This, the perfect product of 15 years' experience, is the *Ledger Par Excellence*, because of its

**Durability  
Ease of Operation  
Expansion  
Beauty**

It is made with a new powerful automatic lock of the best aluminum and steel obtainable. The rubber cushions on corners at locking end are a conspicuous improvement in the art of Ledger making.

Made and Recommended by  
"The House of Long Experience"

**Baker - Vawter Company**  
NEW YORK Dept. C. CHICAGO

Dutch Bald Whiskers 50c; Chin Whiskers on Gauze 35c; Wax Hose 15c; Grease Paint 15c; entire Outfit \$1.00. Send us 4c stamps, for large catalogue of plays, wigs, and Make-Up material, and "The Art of Making Up."  
N. TRADEMORE CO., Toledo, O.

## CANDY

In order to introduce our delicious Chocolates, Bonbons and Nudie Caramels, in every home in the United States, we will send you on receipt of 50c. in Money or Stamps, a handsome box filled. The box itself is a fine ornament to your Dresser. Sent postpaid.

BLANKE-WENNEKER, 608 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

## Join Our Post Card Club—FREE

Free membership in the American Home Post Card Club secures you full privileges of our big Post Card Exchange Department. Your address will also be printed free, so as to reach 1,000,000 readers in America, Germany, France, India, China, Australia, etc., etc. Secure free membership by merely forwarding a dime for the great national monthly and Post Card Exchange. Address

AMERICAN HOME MAGAZINE POST CARD CLUB  
4 DEANE STREET, NEW YORK CITY  
Dept. N. C.



# TRY MY PEN AT MY RISK

*G. S. Parker*



I will show my faith, and my pen will show its apt, unfailing usefulness. Try one for Ten days is all I ask. Go to your dealer—he will let you take one for ten days free trial, and ten days use will show that the faults of fountain pens in general are absolutely eliminated from

## PARKER Lucky Curve FOUNTAIN PENS

No inking your fingers with a Parker—no blotting—all because of the lucky curve. When you remove the cap of an ordinary fountain pen, nine times out of ten you will find it full of ink. That's because the heat of your body expands the air in the ink reservoir, and forces the ink in the feed channel out into the cap. But with the Parker, the lucky curve drains the ink back into the reservoir. That's why the Parker is the pen that inks the point, not the fingers. Prove it yourself by free trial.

### GO TO ANY DEALER

Find a style of Parker that looks good to your eye and feels right in your hand, and use it for ten days. No risk on your part—no investment—no sale unless after ten days use you are satisfied that a Parker is a work-saving, worth-while investment. And you're the judge. You can get a Parker, either standard or self-filling, in many different designs, including "the cap with the colored crown" (design patent applied for) in one or more colors, or college colors. Prices range from \$1.50 up. Get one from a dealer to-day, with a Cap Fast Clip, which will protect it from loss, or if you can't find a Parker dealer, write to me personally—write away for a catalog, showing wide range of designs and prices.

GEO. S. PARKER, Pres.

**PARKER PEN CO.,** 106 MILL STREET,  
JANESVILLE, WIS.



# Fighting the Trust!!

The Smashing Anti-Trust Fight Now On!



## Trust Prices Eclipsed at Last!

An absolutely first-class high-grade watch at a price within the reach of the people—The Burlington Special No-Trust Watch.

The World's Masterpiece of watch manufacture—the Burlington Special—now sold direct to the public at its rock-bottom, no-trust price (and besides without middlemen's profits).

**We do not care what it costs—we will up—** hold our independent line and so we are making the most sweeping, baffling offer ever made on watches.

"Cheap" watches with famous names on the dials are indeed sold "cheap"; but on really good watches manufacturers and jewelers have "systems" and "contract" agreements to keep up prices and push only "big profits" lines. So we are now forced to market our high grade watches direct at the very same price the WHOLESALE jeweler must pay.

This is your opportunity—NOW—while this great no-trust offer lasts—get the best watch made anywhere at one-third the price of other high-grade watches. Furthermore, in order to fight the Trust most effectually, we even allow terms of \$2.50 a month on our finest watch—easiest possible payments at the rock-bottom price, the identical price the Wholesale jeweler must pay.

### Watch Book on request

Now do not miss this opportunity. At least we want you to know about WATCHES and WATCH PRICES. Write today.

**Be posted** Send a postal or letter or simply mail coupon without sending a letter and get the free book.

**BURLINGTON  
WATCH CO.**

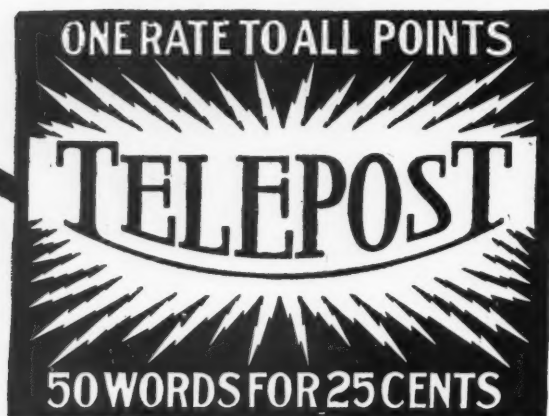
Dept. 1048  
Millard Sta.  
Chicago

Please send me without obligation and prepaid your free book on watches and copy of your \$1000 challenge to the Watch and Fight on Burlington Watch.

Millard Station, Chicago

Name.....  
Address.....  
No Letter Necessary  
Coupon will do

# THE ERA OF CHEAP TELEGRAPHY IS HERE



**T**HE first lines of the Telepost will be put into commercial operation about the time

**This Issue of Cosmopolitan**

reaches you. New lines will be opened as rapidly as physical and financial conditions permit, until every city in the United States is connected.

**Q** This new automatic service is of vital interest not only to present users of the telegraph, but also to the general public, who will now be able to send quite a LETTER by wire and receive a prepaid reply the same day at a total expense (*regardless of distance*) of 50 cents for the two.

**Q** An interesting illustrated booklet has been prepared, describing in detail the invention, its operation, its economy, its rapidity and its accuracy. Mailed without cost to anyone asking for Booklet No. 6.

**TELEPOST COMPANY**

225 Fifth Avenue

New York City



# The STEINWAY PIANO

## At the Courts of the Old World

The supremacy of the Steinway Piano is unquestioned. Its fame is spread broadcast all over the globe. Its status wherever music holds sway is that of premiership.

Search the annals of the world and no other house in any line can be found that has been distinguished by such an array of honors. The Royal and Imperial Houses of the Old World have nearly all signally honored the House of Steinway by appointment as Piano-forte Manufacturers to their respective courts.

Two such royal appointments have been just recently made: H. R. H. the Princess of Wales and the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch (brother of the present Czar of Russia) having designated Steinway & Sons by royal warrants as their official piano manufacturers.

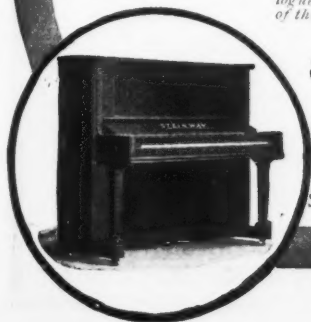
Such recognition can be the result of but one thing—the International Supremacy of the Steinway Piano.

That the Steinway represents the highest achievement in piano construction ever attained is self-evident. For your own satisfaction examine a Steinway Miniature Grand (Price \$800) or a Steinway Vertegrand (Price \$550), ebonized cases.

VERTEGRAND  
EBONIZED CASE  
PRICE \$550

*Steinway Pianos can be bought of any authorized Steinway dealer at New York prices, with cost of transportation added. Illustrated catalogue and booklets sent on request and mention of this magazine.*

MINIATURE GRAND  
EBONIZED CASE  
PRICE \$800



### STEINWAY & SONS

Steinway Hall

107 and 109 East 14th St.

New York

*Subway Express Station at the Door*



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

# Philadelphia Founded as a City in 1683

Philadelphia is a city with 307,647 dwellings; 65,000 built within the last ten years.

Philadelphia has 846 churches; 334 hospitals and asylums.

Philadelphia has 1400 associations devoted to the relief of suffering.

Philadelphia has 311 public schools.

Philadelphia has 1800 miles of graded and paved streets.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 28,000,000 yards of woolen goods, enough to make uniforms for all the armies of Europe now in active service.

Philadelphia is the city which, having only one-sixtieth of the Population of the Republic, produces one-twentieth of all its manufactures.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 12,000,000 dozen hose and half hose, enough to allow 2 pairs for every man, woman and child in the United States.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 34,000,000 yards of worsted goods, enough to make a suit of clothes for every man over 19 years of age now resident in the New England and Middle Atlantic States.

Philadelphia is the city which gave birth to the Bill of Rights.

Philadelphia is the home of the Declaration of Independence.

Philadelphia is the birthplace of the Constitution of the United States.

Philadelphia has 16,000 Manufacturing Plants, employing 250,000 skilled laborers, each year consuming \$400,000,000 of raw material and producing \$700,000,000 of manufactures.

Philadelphia has 57 Parks and Squares, one of them being the largest park in the world, containing over 3400 acres.

Philadelphia manufactures 8 locomotives every working day, or 2663 in the year. These locomotives on a perfectly level track would haul 168,000 loaded cars of 50 tons capacity.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 4,800,000 hats. The bands, end on end, would reach from Philadelphia to Denver.

Philadelphia in past 52 years has borrowed 136 million dollars; has paid off 73 million of this debt, and now, with only 63 million dollars outstanding, owns property valued at more than 277 million dollars.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 45,000,000 yards of carpet, enough to put a belt around the earth and leave a remnant long enough to reach Cincinnati.

## FOUNDERS' WEEK

1683 1908

### PROGRAM

**SUNDAY, October 4th**—Religious Day  
—Open air service in Fairmount Park and original squares; all denominations and sects.

**MONDAY, October 5th**—Military Day  
—Largest mobilization of troops since Civil War.

**TUESDAY, October 6th**—Municipal Day  
—Parade, illustrating evolution of municipal departments.

**WEDNESDAY, October 7th**—Industrial Day  
—Over 100 floats in line illustrating evolution of industries.

**THURSDAY, October 8th**—Children's and Naval Day  
—150,000 children at Independence Hall; 20 United States and Foreign warships and 500 other craft on River with great pyrotechnic display in evening.

**FRIDAY, October 9th**—Historical Day  
—Historical pageant, first ever given in the United States; 40 floats and 5,000 marching men in costume.

**SATURDAY, October 10th**—Athletics & Knights Templar Day  
—Motor boat and automobile races and athletic contests. Knights Templar review and closing ceremonies at City Hall.

Philadelphia manufactures each year 180,000,000 yards of cotton piece goods, enough to make a pair of sheets for every family in the United States.

Philadelphia has a jobbing and wholesale trade of \$500,000,000 annually.

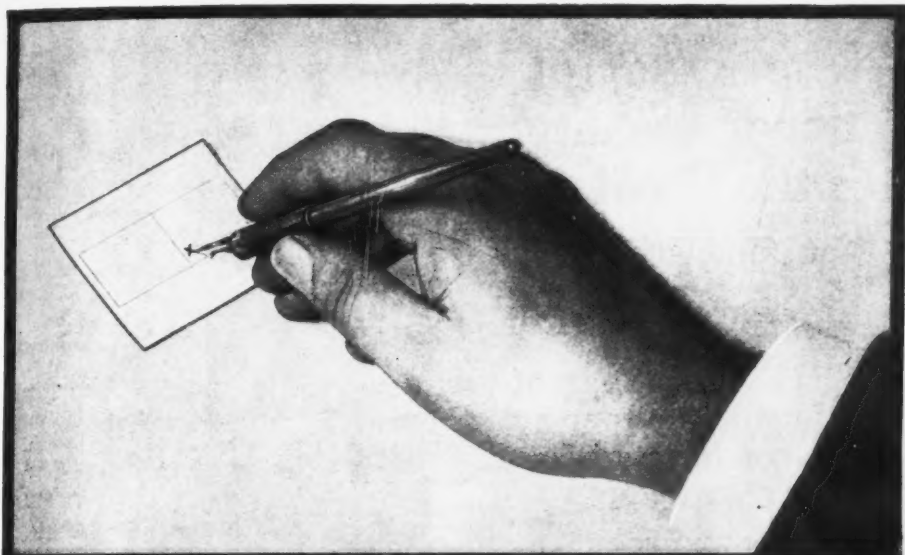
Philadelphia manufactures each year 2,000,000 dozen underwear, enough to give 2 shirts and drawers to every one in Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia has 650 miles of Electric Tramways, including Elevated, Surface and Subway Lines.

Philadelphia has 105 National Banks, Trust Companies and Saving Funds, with total capital and surplus of 170 million dollars and deposits of 587 million dollars.

Philadelphia has 1000 business firms and corporations engaged in the wholesale trade.

**PHILADELPHIA'S HISTORY DRAMATIZED ON FRANKLIN FIELD EVERY EVENING DURING FOUNDERS' WEEK**



## Will You Do This for a Bigger Salary?

There's no sentiment attached to a question like this—it's a matter of dollars and cents—of earning more—of being able to *command* a bigger salary.

This same question has led thousands of men to write and ask how their positions could be bettered and their salaries increased through the help of the International Correspondence Schools. *The result has been that in the last two years 7,300 of the men who have advanced through the help of the I. C. S. have voluntarily reported salary increases aggregating \$4,905,600. During July the number was 310.*

These men were no better off than you when they first marked the coupon. Most of them were poorly paid; some lived thousands of miles away; many of them could only read and write. Yet, without leaving home or work they were quickly enabled to become experts at *their chosen occupations*.

Won't you mark the coupon for more money? The I. C. S. has a way that fits *your* case exactly. It costs nothing to learn about it. Mark and mail the coupon now.

**The Business of This Place  
Is to Raise Salaries.**

### International Correspondence Schools, Box 841, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for employment or advancement in the position before which I have marked **X**

Bookkeeper	Mechanical Draftsman
Stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Show Card Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Plumber & Steam Fitter
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Civil Service	Building Contractor
Chemist	Architect's Draftsman
Textile Mill Supt.	Architect
Electrician	Structural Engineer
Elec. Engineer	Banking
	Mining Engineer

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## The Proof of Paper Quality is the Proof of

### COUPON BOND

THE final test of  
business paper by  
all large buyers is the  
test for strength.

STRENGTH means  
quality, time and  
care in the making, long,  
strong fibres evenly in-  
terwoven.



On the standard testing machine

### COUPON BOND

THE DE LUXE BUSINESS PAPER

shows greater and more uniform resist-  
ance than any other business paper.

The quality of **COUPON BOND** stands the most vigorous in-  
spection. By eye test, by mechanical test, by service test,  
**COUPON BOND** proves itself beyond question the superior of any  
bond paper manufactured.

Write us on your business letterhead for samples of this splendid paper in all  
colors; also of booklet and cover papers. Compare these with the paper  
you are now using. Put them to any test you wish. Comparison will only  
serve to emphasize the fact that **Coupon Bond** is the paper you should use.



AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY

*Largest Manufacturers of Writing, Book and Cover,  
and other Papers for Business Purposes. 29 Mills.*

HOLYOKE, . . . . . MASS.



# JAP-A-LAC

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
**A HIGH GRADE  
VARNISH AND STAIN COMBINED**



## JAP-A-LAC

is a high grade varnish and stain combined. There is only one Jap-a-lac and it is manufactured by us. We are one of the oldest and best known varnish houses in the country.

Jap-a-lac is made by a secret process known only to ourselves and must not be confounded with the many imitations, which are now being offered because of the popularity of Jap-a-lac.

When you ask for Jap-a-lac be sure to get it, don't allow any one to argue you into taking something else. Some colored varnishes are higher in price, some lower. You may be told that a higher priced article is better than Jap-a-lac, that the lower priced is "just as good"—this is not true. Get the genuine and be sure of results. Take no chances on an unadvertised article of this character. Advertising compels the manufacturer to make his product better than others. In addition you have the largest and best varnish factory in the world back of every can of Jap-a-lac you buy.

We use special machinery in the perfect grinding of Jap-a-lac, insuring a uniform, easy flowing varnish. We use the best of pigments insuring fast colors—many manufacturers use aniline to color their varnishes—colored varnish in which aniline is used fades quickly, although it may look well when first applied. We use the very finest grade of Kauri Gum and highest quality of materials throughout.

Jap-a-lac is the most durable colored varnish made—it dries quickly with a beautiful lustre as hard as flint, does not mar easily, nor scratch white. It wears like iron.

Jap-a-lac retains its brilliancy through wear and abuse right down to the surface.

We want you to "Get the habit" of Jap-a-lac-ing; when you do you will have found a new method of

## SAVING MONEY

There are many things about every home that become scuffed and rusty looking—some of them are discarded and replaced with new, simply because of their appearance.

Thousands of dollars are needlessly wasted every year in this way. If you will use Jap-a-lac liberally you can save your proportion of this waste.

We have so many splendid testimonials of the benefits of using Jap-a-lac that we want you to know about it. We have compiled a little booklet explaining what Jap-a-lac is and what it will do. Don't you want us to send you one? We shall be glad to if you will drop us a postal.

You have no idea how many places you will find that need a little touching up, until you get a can of Jap-a-lac and a brush, in your own hands.

The cost is small. A quarter pint can at 15c contains sufficient to cover a small chair or table. A quart can at 75c contains eight times as much as the 15c can. There is a still further reduction on larger sizes, making the cost a small item when compared with the results.

A few of the things on which Jap-a-lac should be used: Interior Woodwork, Weather Beaten Doors, Chairs, Tables, Floors, Ranges, Andirons, Linoleum, Chandeliers, Radiators, Plate Racks, Wire Screens, Refrigerators, Picture Frames, Porch Furniture, Wicker Furniture, etc.

**For Sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers.  
All sizes from 15c to \$2.50**

*If YOUR dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC, send us his name and 10c (except for Gold which is 25c) to cover cost of mailing, and we will send FREE Sample (quarter pint can), to any point in the United States.*

*The name "GLIDDEN" on a can of varnish is a guarantee of highest quality. If you use varnishes for any purpose insist on Glidden's Green Label line and you will secure the best results.*

*The Glidden  
Varnish Co.*

1108 Rockefeller Bldg.

Cleveland, Ohio

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

# 17 Cents a Day Buys an Oliver

This amazing offer—the New Model Oliver Typewriter No. 5 at 17 cents a day—is open to everybody, everywhere. It's our new and immensely popular plan of selling Oliver Typewriters on little easy payments. The abandonment of longhand in favor of clean, legible, beautiful typewriting is the next great step in human progress.

Already—in all lines of business and in all professions—the use of pen-and-ink is largely restricted to the writing of signatures.

Business Colleges and High Schools, watchful of the trend of public sentiment, are training a vast army of young people in the use of Oliver Typewriters.

The prompt and generous response of the Oliver Typewriter Company to the world-wide demand for universal typewriting, gives tremendous impetus to the movement.

The Oliver, with the largest sale of any typewriter in existence, was the logical machine to take the initiative in bringing about the universal use of typewriters. It always leads!

## Save Your Pennies and Own

The **OLIVER**  
Typewriter

*The Standard Visible Writer*

This "17-Cents-a-Day" selling plan makes the Oliver as easy to own as to rent. It places the machine within easy reach of every home—every individual. A man's "cigar money"—a woman's "pin money"—will buy it.

Clerks on small salaries can now afford to own Olivers. By utilizing spare moments for practice they may fit themselves for more important positions.

School boys and school girls can buy Olivers by saving their pennies.

You can buy an Oliver on this plan at the regular catalog price—\$100. A small first payment brings the machine. Then you save 17 cents a day and pay monthly.

And the possession of an Oliver Typewriter enables you to earn money to finish paying for the machine.

### Advantages

The Oliver is the most highly perfected typewriter on the market—hence its 100 per cent efficiency.

Among its scores of conveniences are:

- the Balance Shift
- the Ruling Device
- the Double Release
- the Locomotive Base
- the Automatic Spacer
- the Automatic Tabulator
- the Disappearing Indicator
- the Adjustable Paper Fingers
- the Scientific Condensed Keyboard

Can you spend 17 Cents a day to better advantage than in the purchase of this wonderful machine?

Write for Special Easy Payment Proposition or see the nearest Oliver Agent.

**The Oliver Typewriter Company**  
56 Oliver Bldg. Chicago

### Service Possibilities

The Oliver Typewriter turns out more work—of better quality and greater variety—than any other writing machine. Simplicity, strength, ease of operation and visibility are the corner stones of its towering supremacy in

- Correspondence
- Card Index Work
- Tabulated Reports
- Follow-up Systems
- Manifolding Service
- Addressing Envelopes
- Working on Ruled Forms
- Cutting Mimeograph Stencils



This is  
the brush  
that  
made you  
cuss  
because  
it  
shed  
its  
bristles.

But below is  
the brush that  
holds its bristles  
and holds its shape  
until shaving days are  
done. In the

## RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

### Shaving Brush

the bristles are assembled with exacting care, then vulcanized in rubber so that they hold their shape in hot water or cold, good soap or bad, rough hand or light. When you consider that Rubberset Shaving Brushes cost no more than the ordinary kind, what's the need of swearing?

At all dealers' and barbers', in all styles and sizes, 25, 50, 75 cents to \$6. If not at your dealer's, send for booklet from which you may order by mail.

To the average man  
we commend the  
\$1.00 brush.



Be sure  
to get  
Rubberset  
and don't  
take any  
other that  
claims to be  
set in rubber

Berco's  
Shaving Cream  
Soap softens  
the beard in-  
stantly. Doesn't  
dry, doesn't smart.  
Use a tube at all  
dealers' or direct by  
mail. Send 2c stamp for sample  
tube—one month's supply.

THE RUBBERSET COMPANY,  
76 Ferry Street,  
Newark, N.J.

"To have your roof last — Use Ruberoid Roofing First."

# RUBEROID

TRADE MARK, REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE



The only  
permanent  
Roofing  
with  
permanent  
colors

Made in  
Red,  
Brown,  
Green and  
Slate  
color

THE STANDARD

# ROOFING

THE STANDARD

has none of the defects common to other roofing materials, as the following comparison shows:

**Metal Roofs** rust and leak unless frequently painted. A metal roofed house is always hot in summer.

**RUBEROID** never rusts, needs no painting when laid and insures a cool interior. **Shingles** warp, split and rot, are very expensive and require frequent repair.

**RUBEROID** does not warp, split or rot, is less expensive than metal or shingles and lasts longer.

**Tar and Low-Priced Roofings**, even when covered with sand or gravel, are quickly affected by changes of temperature. They melt and run under summer heat, leaving their felt or paper base unprotected. They are also more or less inflammable.

**RUBEROID** is not affected by changes of temperature and never melts or runs under the hottest sun. It is weather-proof, water-proof and so highly fire resistant that sparks or burning brands will not ignite it.

**RUBEROID** has an unequalled record of over 16 years' satisfactory service and is proven the most economical roofing made. Any handy man can lay it. No skilled labor required.

For further particulars write for Booklet No. 39

## THE STANDARD PAINT COMPANY

Manufacturers of Ruberoid Roofing, Building and Sheathing Papers, etc.  
100 William St., New York

Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans  
THE STANDARD PAINT CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Imperial Bank Bldg., Montreal  
THE RUBEROID CO., LTD., 81-83 Knightbridge St., London, England  
CIE. FRANCAISE DU RUBEROID, 81 Boulevard Richard Lenoir, Paris, France

RAILWAY

TEXAS & PACIFIC

10 Miles to Pecos, Texas

PECOS RIVER

Canal

## I Must Absolutely Prove That

# 10 Acres of Irrigated Land

Can be Made to Earn Over **\$100.00 A Month** For You

## I Will Sell it to You for \$3.00 a Week

**Geo. E. Barstow**  
President  
**Pecos Valley Land & Irrigation Co.**

OF

### BARSTOW TEXAS

Land, all under cultivation, income property from the very beginning, if you can save \$3.00 a week.

You can go and live on it—absolutely assured of an independent living from it alone.

Or arrangements will be made to have it cultivated for you for a small share of the crops.

Now I can and will prove all this from the highest authorities in the land.

All you have to do is—write to me and say, "Prove to me that ten acres of your Texas Irrigated Land can be made to produce an income of from \$1,000.00 to \$5,000.00 a year."

I have the proof, so read what my company will do for you.

### New Safe Land Plan

I will deliver at once to the Citizen's State Bank of Barstow, Texas, a Warranty Deed to ten acres of the land of the Pecos Valley Land and Irrigation Company as per the subdivision of the Company's property made by John Wilson and filed for record with the County Clerk of Ward County, Texas.

I will deliver at once to you, one of our Secured Land Contracts for the Warranty Deed at the Bank—on the contract appears a certificate signed by an Officer of the Bank and certifying that the Bank has your deed and will deliver it to you according to the terms of your Secured Land Contract. The Bank acts as an independent agent for both of us—to guarantee fair play.

You must pay \$3.00 a week, or at the rate of \$3.00 a week in monthly, quarterly, semi-annual or annual payments.

Or you can pay as much faster as you like.

At the end of each year—if you take more than 5 years to complete your payments—you will be credited with 5 per cent per annum on the amount you have paid.

\$15 down and \$3 a week paid regularly, and the interest credits, will mature your Contract in a little over two and three-fourths years.

But you can mature your Contract by paying the same total amount, \$483, in a day, a month, six months, a year, or in any less time than 2 1/2 years, and whenever your regular receipts and your interest allowance credit receipts total \$483, all you have to do to get your land is to take or send your receipts and your contract to the Citizen's State Bank at Barstow, Texas, together with twenty-eight vendor lien notes each for \$39, payable one every three months for seven years.

The Bank will then give you your Warranty Deed to the land, which, according to the Contract and the Deed, must be fully irrigated and all under cultivation.

Remember this is ten acres of land which I must first prove is capable of producing an income of from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year.

You get this land for \$483, which you can pay in less than three years—\$15 down and \$3 a week—and you then have only four \$39 notes each year for seven years to pay out of your income.

Can you hope in any other way, so safe and sure as this, to have so large an independent income in so short a time?

I believe the purchase of Texas Irrigated Land to be the best way for a man of small means to make himself independent. And I believe I am qualified to pass judgment as I have been interested in irrigation matters locally and nationally for 15 years.

The results are simply astounding to those who are unfamiliar with the great subject of irrigation.

And I believe the happiest man these days is the man with the little ten acre irrigated farm—(President Roosevelt says, "Even 3 acres is enough to support a family and keep it busy").

The owner of a Ten Acre Irrigated Farm doesn't have to "knuckle to the boss," nor strain his conscience in the struggle of the intense commercialism of the day.

His income is practically untouched by "financial depression."

His living and peace of mind are not dependent upon the whim of any man.

He is king in his own little domain.

He can make his little ten acres earn as much as a quarter section (160 acres) unirrigated, would produce—as much as between twenty and eighty thousand dollars in cash would bring, loaned out at 6 per cent.

He has his close neighbors, his telephone, good roads, schools and churches—in fact, all the comforts and conveniences of life that come with the prosperous close-knit community, though they pass by the great isolated farm.

The land I want you to buy is all good rich soil, irrigated from Canals and Ditches already constructed in the most approved modern fashion and carrying an abundant supply of water taken from the ever-flowing Pecos River.

It is within a few miles of Barstow, Texas, and Pecos City, Texas, (the two towns are only 6 1/2 miles apart—the land lies between the towns and a little to the north) and served by the Texas & Pacific Railway and the Pecos Valley Line of the Santa Fe System.

With rich soil, a splendid climate and the uncertain quantity—moisture—eliminated, agriculture and horticulture can here be scientifically carried on to the splendid profit of the land owner.

The abundant crops of large and in every other way superior hay, grain, cotton, vegetables and fruits are equalled in only a very few favored spots.

The justly celebrated Barstow Grapes are considered by many to be even better—variety for variety—than those raised in Southern California—and we are 120 miles nearer the great Eastern market.

But all this is the merest outline of what I desire to show you in detail. I am only attempting to make it clear to you that you can have an assured independent living income in less than three years if you can possibly save \$3 a week.

I have promised to submit the proof. All you have to do is write for it. Will you do that today, even if you can't comment right away? I want the address of every man or woman who is willing to save \$3 a week if I can prove that the result will be financial independence in less than three short years.

There is nothing philanthropic about this proposition, but I especially want to hear from the wage-earners. I have worked for fifteen years to develop this Irrigation System and this community. It would be gratifying to me to have those who most need it reap the benefits of my labors.

It will be more convenient for you to address me at St. Louis, and I am equipped there to best answer you.

**GEORGE E. BARSTOW, President**  
Pecos Valley Land and Irrigation Company, of Barstow, Texas.  
834 Missouri Trust Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



## To Make Home Painting a Success

Don't spoil a good finish by applying it with a poor brush.

If you have to stop and pick loose bristles off your work, you cannot lay on the finish evenly and brush marks are bound to show.

Here is a set of brushes, any size, for any purpose, from enameling a bed to painting a floor, and it is absolutely impossible for them to lose a bristle.

If you have any refinishing to do about the house, you will be more than pleased with the result if you use the

# RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

## Home Brush

**Bristles Set in Solid Rubber**

This is the perfect brush with which to apply the best paints, enamels, stains and varnishes for home finishing.

The bristles of the Rubberset Home Brush are set in a bed of solid rubber, which makes it impossible for them to loosen and come out. Their full springy bristles insure a smooth, flawless, even surface and you don't have to buy a new one every time you have a job of painting. It can be cleaned again and again, indefinitely, and will last a lifetime.

Sold singly or in sets of five sizes. Cost no more than the ordinary bristle-shedding kinds.

For sale at all hardware, department or paint stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name.

### THE RUBBERSET COMPANY

Sales Office,

5210 Metropolitan Tower, New York City

Main Office, Factory and Laboratory,

94 Ferry Street, Newark, N. J.



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



To get the full values from your vacation negatives print them, or have them printed, on

# VELOX

Velox is made especially for use with negatives that have been exposed under the harsh conditions of light that the amateur almost invariably encounters—no other paper therefore, so well fits his particular requirements. (We make other papers for the professional that are suited to his needs). Velox is simple to handle, prints in any light, requires no dark-room for development and permits the amateur to utilize the evening hours for print making.

There are grades and surfaces to suit all negatives and all tastes—either black and white or the sepia tone is at the command of any amateur. If you do your own printing, use the paper that is made to meet your specific needs—Velox. If you have your printing done by another, insist on the use of the paper that is made to suit your negatives, the paper that is right—Velox.

"Velox Booklet" free at any Kodak Dealers or by mail.

**Nepera Division,**

Eastman Kodak Co.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kodak City.



## Every Boy Loves the Safe KING AIR RIFLE

Develop manly and self-reliant qualities in your boy by letting him get outdoors with a King Air Rifle. They will be the happiest days of his life. Now is the time for him to be active and store up health and strength.

1000 Shot King Air Rifles—Automatic Loading—Lever Action—Splendid Accuracy . . . \$2.00  
Other King Models . . . . . \$1.00 to \$1.75  
Cork Shooting King Pop Guns . . . . . 25 cents

King Air Rifles are handsome and accurate-shooting guns, very similar to men's guns, but use no powder. Encourage your boy to get all he can of the free air and sunshine. Get him a "King."

Write for Free Boys' Book on King Air Rifles. Very interesting to the boy and to you. Any "King" sent direct, prepaid, at regular price if not found at your dealer's. Get it now.

**MARKHAM AIR RIFLE COMPANY**

Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.



## The Magnificent New Hoffman House

MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK  
Absolutely Fireproof

The finest type of modern hotel architecture in New York. Beautifully furnished. Comfort and luxurious ease. Located in the very heart of New York, where all the life and fashion of the metropolis centre.

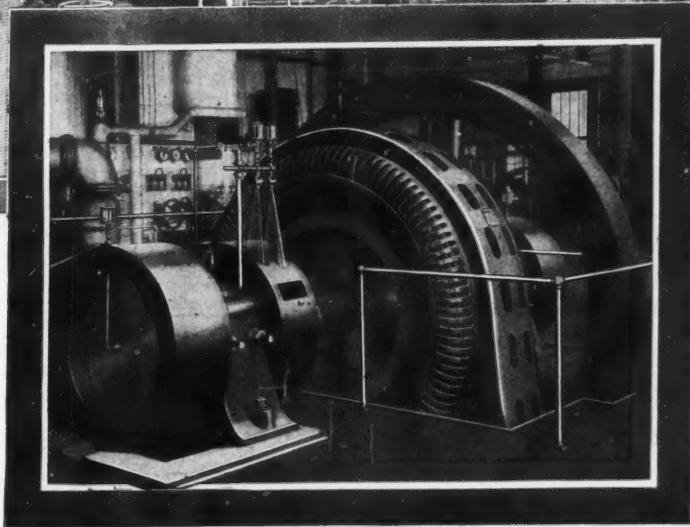
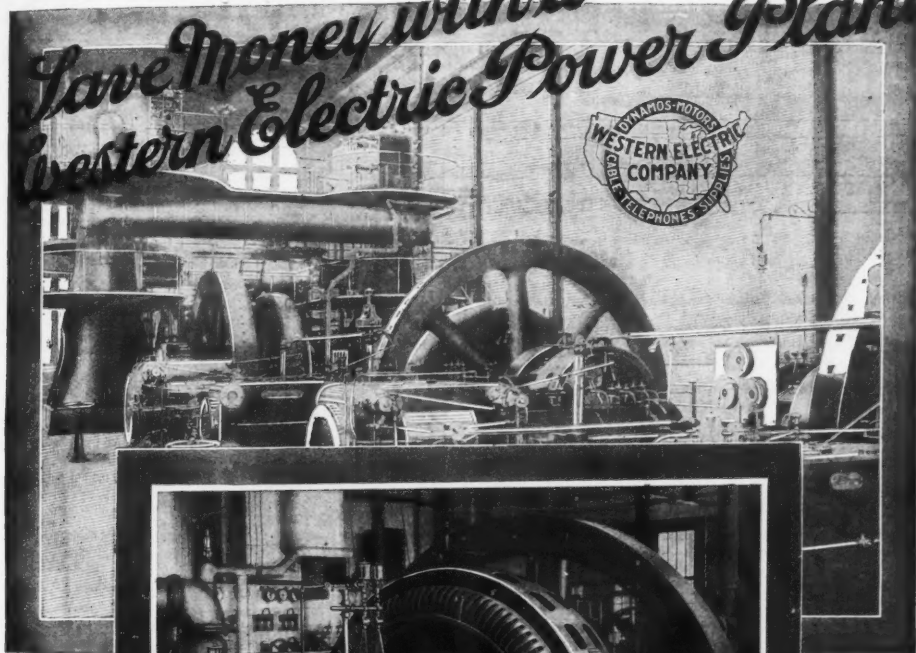
Room . . . . . \$1.50 and \$2.00  
Room and Bath . . . \$2.50 upward  
Parlor, Bedroom and Bath, \$5.00

Service and cuisine far famed for their excellence. Delightful music afternoon and evening.

Send for particulars and handsome booklet.

**J. P. CADDAGAN**  
Managing Director

# Save Money with a Western Electric Power Plant



We Make  
Electrical  
Machinery  
from the  
Smallest  
to the  
Largest  
in size

Do you know that you can make your own electric current more economically than you can buy it? With a Western Electric power plant of your own you can have *all* the current you want, at just the voltage you want and at *minimum* cost. You can operate your machinery by electric motor drive, thus

## SAVING 25 TO 40 PER CENT OF YOUR POWER EXPENSE

The *great* saving produced in shops, stores, hotels, office buildings, and plants using power that can be brought about by the use of electric motor drive (either individual or by grouping), is now a generally accepted fact, and this great saving in power can be *still further* increased by having *your own generating plant and making your own power*.

You can also have your establishment brilliantly lighted with Western Electric Arc or Incandescent Lamps at a cost that is surprisingly low.

We employ a corps of electrical engineers second to none in the country, and their knowledge and experience will be placed at your disposal if you will write to us and let us know the results you wish to accomplish. We have two instructive booklets, one entitled "Electric Motor Drive," and the other entitled "Arc Lamp Facts," which we will gladly send on request. But above all else, do not fail to get our plans and prices for a complete Electric Power Plant. Send us your requirements TO-DAY.

# WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

269 S. Clinton Street  
Dept. 577, Chicago

473 West Street  
Dept. 577, New York

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



HOOSIER STEEL

## FREE STOVE and RANGE BOOK

64 pages Free

Write for it today!

This book will save you from \$12 to \$30 when you purchase a stove or range. It explains how the best and finest stoves and ranges in the world are made, and tells you how to "know the best."

### HOOSIER STOVES and RANGES FROM FACTORY TO USER

Are heavily made of highest grade selected material, beautifully finished, with all new improvements and features. "Guaranteed for Years," backed by a million dollars. "Hoosiers" are fast and easy bakers. A child can operate them. Sold on 30 days free trial. No Freight to pay.

Write for Free Stove Book AND OUR SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER HOOSIER STOVE FACTORY, 256 State St., Marion, Indiana



RANGE HOOSIER

40 Years the World's Standard



### Garland Gas Ranges and Heaters

Made on Honor

in the Painsstaking Garland Way

You pay no more for a time-tried "Garland" than for an unknown brand. It pays first, last and all the time to have the BEST.

Sold by First-class Dealers Everywhere.

Ranges furnished with Garland Oven Heat Indicator.

Booklets Free by Mail.

The Michigan Stove Company

Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World.

Detroit, Mich. Chicago, Ill.

## Facts About Furniture

Charmingly Told in a Booklet



"Furniture of Character" is its title. It tells about the famous and favorably known

### Berkey & Gay

Bed room, Dining room and Library Furniture of correct and pleasing design, honest and durable construction, elegant and lasting finish—an interesting story impossible to tell in any advertisement.

To partly defray the expense, it will be sent for 16 cents in United States stamps, which will be refunded on return of the booklet, if it does not satisfy.

Furniture described therein bears this shopmark which is your safeguard and our guarantee. It can be obtained at modest prices from leading dealers.



BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE CO. Estab. 1859.

Please Address Dept. R 2

Grand Rapids, Mich.

## "A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Stoves and ranges of all kinds direct to you from the factory at factory prices.

Write today for Gas Stove and Range Catalog No. 318—Wood and Coal Stove and Range Catalog No. 247 Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

## Gas Stoves



## M. & M. Portable Houses

Beautiful Summer and Winter Homes, complete in every detail. Built on the Unit System. Everything fits. Anyone can erect them. Absolutely wind and weather proof. We pay the freight, and deliver our houses to any R. R. Station in the United States.

Write us, enclosing 2c stamp for our handsomely illustrated Book of Plans and Designs, showing in full detail our Summer Cottages, Bungalows, Automobile Garages, Photograph Galleries, Children's Play Houses, Hunter's Cabins, etc., etc.

MERSHON & MORLEY CO., 64 Broadway, SAGINAW, MICH.



The Original, Reliable and Largest Manufacturers of Portable Houses in United States.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

# THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.

1876

OF NEW YORK

1908

GEORGE F. SEWARD, President  
ROBERT J. HILLAS, Vice-President and Secretary

**FIDELITY**  
**LIABILITY**  
**ACCIDENT**  
**HEALTH**  
**STEAM BOILER**  
**ELEVATOR**  
**PLATE GLASS**  
**BURGLARY**  
**FLY WHEEL**

This Company has been engaged in the several **MINOR MISCELLANEOUS LINES** of insurance for over **THIRTY YEARS**, and has built up gradually and prudently a **VERY LARGE CASUALTY INSURANCE BUSINESS**. Its annual income from premiums is over **SIX MILLIONS** of dollars. Its business is protected by assets of over **EIGHT MILLIONS**, including an unearned premium reserve of over **THREE AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS** of dollars, and a special reserve against contingent claims of over **ONE MILLION SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS**. It has paid over **TWENTY-EIGHT MILLIONS** to its policy-holders for **LOSSES**. Its constant effort is to give its clients not only **INSURANCE** indemnity, but prompt and effective **INSPECTION** and **ADJUSTING SERVICES**.

## INSURANCE THAT INSURES

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.00

SURPLUS {STOCKS AND BONDS VALUED AT / {MARKET BID PRICES, JUNE 30, 1908} \$1,536,189.88

### DIRECTORS:

DUMONT CLARKE,  
WM. P. DIXON,  
ALFRED W. HOYT,

GEO. E. IDE,  
W. G. LOW,

FRANK LYMAN,

W. EMLIN ROOSEVELT,

J. G. McCULLOUGH,  
WM. J. MATHESON,

ALEXANDER E. ORR,

GEO. F. SEWARD.

HENRY E. PIERREPONT,  
ANTON A. RAVEN,  
JOHN L. RIKER,

Principal Offices, Nos. 97-103 Cedar Street, New York

Agents in all considerable towns



## CHINESE JADE

**DIRECT FROM THE ORIENT**  
Finest, rich green, genuine Chinese Jade Jewelry, 24K Solid Gold mountings made by skilled Chinese goldsmiths. Rings, Scarf Pins, Necklaces, Bracelets, Etc. Send 2c stamp for Booklet No. 6 "Jade" illustrated in natural colors. Gives interesting history  
**BROCK & FEAGANS**, Importing Jewelers  
437-439-441 Broadway, Los Angeles, California

Don't Throw it Away



## A Special Offer to Readers of the Cosmopolitan A \$10.00 Book for Only \$2.00



**\$100.00 IN GOLD!** Is the value of the great book, "THE SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE,"

written by JOHN COWAN, M.D., to every thoughtful Man and Woman. It has received the highest testimonials and commendations from leading medical and religious critics; has been endorsed by all the leading philanthropists, and recommended to every well-wisher of the human race.

**TO ALL WHO ARE MARRIED,** or are contemplating marriage, it will give information worth HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS, besides conferring a lasting benefit not only upon them, but upon their children. Every thinking man and woman should study this work. Any person desiring to know more about the book before purchasing it may send to us for our 8-page descriptive circular, giving full and complete table of contents. It will be sent free by mail to any address. The following is the table of contents:

Chapter I—Marriage and Its Advantages. Chapter II—Age at which to Marry. Chapter III—The Law of Choice. Chapter IV—Love Analyzed. Chapter V—Qualities the Man Should Avoid in Choosing. Chapter VI—Qualities the Woman Should Avoid in Choosing. Chapter VII—The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Man. Chapter VIII—The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Man. Chapter IX—Amativeness: Its Use and Abuse. Chapter X—The Prevention of Conception. Chapter XI—The Law of Continence. Chapter XII—Children: Their Desirability. Chapter XIII—The Law of Genius. Chapter XIV—The Conception of a New Life. Chapter XV—The Physiology of Inter-Uterine Growth. Chapter XVI—Period of Gestative Influence. Chapter XVII—Pregnancy: Its Signs and Duration. Chapter XVIII—Disorders of Pregnancy. Chapter XIX—Confinement. Chapter XX—Management of Mother and Child After Delivery. Chapter XXI—Period of Nursing Influence. Chapter XXII—Fetichism. Chapter XXIII—Diseases Peculiar to Women. Chapter XXIV—Diseases Peculiar to Men. Chapter XXV—Masturbation. Chapter XXVI—Sterility and Impotence. Chapter XXVII—Subjects of Which More Might be Said. Chapter XXVIII—A Happy Married Life: How Secured.

This book is a handsome 8vo. bound in heavy cloth, and contains 400 pages, with 100 illustrations, and will be sent by mail, postpaid, and securely sealed for \$3.00.

**A SPECIAL OFFER TO YOU.** We wish to ascertain the value of this advertisement, and with this end in view we will send a copy of the above valuable work by mail, postpaid, on receipt of only \$2.00, provided you mention the fact that you saw this advertisement in COSMOPOLITAN. Address all orders to

**J. S. OGILVIE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 57A Rose Street, New York**

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



# BATH OF



# BEAUTY

For preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands is

## Cuticura SOAP

Assisted, when necessary, by gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment. For eczemas, rashes, itchings, irritations, inflammations and chafings and for sanative, antiseptic cleansing Cuticura Soap and Ointment are of greatest value.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 5, Rue de la Paix; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd.; Tokio; Russia, Ferrein, Moscow; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd.; Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Post Free, Cuticura Booklet on Care of the Skin.

# MODENE

HAIR ON  
FACE  
NECK  
AND  
ARMS  
INSTANTLY  
REMOVED  
WITHOUT  
INJURY TO  
THE MOST  
DELICATE SKIN



**I**N COMPOUNDING, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We named the new discovery MODENE. It is absolutely harmless, but works sure results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. **It Cannot Fail.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it; the heavy growth, such as the beard or growth on moles, may require two or more applications, and without slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.

*Modene supersedes electrolysis.*

Used by people of refinement, and recommended by all who have tested its merits

Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases (securely sealed), on receipt of \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Postage-stamps taken.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED.

MODENE MANUFACTURING CO.

Dept. 530, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Every Bottle Guaranteed*

We offer \$1,000 for Failure or the Slightest Injury.

## Your Loss and Peril!

To Forget that

# ORANGEINE

(Powders)

## "Saves the Day"

From

Colds, Headache, Chill, Indigestion,

"Brain Fog,"

"Feeling Out-of Sorts."

Averts Sickness!

### 25c Package Free for Honest Test

ORANGEINE is mailed anywhere, on receipt of price. 10c package (2 powders), 25c package (6 powders), 50c package (15 powders), \$1.00 package (35 powders). We will mail free, one 25c package on receipt of request, with assurance of honest test, under suggestion of our directions.

The Orangeine Chemical Co., 15 Michigan Av., Chicago

# MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



## "Baby's Best Friend"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Chafing, Sunburn, Friction Heat and Chapping. For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—It has the scent of Fresh-cut Parma Violets. Sample Free.  
**GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.**  
Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental Odor { No  
Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper) { Samples  
Specially prepared for the nursery. Sold only at Stores.



The Normal Eye

## Are Your EYES NORMAL?

### THE IDEAL SIGHT RESTORER

helps nature in a purely natural way to strengthen the eyes and restore the natural vision. Its action is in the nature of a gentle massage which stimulates the eye by restoring the normal circulation of blood—that is all that weak eyes require. But it does more—it molds the eye painlessly but surely to its perfect shape, correcting nearsight, farsight, astigmatism and all eye troubles.

It is absolutely safe—it does not come in direct contact with the eye—and 5 minutes' manipulation twice a day is all that is necessary.

## Use It 15 Days At Our Expense

To prove our faith in its efficiency we will be glad to send it to you for a 15-day trial—if at the end of that time you are willing to part with it, return it to us and you owe us nothing.

It cannot do your eyes any harm and it may do them unlimited good—it costs you nothing to try.

We have prepared an Illustrated Treatise on the Eyes which we send you free on application. It contains much interesting detailed information on the eyes in general. We suggest that you write for it NOW while it is on your mind.

## The Ideal Company

Dept. 115, 321 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK



# DENTACURA

tooth paste cleanses the teeth, hardens the gums and perfumes the breath. It differs from the ordinary dentifrice by destroying the harmful bacteria in the mouth, thus minimizing the causes of decay. Endorsed by thousands of dentists. In tubes deliciously flavored and a delightful adjunct to the dental toilet. Sample and literature free.

Dentacura Tooth Powder is now offered to those who prefer a dentifrice in form of powder. For sale at best stores or direct. Price 25c for either.

## DENTACURA CO.

156 Alling Street Newark, N. J.

## THE DEAF HEAR— PROOF BEFORE YOU PURCHASE

The Acousticon is a scientifically perfect hearing device which magnifies sound 400% and at the same time clarifies articulation so that every word is distinct to the deafest person unless the auditory nerve is entirely destroyed (it seldom is).

It is now used with perfect success in hundreds of churches, theatres and the Public Buildings at Washington (list on application).

Most hearing devices are inefficient or entirely useless; we invite every deaf person and their friends to

## Test It At Our Expense

If, after it has been tried, you find that you cannot hear with it, we would prefer that it be returned and the trial cost you nothing. Three-quarters of our patronage comes from satisfied customers who refer their friends to us, and we cannot afford to have the Acousticon in the hands of anyone who does not hear with it.

If it is convenient, call at one of our offices in the principal cities and test it in person. If not, write us and information will be sent how you may test it thoroughly at our expense—also booklet and other interesting information.

**GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO.**  
821 Browning Bldg.  
B'way and 32d St., New York

# What Will You Give To Be Well

**I** CANNOT tell you *how happy I am* that I have been able to bring health and strength to 30,000 women in the past six years. Just think! this means a whole city. It is to my thorough study of anatomy, physiology and health principles, and to my 12 years' personal experience before I began my instructions by mail, that I attribute my marvelous success. It would do your heart good to read the reports from my pupils—and I have done all this by simply studying Nature's laws adapted to the correction of each individual difficulty.

I want to help every woman to be perfectly, gloriously well, with that sweet, personal loveliness which health and a wholesome, graceful body gives—a cultured, self-reliant woman with a definite purpose, full of the health and vivacity which makes you

**A Better Wife  
A Rested Mother  
A Sweeter Sweetheart**

You can easily remove the fat and it

## Too Fleeshy?

will stay removed. I have reduced 15,000 women. One pupil writes me:

"Miss Cocroft: I have reduced 78 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I feel so well I want to shout! I never get out of breath now."

"When I began I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, and oh dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look! I never dreamed it was all so easy. I thought I just had to be fat. I feel like stopping every fat woman I see and telling her of you."

## Too Thin?

I may need to strengthen your stomach intestines and nerves first. A pupil who was thin, writes me:

"I just can't tell you how happy I am. I am so proud of my neck and arms! My busts are rounded out and I have gained 28 pounds; it has come just where I wanted it and I carry myself like another woman."

"My old dresses look stylish on me now. I have not been constipated since my second lesson and I had taken something for years. My liver seems to be all right and I haven't a bit of indigestion any more, for I sleep like a baby and my nerves are rested. I feel so well all the time."

**Individual Instruction**—I give each pupil the individual, confidential treatment which her case demands. My information and advice are entirely free.

**Write me today**

telling me your faults in health or figure, and I will cheerfully tell you whether I can help you, I never treat a patient I cannot help. If I cannot help you I will refer you to the help you need.

Send 10 cents for instructive booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly.

**SUSANNA COCROFT,**

**Dept. 42,**

**57 Washington Street,**

**CHICAGO**

Author of "Growth in Silence," "Character as Expressed in the Body," Etc.

**To Have Good Figure,  
Vibrant Health,  
Rested Nerves?**

If vital organs or nerve centers are weak, I strengthen them so that each organ does its work.

I bring each pupil to symmetrical proportions and I teach her to stand and to walk in an attitude which bespeaks culture and refinement. A good figure, gracefully carried, means more than a pretty face. Nature's rosy cheeks are more beautiful than paint or powder. I help you to

## Arise to Your Best!

The day for drugging the system has passed. In the privacy of your own room I strengthen the muscles and nerves of the vital organs, lungs and heart, and start your blood to circulating as it did when you were a child. I teach you to breathe so that the blood is fully purified.

**You Can Be Well Without Drugs**

And the vital strength gained by a forceful circulation relieves you of such chronic ailments as

Constipation	Dullness
Torpid Liver	Irritability
Indigestion	Nervousness
Rheumatism	Sleeplessness
Weakness	Weak Nerves
	Catarrh

by strengthening whatever organs or nerves are weak.

*I wish I could put sufficient emphasis into these words to make you realize that you do not need to be ill, but that you can be a vigorous, attractive woman in return for just a few minutes' care each day in your own room.*

A CORSET IS NOT NECESSARY

Miss Cocroft's name stands for progress in the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.

**THIS PROPERTY  
FOR  
SALE**  
**APPLY TO  
JOHN BROWN**

**\$3,000 TO \$10,000 A YEAR  
IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS**

We will teach you by mail the Real Estate, General Brokerage and Insurance Business, and appoint you

## SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE

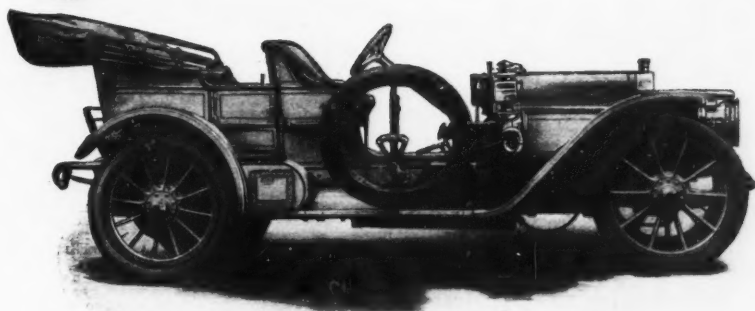
of the oldest and largest co-operative real estate and brokerage company in America. Representatives are making \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year without any investment of capital. Excellent opportunities open to YOU. By our system you can make money in a few weeks without interfering with your present occupation. Our co-operative department will give you more choice, salable property to handle than any other institution in the world. Get your name on your own Real Estate Signs—big money in it. **A Thorough Commercial Law Course FREE to Each Representative.** Write for 62-page book, Free

**THE CROSS COMPANY, 2050 Reaper Block, Chicago**

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



# Stearns



Five Passenger Light Touring Car Body, mounted upon a 30-60 H. P. Chassis

**T**HE STEARNS 30-60 H. P. Model is a Motor Car of unusual merit. ¶ Its action upon hills is cyclonic. ¶ Will go faster upon the level than any one cares to travel. ¶ It has that superb abundance of power and speed so keenly enjoyed by the experienced motorist. ¶ In design it embodies only those features which two continents recognize as *best*.

¶ STEARNS CARS unflatteringly withstand the abuse which goes with continued hard service upon all kinds of American roads.

For those interested in high quality motor cars, our advance catalog will be interesting

These are the latest Stearns Models:

## 30-60 h. p. Model

Bore - - - - 5 $\frac{3}{8}$  inches  
Stroke - - - - 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches  
Wheel Base - - - 120 inches  
Drive: Shaft or Side Chains.  
Transmission: Selective — four forward and reverse.

## 24-28 h. p. Model

Bore - - - - 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches  
Stroke - - - - 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches  
Wheel Base - - - 116 inches  
Drive: Shaft.  
Transmission: Selective — three forward and reverse.

## 45-90 h. p. Model

Bore - - - - 5 $\frac{3}{8}$  inches  
Stroke - - - - 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches  
Wheel Base - - - 128 inches  
Drive: Side Chains.  
Transmission: Selective — four forward and reverse.

Light Touring Car, Pullman, Limousine and Landaulet Bodies

# The F. B. Stearns Company

Member A. L. A. M.

Cleveland, Ohio

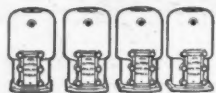
When you write please mention the Cosmopolitan



4 Cylinder  
\$2,500  
3 Cylinder  
\$1,750

# This is the car that has no valves and here are the parts that make it go

There is no mystery about the phenomenal performances of the **Elmore**. Some people evidently think there is. Last year a few of them said: "Your catalogue is fine—intensely interesting. We read every word of it. We know, now, that the **Elmore** has no valves. We know that its engine has continuous turning power. We know that **Elmore** owners don't know what ignition troubles are. We know that it costs less to keep up the **Elmore** than any other car extant. But we'd like you to tell us more."

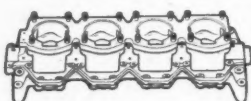


have always been. When we say that **Elmore** owners know nothing about timer, coil or battery troubles—*absolutely nothing whatever*—how can we be more explicit or emphatic?



every other type of engine, and make it a nest of viperous mechanical troubles.

You'll notice they're all missing from the **Elmore** engine—valves, cams, lifts, springs, rollers—every one of the prolific sources of expense and exasperation which make motoring a hazardous game of chance in any four-cycle car.



greatly increased output—and who immediately put in a reservation for the 1909 car now being marketed?



largely increased, is certain to be exhausted in the same way as the outputs of the past two years.

**SEE your Elmore dealer.** He will tell you things so much more wonderful about this car than anything we have even indicated here, that you, too, are certain to become an **Elmore** partisan of the most positive type.

Do you begin to realize why our dealers poured in their orders and deposits for the 1909 car, with positive delivery dates, early in July—and why we are cautioning you that our output, again largely increased, is certain to be exhausted in the same way as the outputs of the past two years.

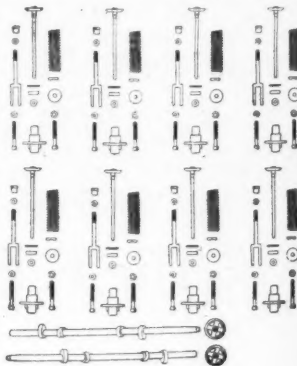
Do you begin to realize why he won't listen to any four-cycle car at any price (high or low) because all of them contain the handicaps to smooth and restful motoring which *he escapes* in the **Elmore**.

Do you begin to realize why we closed the present 1908 season in June last with a waiting list of nearly one hundred people who could not get cars from our

fanatic in his devotion to the valveless, two-cycle idea—with its continuous turning power, superb riding qualities, low cost of up-keep and absolute immunity from trouble—as were the crusaders of old to their ideals?

Do you begin to realize why he won't listen to any four-cycle car at any price (high or low) because all of them contain the handicaps to smooth and restful motoring which *he escapes* in the **Elmore**.

Do you begin to realize why we closed the present 1908 season in June last with a waiting list of nearly one hundred people who could not get cars from our



The 1909 Literature Is Now Ready

**ELMORE MANUFACTURING CO.**

2104 AMANDA STREET : : : CLYDE, OHIO

Members A. L. A. M.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

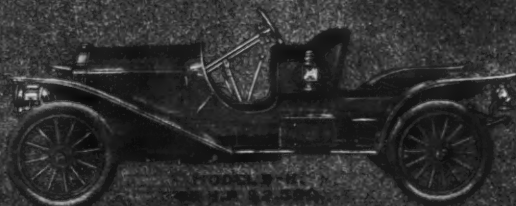
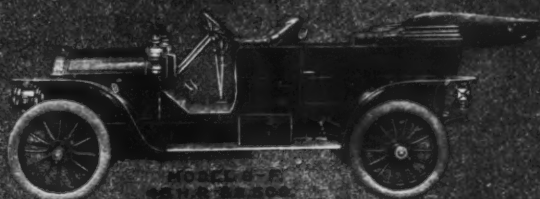


Stoddard = Dayton

The  
Real Sensation  
in 1909  
Automobiles



One  
Quality  
for  
all  
Models



One  
Price  
to  
all  
Buyers



SEND FOR CATALOG

The Dayton Motor Car Co.  
Dayton, O.



Stoddard = Dayton

Stoddard = Dayton

Stoddard = Dayton



## I Can't Fill It

It's a good position were offered **you** today, would you have to "turn it down" because you lack the necessary qualifications? Even if you accepted the position, could

you hold it—or would your lack of training compel you to step out in favor of a **better** trained man?

How can you expect a successful career unless you build it on a good foundation? **Utilize your spare moments—study at home**—fit yourself properly to meet opportunity—then you will succeed. The American School of Correspondence will tell you how if you'll clip the coupon and mail it today.

### EXPERT ADVICE FREE

**The American School has helped 80,000 people to better positions**—surely this experience would benefit you. The **School** will cheerfully advise you—will tell you where you are weak, whether or not it can help, point out the shortest and easiest road to success.

If you don't enroll, you will at least have gained some good information and advice without charge. If you do enroll, payment can be arranged to suit your circumstances. We talk to you by mail only—we employ no agents.

**The American School of Correspondence** is the only correspondence school in the country which makes a **specialty** of engineering instruction. Its instructors are practical men—men who have had years of actual experience in their special fields. Consult these experienced men—get their advice—profit by their years of hard experience. Let them help you plan a **paying** career. **Remember, sending the coupon places you under no obligations.**

### AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE CHICAGO

.....Coupon—Clip and mail today.....

Cosmopolitan, 11-'08

American School of Correspondence:

Please send me free illustrated 200-page handbook of engineering information. I am interested in the course marked "X."

.....Mechanical Drawing  
.....Electrical Engineering  
.....Mechanical Engineering  
.....Stationary Engineering  
.....Structural Engineering  
.....Locomotive Engineering  
.....Structural Drafting  
.....Telephone Practice  
.....Sheet Metal Pattern  
.....Drafting

.....Mathematics  
.....Heating, Ventilating and  
.....Plumbing  
.....Architecture  
.....Hydraulics  
.....Surveying  
.....Telegraphy  
.....Textiles  
.....College Preparatory  
.....Course

Name .....

Address .....

Occupation .....

## Congress Cards.



Gold edges. **50c. per pack.** 90 picture backs, dainty colors and gold.

## Bicycle Cards.



40 regulation backs. Most durable **25c. card** made. More sold than all others combined.

200-page book, "Card Games and How to Play Them," new edition revised; latest rules for all popular games. Sent prepaid for 6 flap ends from Bicycle tuck boxes, or 15c. in stamps, The U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. 9 Cincinnati, U. S. A.



## A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary everyday sources.

## SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D.,

imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.  
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.

Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.  
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Rich Cloth Binding Full Gold Stamp Illustrated, \$2.00

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

**Puritan Pub. Co., Dept. A, Phila., Pa.**

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

# THE Lindsay Light

INSIST UPON LINDSAY  
GAS MANTLES AND LIGHTS

THE SUN OF THE NIGHT  
TWICE THE LIGHT  
FOR HALF THE MONEY

The name "Lindsay" on a gas mantle or gas light means that you will save money and be more satisfied than ever before.

For Sale Everywhere.

LINDSAY LIGHT COMPANY

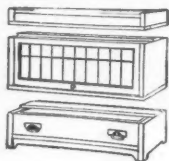
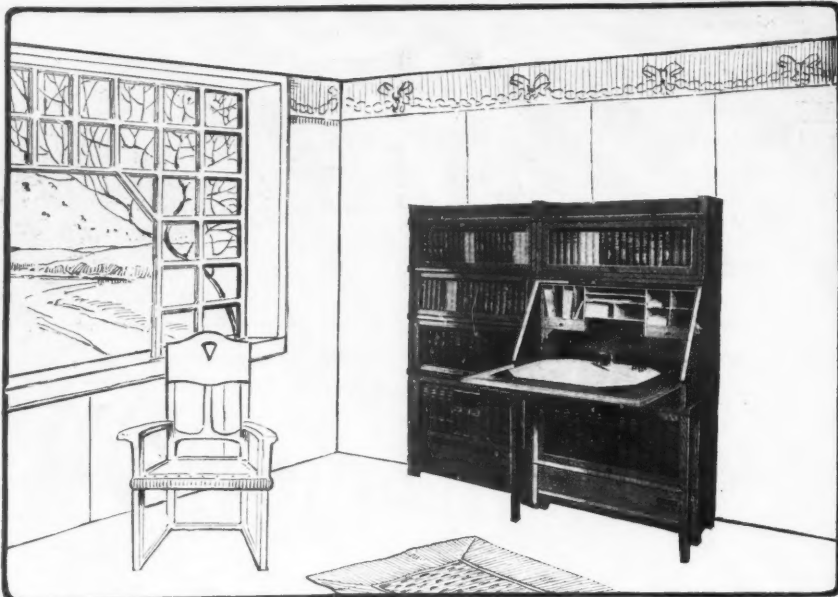
Chicago

New York



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

## Globe-Wernicke Home Libraries



**T**ODAY, practically everybody, readily admits the advantages of the Globe-Wernicke idea of sectional book-case over that of the old style stationary library-cabinet with its forbidding, unchangeable front.

These advantages of utility and convenience are self evident.

But there are other factors quite as important as these, because *all* makes of sectional book-cases are *not* select enough for homes where the choice of furniture indicates evident refinement and good taste, therefore care must be exercised in making a selection.

Many thousands of American homes furnish infallible testimony that the Globe-Wernicke book-cases with their superior construction and beautiful finish are undoubtedly the choice of particular purchasers.

Show any combination described in our book of library designs to any one of our 1500 authorized agents and he will duplicate it for you in the style and finish that *you* specify.

Where not represented we ship on approval, freight paid. Prices uniform everywhere.

Write Department **N** for Copy of Catalogue.

**The Globe-Wernicke Co., CINCINNATI.**

**BRANCH STORES:**—New York, 380-382 Broadway. Chicago, 224-228 Wabash Ave. Boston, 91-93 Federal St.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



## WHO LIKES JELL-O ?

**The Women**—There are several good reasons why it is the most popular dessert with them. In the first place it can be **made in a minute.** It can be served plain or made into the more or less elaborate forms seen on the tables of "demonstrators" in the big stores and described in the Jell-O Recipe Book ; and the ease and economy with which the nicest of these can be made and the beauty of the finished dish, give the work a peculiar charm that every woman recognizes and enjoys.

The making of

# JELL-O

desserts is one of the delights of cookery. They are delicious always, whatever the form of preparation ; they are wholesome and healthful ; they are economical—and the whole family hails their appearance with delight.

Above all else as a source of satisfaction to the busy and tired woman is the recompense that comes with the knowledge that her work is appreciated.

**Full information regarding the preparation of JELL-O for the table and a large number of recipes are given in the New Illustrated Recipe Book, which will be sent on request.**

**JELL-O is prepared in 7 choice flavors.**

**It is clean and pure, is approved by pure food commissioners, and is sold by all good grocers.**

**10 cents a package.**

**The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.**







Model Florentine  
Style 83

LENGTH 5 FT. 10 IN.  
WIDTH 4 FT. 9 1/4 IN.

## IVERS & POND

Florentine and Princess

### SMALL GRAND PIANOS.

The most artistic and attractive miniature Grands that the world offers. We are large manufacturers of strictly first-class Grand and Upright Pianos, as well as the popular Player-Pianos. Our new catalogue, containing a wealth of valuable information, will be mailed free to interested persons.

Ivers & Pond Pianos are sold by reliable piano houses throughout the United States, but if we have no dealer near you we can arrange to supply you from our extensive Boston Establishment. Any piano you may order will be personally selected and shipped under guarantee of entire satisfaction. Attractive systems of periodical payments. Write us.

**IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,**  
111 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.



Princess Grand  
Style 99

LENGTH 5 FT. 3 1/2 IN.  
WIDTH 4 FT. 10 1/2 IN.

## BUY A JEWEL AND SAVE FUEL

Over 11,000 Dealers will display  
this sign in their store windows.  
Watch for it.



### Stove Buyers

If you are going to buy a  
stove this fall, call on the  
dealer who shows this sign.

Give yourself an  
insurance policy  
against excessive  
fuel bills by purchasing a Jewel.  
Jewels are designed and built  
to give the maximum of efficient service  
from the fuel. Jewels are  
not imitations nor copies  
of other stoves, but are  
designed and built in our

own complete factory—"the largest stove plant in the  
world"—where the whole thought and aim is to produce  
the best. We've done it for over forty-four years  
—we are doing it today.

Jewels are the only stoves built of the famous, fire-  
resisting Kemi-Test Metal the most durable and longest  
lasting stove metal produced; the only stoves  
sold at popular prices exclusively on the basis of high  
quality construction and resultant fuel economy; the  
one line of stoves where you get a dollar's worth of  
stove for every dollar invested. Investigate. Call on  
the dealer who shows the above sign—he sells

## JEWEL STOVES and RANGES

and can quickly demonstrate to you how and why they  
are the best for you to buy. Judge for yourself as to  
the merits of Jewels. See them. Compare design.  
Compare quality of castings and finish. Compare  
workmanship and trimmings. Convince yourself that  
Jewels are the best value regardless of what may be  
offered at lower prices. Know for a certainty that if you  
buy a Jewel you'll save fuel.  
Over 4,000,000 Jewels in use. That proves satisfying service.

No matter what you want in heating  
or cooking stoves—Steel Ranges,  
Cast Ranges, Cook Stoves, Base  
Burners, Oak Heaters or Stoves and  
Furnaces of any kind, you will find exactly  
what you want in the  
"Jewel" line, better designs,  
better built, and better finished—  
at right prices.

Sold only by Dealers. Double  
Guarantee—the dealers and ours.

### FREE STOVE BOOK

The most complete and practical  
Catalogue ever issued. Tells  
all about Jewel stoves—inside  
and out—shows samples from  
over a thousand styles of Jewels—explains why Kemi-  
Test Metal lasts longer—  
most valuable  
book ever  
written on  
stoves. Write for a copy to-  
day. Address Dept. F



LARGEST STOVE PLANT IN THE WORLD



**Detroit Stove Works**  
"Largest Stove Plant in the World"  
DETROIT-CHICAGO

This Trade Mark identifies genuine Jewels.  
Look for it on the stove or range you buy. A  
guarantee of satisfaction.



## Barley is Life

and being alive it creates life. Every grain is a center of force and energy. When malted and its juices rightly mingled with the liquid extract of Bohemian Saazer Hops, it produces

### ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S *Malt-Nutrine*

Consequently every bottle of this renowned tonic represents in a highly concentrated form the vital swelling forces of nature hidden in the living heart of barley. It intensifies all the creative mental powers, prevents the onset of disease and brings happiness, health and new vigor to all those who are weak, worn or melancholic. Physicians urge it as the best reconstructive known for nursing mothers. Order of your Druggist or Grocer this very day.

For 12 tops of Red Metal caps from Large Malt-Nutrine Bottles with Gold Trade-mark or 24 from Split Bottles with Black Trade-mark and 15c for postage, we will send one of our Vienna Art Plates to any address in the United States.

**ANHEUSER-BUSCH,**  
St. Louis, Mo.

Sole Agency



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

# Oppenheimer Treatment

## FOR ALCOHOLISM

Available on Reasonable Terms wherever there is a  
**PRACTISING PHYSICIAN**

If you will fill out this coupon we will mail you, in a plain envelope, full particulars. All correspondence strictly confidential.

K **OPPENHEIMER INSTITUTE**  
317 W. 57th Street, New York City

Name .....  
Address .....

Morphinism and all drug addictions  
successfully treated at the Institute in  
New York, in about three weeks' time.

## FACE CULTURE

Don't be deceived. There is only one **John H. Woodbury**, Pioneer and Originator of corrective and reparative facial operations. He has removed to 30 West 22d St., N. Y., and is now President of the Facial Cultivating Co. He has no connection with any other office of Dermatology in this or any other city except as above.

By the lines of your face the story of your life is told. These can be removed and your face put right. If you have thick skin you don't want homeopathic treatment. If you have thin skin you don't want allopathic treatment. Tell us what it is you wish to accomplish and we will advise you how to proceed intelligently without charge. Should you have scalp or hair trouble, send a lock of your hair.



If you have a drooping septum or a crooked nose place your finger to the septum of your nose and press back until you have a straight line. You can then see in your mirror how easy it is to change the entire profile of your face as in cut. The operation is successfully performed in five minutes without pain only by the marvellous method of John H. Woodbury as employed by the Doctor. No operation is over \$50, some operations are less.

We teach all branches of **John H. Woodbury's** up-to-date method of **Face Culture** and **Dermatology** and allot special territory to our graduates. Office or Mail course.

**JOHN H. WOODBURY'S NEW WRINKLE, \$1.00.**  
Clears the Skin of Wrinkles, Frowns, Freckles, Moth, Tan, Lines, Spots, Scars, Pittings, and keeps the Skin young and healthy. By mail including instrument, 2 composite stones and creme.  
(Cut one-third size.)



- John H. Woodbury's Scarine Salve** . . . . . \$1.00  
No. 1 for red scars; No. 2 for white scars. Accomplishes best results when used in conjunction with our special facial instrument.
- John H. Woodbury's Hair Destroyer** . . . . . \$1.00  
Instantly removes all superfluous Hair.
- John H. Woodbury's Coloroids** . . . . . \$1.00  
Wonderful one application Hair Coloring.
- John H. Woodbury's Redno Lotion** . . . . . \$1.00  
For excessive redness of nose or face.
- John H. Woodbury's Mole Eradicator** . . . . . \$1.00  
For horny, protruding or surface moles.
- John H. Woodbury's In-gro-nail** . . . . . \$1.00  
Instant relief and positive cure.
- John H. Woodbury's Skin Bleach** . . . . . \$1.00  
For sallow, lifeless, discolored, wrinkled skin.
- John H. Woodbury's Extractor** . . . . . \$1.00  
Specially devised implement—different from any other—for liberating stagnant sebaceous matter and pus from black-heads, pimples, pustules and cysts.  
(Cut one-third size.)



Wanted: Representative in each locality.  
Free Booklet, How to Care for the Skin and the Scalp.  
**The Facial Cultivating Co., 30 West 22d Street, New York**  
Dept. 21-H. **JOHN H. WOODBURY**, President.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

## The Securities Corporation, Ltd.

### MINING INVESTMENTS

Based on producing properties directly under our control. We make a specialty of the securities of Guanajuato, "Mexico's Treasure House," the oldest and richest gold and silver mining district in Mexico.

### INQUIRIES SOLICITED

**40 WALL STREET NEW YORK**

**NEW YORK PARIS LONDON**

**Clark's Cruises of the "Arabic"** 16,000 tons

Feb. 4, Orient; Oct. 16, '09, Feb. 5, '10, Cruises Round the World. Fall Tours, '08, Round the World.

**F. C. CLARK, Times Building, New York**

## DEAFNESS

"The Morley 'Phone'"

A miniature Telephone for the Ear, invisible, easily adjusted, and entirely comfortable. Makes low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Over fifty thousand sold, giving instant relief from deafness and head noises. There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited.

Write for booklet and testimonials.

**THE MORLEY COMPANY, Dept. 80**  
Perry Bldg., 16th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia

## The What The Why The Way

If you want to get well and stay well, the chances are 9 to 1 that you can—and without drugs or medicines of any kind. Learn the wonderful mission of the

### INTERNAL BATH

My free booklet proves that 90 per cent. of human ailments are due to one easily removable cause, and tells you how to remove the cause. Write to

**CHAS. A. TYRRELL, M.D.**  
Dept. 425 321 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

# WINCHESTER



## .351 Caliber High Power Self-Loading Rifle

This repeater is reloaded by its own recoil. To shoot it six times it is only necessary to pull the trigger for each shot. The ease and rapidity with which it can be fired make it a particularly effective rifle for hunting game often shot on the run. Like all Winchesters, it is safe, strong and simple.

*Full illustrated description of this rifle—"The Gun That Shoots Through Steel"—sent upon request.*

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

# BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

## "All the Argument Necessary"

The International Journal of Surgery, August, 1905, under the heading "CYSTITIS" says: "In the treatment of Cystitis water is the great aid to all forms of medica- **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is the ideal form in which to tion. Moreover, administer it to the cystitic patient, as it is not only a pure solvent, but has the additional virtue of containing substantial quantities of the alkaline Lithates. Patients should be encouraged to take from two to four quarts per day if they can, and the relief they will obtain will be all the argument necessary after the first day or so."

**Dr. Geo. Ben. Johnston, M. D. LL. D.,** *Richmond, Va., Ex-President Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association, Ex-President Virginia Medical Society, and Professor of Gynecology and Abdominal Surgery, Medical College of Virginia:* "If I were asked what mineral water has the widest range of usefulness, I would **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** In **Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Lithaemia,** and the like, its action is prompt and lasting. . . . **Almost any case of Pyelitis and Cystitis** will be alleviated by it, and many cured."

Medical testimonials mailed. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

**BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO** **BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA**

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



"ORANGE BLOSSOM"



Cucumber Server

Sterling  
Silver

The purity of design and perfection of workmanship in Alvin Silver place it in the highest rank of contemporary manufactures.


The Orange Blossom Design shown above is made in one hundred and ten different articles and is especially suited to Wedding Gifts. It is made in Sterling Silver, stamped with the above trademark, and can be obtained from any high-class jeweler in sets or single pieces to meet the requirements of complete service. Send for Pamphlet.


Fifth Avenue at 35th Street  
Also 52 Maiden Lane  
NEW YORK CITY

Facsimile of the Pure Rice  
Paper (White)



### The Finest Cigarette Paper in the World

La Croix (La ) Cigarette Papers are famous among all smokers who roll their own cigarettes. Made in France, of pure rice paper, their quality is unapproachable.

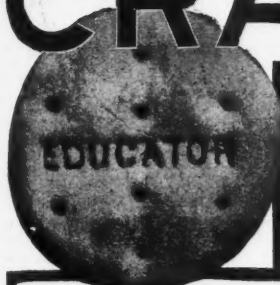
If you are unable to get the genuine La Croix (La ) Papers, send 5c. for a book to  
The American Tobacco Company, Dept. B  
111 Fifth Avenue, New York



Fac-  
simile  
of the  
Wheat  
Straw  
Paper

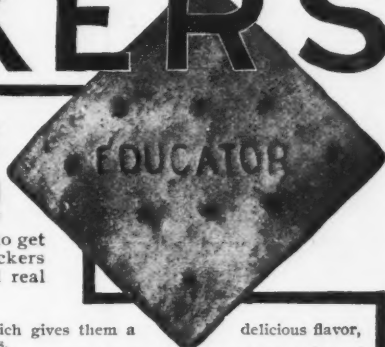


# EDUCATOR CRACKERS



**A BOX  
FREE TO YOU**

If you'll ask for it, just to get you acquainted with crackers of real deliciousness and real food value.



EDUCATOR CRACKERS contain **ALL** of the grain, which gives them a delicious flavor, besides making them infinitely more nutritious than other crackers.

Educator Crackers are made in many varieties, several of the most popular of which are included in the sample box. No cracker you've ever tasted is like the *Educator Toasterette*. It's a fine entire wheat cracker, toasted, buttered and salted—absolutely unique. The *Fraited Educator*, made of entire wheat flour, Carabuna raisins and best creamery butter. The *Educator Butter Cracker*, a shortened entire wheat cracker, the ideal crackers-and-milk cracker for little and big folks.

Send for this box of assorted samples, and also send us your grocer's name, if you don't mind. Most good grocers have Educator Crackers. Order from yours, and if he doesn't or won't keep them, order from us.

**JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD CO., 217 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.**

## Iron-de-quoit Port Wine

**T**HE laws of health are very simple and for the most part are understood by people who have given the subject thought. Eating and drinking things which are beneficial to the system is one of the essentials to good health. Seventy-six years of constantly increasing sales is proof that

### Iron-de-quoit Port Wine

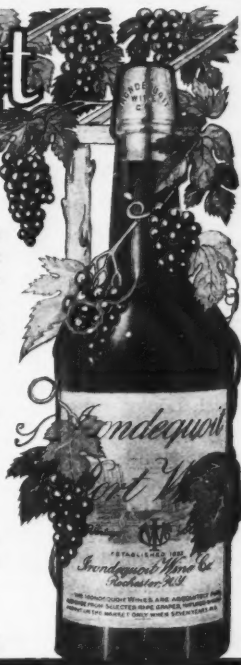
is beneficial to the system—and the reason is not a secret. This wine is the simple juice of a special grape, the Oporto, fermented and aged under proper conditions and therefore pure, wholesome and nutritious. Its body and flavor are the distinguishing features and place it in a class by itself.

If you are in need of a tonic you want the best—the one that will do you the most good and give you the greatest value for your money—**then get Irondequoit Port.**

**IRONDEQUOIT WINE CO., Rochester, N. Y.**

Sold by All Leading Druggists

Send for Illustrated Booklet



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

## How Hiram Stayed Young



**P**EOPLE hain't wut they wuz in my day," growled Jasper Flint. "No—nur times hain't, nuther."

"Well, thank goodness they're not!" declared Hiram Oldboy. "Why, when you and I were youngsters, what did we have? A box-stove warmed one room—we chopped the cordwood. For light—candles. Baths once a month in the washtub—and I pumped the water. Clothes home-made by my mother. She sewed, knit, spun, wove, and not only cooked all our crude food, but raised, killed, cured and preserved it. She even made our one toilet essential—soft soap. Recreations, the circus once a year—good old times! Fudge!"

"Look at me to-day!"

"My house is heated and lighted automatically all over, and machinery pumps our water. The fittings in my bathroom are better than the dishes we ate from as boys. In every season, special garments for warmth, coolness, health, comfort. I have conveniences the rich knew nothing about twenty years ago. Would my dear mother cure meats and preserve fruits to-day? Not if I could help it, with factories to do such things scientifically. For amusements, the player-piano and other musical instruments, the camera, the automobile, travel, books, magazines—

"Jasper, do you realize that the magazines have done most of it? In our boyhood there were mighty few conveniences. If there'd been as many as now, we would n't have heard about 'em, because there were no magazines to explain how they worked, and how cost

was n't the way to look at things, as we did then, but the return in comfort. Ninety per cent. of the comforts I enjoy to-day I've first read about in magazines. Manufacturers who have sold them educated me at the same time.

"Jasper Flint, if you grumble at times like these we live in now, somebody ought to take you at your word and shove you back into your own boyhood, with no comforts or conveniences at all, and no way of knowing about them if there were any."

Printing and publishing have been called the "barometer industry," of this country. Three-fifths of all the printing goes into magazines and other periodicals. Since 1890 the American people's consumption of periodicals has increased two hundred and fifty per cent! The magazines represented in the Quoin Club now have a combined circulation of not less than ten million copies a month—that's a copy and a third for every family in this country owning its own home. These magazines reach *all* the prosperous, intelligent consumers. They have

a profound effect on everyday life and comfort, because they spread news about new commodities and conveniences. The progressive retail merchant to-day is as much interested in this spread of news and information about commodities as in the commodities themselves. For he knows that one surely follows the other. As the magazine is the channel for the information he is the channel for the goods.

### The Quoin Club TITIT Key

**T**HIS little 16-page monthly, half the size of a magazine page, will be sent on request to any Business Man who is interested in advertising. Address  
Quoin Club

411 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

# Ever-Ready Safety Razor



\$ 1

With  
*12 Blades*

WE guarantee that the Ever-Ready is the **best shaving** safety razor money can buy. \$5.00 makes specifically compared. Millions of men—daily users—prove our claim and we take all the risk convincing **you**.

Buy and try—to-day—there's many a dollar and many an hour the **Ever-Ready** saves you. Each of the **twelve blades** included in each outfit complete at **\$1.00** is the finest specimen of blade making known to the razor art. Separately tested and protected—**12** in each dollar outfit, together with handsome safety frame, handle and blade stropper, all in a fine case.

## Extra Blades 10 for 50c.

They fit Yankee—Star and Gem frames, too. You can strop **Ever-Ready** blades or exchange 10 dull blades for 10 brand new ones upon payment of 35c.

Sold by Hardware, Cutlery, Jewelry, Sporting Goods, Department Stores and Druggists throughout America and the world.

Mail Orders Prepaid upon receipt of \$1.00

**American Safety Razor Co.**

320 Broadway, New York City

International Distributing Co., Montreal, Canada  
American Safety Razor Co., 38 Holborn Viaduct,  
London



LOOK FOR  
TRADE MARK  
FACE

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



## THE IMPROVED POCKET CIGAR AND PIPE LIGHTER

EVERY SMOKER NEEDS IT  
Carried in vest pocket, it is always ready.

An ideal birthday or Xmas gift.

Ladies use it for lighting the Gas,  
Fires and Gas Stove or Heater

AGENTS WANTED

PRICE 50 CENTS

Send for circulars of Useful Novelties

HERBERT H. DAWSON 64, ARLINGTON, N. Y.

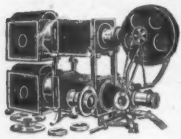
## VIOLIN of Smooth, Fine Tone

The purchase of a violin is an important thing. Why not get the best musical value to be had? The Lyon & Healy Cremona Violin is world-famous, and if you will read its history you will understand why it excels all imitations. It is a violin which gladdens the heart and why soloists everywhere gladly play it. Its price is \$100. The Student Violin is also the leader in its class—price \$15. Let us send you our Musical Handbook, which tells all about violins and all other musical instruments. 312 pages, 1100 illustrations.

## LYON & HEALY

83 Adams Street, CHICAGO

## IT PAYS BIG To Amuse The Public With Motion Pictures



NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our instruction Book and "Business Guide" tells all. We furnish Complete Outfit with Big Advertising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can do it. Astonishing Opportunity in any locality for a man with a little money to rent in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theaters, etc. and to operate Five Cent Theatres in store rooms. Motion Picture Films and Song Slides rented. Profits \$10 to over \$100 per night. Others do it. Why not you? It's easy: write to us, we'll tell you how. Catalog free.

AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 451 Chemical Bank Bldg., CHICAGO.



## Flash Like Genuine

Day or night. You can own a diamond equal in brilliancy to any genuine Stone at one-thirtieth the cost.

**BARODA DIAMONDS**  
IN SOLID GOLD RINGS  
stand acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. See them first, then pay. Catalogue Free. Patent Ring Measure included for FIVE two-cent stamps.

THE BARODA CO.,  
Dept. 7, 230 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.



We have had 25 years experience growing mushrooms

## MEN AND WOMEN

Write today for our new 32 page FREE BOOKLET and learn how to grow mushrooms for big profits all the year in cellars, stables, sheds, boxes, etc. Surprising returns from small space with little expense. Markets waiting for all you can raise. Previous experience unnecessary. We make and sell best spawn and teach you our methods free.

Nat. Spaw & Mushroom Co., Dept. 16, Boston, Mass.

## SQUAB BOOK FREE

Mated pair billing, or killing—From area to square in four weeks.



Send for our handsome 1908 Free Book, telling how to make money breeding squabs. We were first; our birds are largest and outsell all others. Our methods made a new business of squab raising and are widely followed. Read up on Plymouth Rock squabs, the greatest success of the 20th century in feathers.

Plymouth Rock Squab Co.,  
844 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



Factory to you. Made to order in any style or material. Read this offer: Either of the two styles here illustrated, encased in one or two colors, and showing any letters or numerals, but not more than shown in illustration (order by number), Silver Plate, \$1.00 doz., sample, 10c. Sterling Silver, \$2.50 doz., sample, 25c. Satisfaction guaranteed. We also make the highest grade solid gold and silver Pins, Badges, Seals, Rings, Fobs, etc., at moderate prices. Special designs and estimates free. Catalog Free, showing hundreds of new styles in gold and silver.

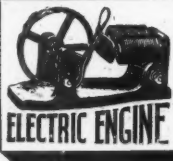
BASTIAN BROS. CO., 168 South Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

## Hallowe'en Favors



Ghost, 15c; Pumpkin Lanterns, 5c, 10c and 25c; Witch Cats, 5c, 25c; Comic Hallowe'en Pins, 5c; Skeletons, Spiders, Wi-hoones, Deception Mirrors, Be-ooms, Wedding Rings, Engagement Rings, 5c each; Pumpkin Jack Horner Pie, 12 Ribbons, \$3.50; Witch and Pumpkin Ice Cream Cases, 60c doz.; Tully Carls, 30c doz.; Dinner Cards, 50c doz.; Party Invitations, 35c; Hallowe'en Paper Napkins, 40c package. We make up \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$5.00 Assortments of Hallowe'en Favors. We positively do not pay mail charges and we advise that all goods be sent by express to insure safe delivery. Are you interested in Favors for Dinners, Parties or Cottillions? If so, send for our handsome new 200-page Catalogue. Free on request.

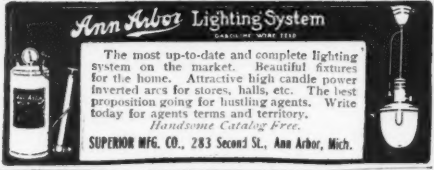
B. SHACKMAN & CO., Dept. 38, 812 Broadway, New York



## Amusing and Instructive Run Toys. Fun for Boys

Three sizes; prices 75c., \$1.00 and \$1.25. Any good Dry Battery will run them for days. Send for FREE Catalogue M 24, 168 pages; 1,000 Electrical specialties with net prices.

Manhattan Electrical Supply Co.,  
17 Park Place, New York City  
185 5th Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



## Ann Arbor Lighting System

The most up-to-date and complete lighting system on the market. Beautiful fixtures for the home. Attractive high candle power inverted arcs for stores, halls, etc. The best proposition going for hustling agents. Write today for agents terms and territory.

Handsome Catalog Free.  
SUPERIOR MFG. CO., 283 Second St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

## ORNAMENTAL WIRE AND STEEL FENCE

Cheaper than wood, combining strength and art. For lawns, churches, cemeteries. Send for FREE CATALOG. Address The Ward Fence Co., Box 752 Decatur, Ind.

## GINSENG

Culture is the "Only Way" to make big money on Little Capital. One acre is worth \$25,000, and yields more Revenue than a 100 acre farm with ten times less work. You can take life easy and live in Comfort on the large income from a small garden. Write to-day.

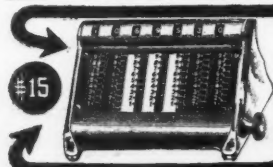
T. H. SUTTON, - 600 Sherwood Ave., Louisville, Ky.



## Grow Mushrooms For Big and Quick Profits.

Ten years experience enables me to give practical instructions that will add \$5 to \$60 per week to your income without interfering with regular occupation.

For full particulars and free book, address  
JACKSON MUSHROOM FARM,  
3243 N. Western Ave., B344, Chicago.



"GEM" ADDING MACHINE  
FREE 10 DAY TRIAL  
AT OUR EXPENSE  
Heaven Automatic Carrier and a Resetting Device that clears the dial to zero. Does the work of high-priced machines. 2 years' WRITTEN GUARANTEE. Special offer to agents. Address R. G. GAVIER, Automatic Adding Machine Co., 312 Broadway, N.Y.



## Pacific Coast's Greatest Newspaper

# THE SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

Is the best medium for advertising in San Francisco, California and the Pacific Coast.

The San Francisco Examiner has the largest circulation on the Pacific Coast, and its rates are low.

The San Francisco Examiner is in a class by itself, having more circulation and advertising than its combined contemporaries.

Number and inches of advertising published in the San Francisco Examiner and its contemporaries for six months ending June 30, 1908:

### EXAMINER

	Number	Inches		Number	Inches
Classified,	402,856		Classified,	123,931	
Display,	29,869		Display,	166,418	
Totals,	432,725		Totals,	290,349	

### ONE CONTEMPORARY

	Number	Inches		Number	Inches
Classified,	159,446		Classified,	73,471	
Display,	32,445		Display,	116,903	
Totals,	191,891		Totals,	190,374	

### SECOND CONTEMPORARY

	Number	Inches		Number	Inches
Classified,	170,353		Classified,	72,483	
Display,	27,570		Display,	115,001	
Totals,	197,923		Totals,	187,484	

The Examiner published over One Hundred Thousand Inches more than either of its contemporaries.

For rates write or wire:

## SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER

SAN FRANCISCO, California  
NEW YORK, Park Place and Broadway  
CHICAGO, 1110 Security Building  
BOSTON, 80 Summer Street.  
LOS ANGELES, 509 South Broadway



## Selected Offers

**In Diamonds**  
Jewelry, Cut Glass  
and Silver.

Write today for the new  
**special discount**  
sheet and the complete **Mar-**  
**shall** catalog.

Regular catalog prices subject to  
discount of **40 per cent.**

Sold with the Positive Guarantee of

# Marshall Quality

Our "F" (first) grade of diamonds are gems of choicest quality; perfect in cut and color—of dazzling, pure white brilliancy.

**OUR SPECIAL PRICES**  
on these **choicest** goods  
will **surprise** those who  
have thought quality in diamonds  
was inseparable from  
inflated prices.

**A SIGNED GUARANTEE**  
of quality,  
weight and price  
accompanies every sale of a MARSHALL diamond. This  
guarantee protects the purchaser on the price, and  
at 40 per cent off.

**ABOVE** are three examples taken at random  
from our catalog. Every one of these magnificent  
rings is set with a **Marshall "F"** (first) grade diamond,  
a grade so fine and rare that not one jeweler in  
ten can afford to carry this grade in stock.

The top ring, in Tiffany mounting, is only \$40.00; the  
beautiful Tiffany twin ring (two gems of choicest quality),  
\$75.00; and the magnificent diamond cluster (so closely set  
as to look like one large diamond), \$85.00.

**TERMS:** \$4.00 a month pays for the Tiffany, and \$7.50  
and \$8.50 a month for each of the other rings.

A discount of 8 per cent for cash in full.

## WRITE FOR CATALOG

and special discount sheet  
at once, even if you do not  
intend to purchase  
right away. Do not think of buying a diamond or  
any article of jewelry, cut glass or silverware  
until you have seen this catalog and our special  
40 per cent discount sheet.

No need to write a letter, your name and address  
on the coupon will do. But send it.

**GEO. E. MARSHALL**  
(Inc.)

W. S. HYDE, Jr., President  
A. S. TRUE, Secretary

Suite 1148  
103 State  
Street,  
CHICAGO,  
ILL.

Without any obligation on me, please send me free, prepaid, your latest  
catalog and explanation of your money-down approval offer, also  
explanation of your term payment plan.

GEO. E. MARSHALL (Inc.), 103 State Street, Suite 1148, Chicago, Illinois.

Name .....

Address .....



# "Safety and Comfort"

**YOU ARE ENTITLED TO KNOW TO WHAT EXTENT AND EXPENSE THE RAILROADS GO TO GUARD YOUR SAFETY**

## Day and Night

You should understand the **AUTOMATIC BLOCK SIGNAL SYSTEMS**—How, from superintendent down, an army of employes, each with his particular task, constantly guard the rails and equipment of the

## Southern Pacific Sunset Route

You should also know the trains on this Route are of superior equipment—Observation, Library, Chair, Buffet, Sleepers and Diners—and the **LOCOMOTIVES ARE "OIL-BURNERS"**—all assuring you safety and comfort on a delightful trans-continental trip through country of continuous scenic surprises,

## New Orleans to San Francisco

Send now for booklets "Safety and Comfort" and "The Modern Way." Mention *Cosmopolitan Magazine* to L. H. Nutting, G. E. P. A., 349 Broadway, New York



Trade-Mark Registered.

### A Perfect Complexion Beautifier and Remover of Wrinkles

Will Develop or Reduce.

**DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS' THE ONLY Electric Massage Roller**

(Patented United States, Europe, Canada.)

"A new beautifier which is warranted to produce a perfect complexion, removing wrinkles and all facial blemishes. Will develop or reduce, as desired. A very pretty addition to the toilet-table."—*Chicago Tribune*. "This delicate Electric Beautifier removes all facial blemishes. It is the only positive remover of wrinkles and crow's-feet. It never fails to perform all that is expected."—*Chicago Times-Herald*. "At one stroke the art of acquiring beauty has become simplified. Any woman may achieve beauty at home and unaided. She will discharge the army of beautifiers she employs to exercise their arts upon her, and buy an Electric Massage Roller. The Roller will do the rest."—*N. Y. World*.

### FOR MASSAGE AND CURATIVE PURPOSES

An Electric Roller in all the term implies. (Rollers magnetized or attached to batteries are not Electric Rollers.) The invention of a physician and electrician known throughout this country and Europe. A most perfect complexion beautifier. Will remove wrinkles, "crow-feet" (premature or from age), and all facial blemishes—POSITIVE. Whenever electricity is to be used for massaging or curative purposes, it has no equal. No charging. Will last forever. Always ready for use on ALL PARTS OF THE BODY, for all diseases. For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous and Circulatory Diseases, a specific. The professional standing of the inventor, with the approval of this country and Europe, is a perfect guarantee. PRICE: GOLD, \$4.00; SILVER, \$3.00 each. Mail, or office. GIBBS CO., 1370 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Book Free. THE ONLY ELECTRIC MASSAGE ROLLER. Is guaranteed in every way.



Copyright.



"Can take a pound a day of a patient, or put it on. Other systems may temporarily alleviate, but this is sure and permanent."—*N. Y. Sun*, Aug., 1891. Send for lecture "Great Secret of Fat" and Blank. No Dieting. No Hard Work.

### DR. JOHN WILSON GIBBS' OBESITY CURE

For the Permanent Reduction and Cure of Obesity. Harmless and positive. NO FAILURE. Your reduction is assured—reduce to stay. One month's treatment, \$25.00. Mail, or office, 1370 Broadway, New York. A PERMANENT REDUCTION GUARANTEED.

"The cure is positive and permanent."—*N. Y. Herald*, July 9, 1893. "On obesity Dr. Gibbs is the recognized authority."—*N. Y. Press*, 1899. Beware of imitators and fraudulent rollers.



## Brown Your Hair

"You'd never think I stained my hair, after I use Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain. The Stain doesn't hurt the hair as dyes do, but makes it grow out fluffy."

### Send for a Trial Package.

It only takes you a few minutes once a month to apply Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain with your comb. Stains only the hair, doesn't rub off, contains no poisonous dyes, sulphur, lead or copper. Has no odor, no sediment, no grease. One bottle of Mrs. Potter's Walnut-Juice Hair Stain should last you a year. Sells for \$1.00 per bottle at first-class druggists. We guarantee satisfaction. Send your name and address on a slip of paper with this advertisement, and enclose 25 cents (stamps or coin) and we will mail you, charges prepaid, a trial package, in plain, sealed wrapper, with valuable booklet on Hair. Mrs. Potter's Hygienic Supply Co., 590 Groton Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

# VOSE



**Over 60,000 VOSE Pianos have been Shipped from our Factories to Homes in the United States.**

The *tone, touch and magnificent wearing qualities* of the **VOSE Piano** are only explained by the **exclusive patented features** and the **high-grade material and superb workmanship** that enter into their construction. The **VOSE** is an ideal Piano for the Home. Delivered anywhere in the United States free of charge. **Satisfaction guaranteed.** Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted.

**FREE**—If you are interested in pianos, let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalog, that gives full information.

**VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.**

153 Boylston Street

Boston, Mass.

## AT THE END OF THE JOURNEY

See the Comfort  
of those wearing

STYLE

ECONOMY



FIT

COMFORT



A railway journey is the supreme test of a collar—  
if it stands that it will stand anything. The ordinary  
collar wilts, cracks, soils and stays soiled until laun-  
dered, and laundering wears, tears, and costs money.

### LITHOLIN WATERPROOFED LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS

cannot wilt or fray, and are made as white as when  
new with a damp cloth. Serviceable and suitable for  
persons in all walks of life, on all occasions. Not dis-  
tinguishable from the best regular linen goods. Cut  
in all popular shapes and sizes, which is not the case  
with celluloid or rubber collars. Those who wear  
LITHOLIN save at least \$16 a year. Figure it out.

**COLLARS 25c.**

**CUFFS 50c.**

Always sold from **RED boxes.** Avoid substitution

If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, num-  
ber wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid.  
Booklet of styles free on request.

**THE FIBERLOID CO.**

Dept. 20

7 Waverly Place, New York

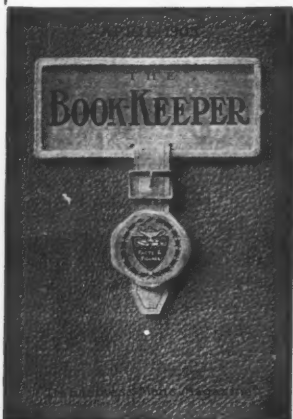
When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

**You** would be a **BETTER** Business Man---a more **SUCCESSFUL** one and your work or business would be **MORE PROFITABLE** if You **READ**

# THE BOOK-KEEPER

*The Magazine that especially fits into your daily work.*

The **BOOK-KEEPER** was established in 1887 and has since that time helped some of our greatest business men to accomplish their **SUCCESS**, by bringing to them each month those business plans, secrets, methods and systems that **MEAN** business **ACHIEVEMENTS**.



¶ It **WILL** bring to **YOU** each month this same element of success and you justly owe it to yourself as a business man to become a subscriber to **THE BOOK-KEEPER**. ¶ Among the leading articles each month will be found detailed descriptions of some of the world's greatest business undertakings and accomplishments, such as: The building of the \$9,000,000 tunnel under one of our greatest rivers. The building and promoting of our great National irrigation projects. Stories and descriptions of one of our greatest National questions---The Forest and its Waning Wealth. Stories of great every day business accomplishments and thousands of other important business questions are dealt with each month.

**And** This combined with the modern and practical technical and non-technical articles (all fully illustrated) will make a better business man of you and gives you a magazine that should be at the head of **YOUR Educational Reading**.

¶ Send in your subscription **NOW--\$1.00 the Year**, or if you have never read **THE BOOK-KEEPER** and do not desire a year's subscription, send in 25 cents for a three months trial subscription.

**THE BUSINESS MAN'S PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.**  
71 Fort Street West, Detroit, Michigan

**Will you accept this business book if we send it free?**

Sign and mail the coupon below. Send no money! Take no risk! One hundred and twelve of the world's master business men have written ten books--2,103 pages--1,407 vital business secrets. In them is the best of all that they know about

- |                 |                   |   |
|-----------------|-------------------|---|
| —Purchasing     | —Organization     | —Position-Getting   |
| —Credits        | —Systematizing    | —Position-Holding   |
| —Collections    | —Retailing        | —Man-Handling   |
| —Accounting     | —Wholesaling      | —Man-Training   |
| —Time-Keeping   | —Manufacturing    | —Business Generalship                                       |
| —Cost-Keeping   | —Insurance        | —Competition Fighting                                       |
| —Advertising    | —Real Estate      | and hundreds and hundreds of other vital business subjects. |
| —Correspondence | —Public Utilities |   |
| —Salesmanship   | —Banking          |   |

A booklet has been published describing, explaining, picturing the work.

Pages 2 and 3 tell about managing businesses great and small; pages 4 and 5 deal with credits, collections and with rock bottom purchasing; pages 6 and 7 with handling and training men; pages 7 to 12 with salesmanship, with advertising, with the marketing of goods through salesmen, dealers and by mail; pages 12 to 15 with the great problem of securing the highest market price for your services--no matter what your line; and the last page tells how you may get a complete set--bound in handsome half morocco, contents in colors--for less than your daily smoke or shave, almost as little as your daily newspaper.

Will you read the book if we send it free? Send no money. Simply sign the coupon.

**The System Co., 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago--**

If there are, in your books, any new ways to increase my business or my salary, I should like to know them. So send on your 16-page free, descriptive booklet. I'll read it.

Cos 11

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Business \_\_\_\_\_  
Position \_\_\_\_\_

## ROMEIKES PRESS CLIPPINGS

are used nowadays by every modern up-to-date business man; they bring you in constant touch with all public and private wants and supply you with news bearing upon any line of business. We read for our subscribers all the important papers published in the United States and abroad. If you have never used press clippings, drop us a postal and we will show you how they can be of advantage to you. Write for booklet and terms.

**ROMEIKE INC.** New York City  
110-112 West 26th Street

## JOIN OUR POST CARD CLUB--FREE

Free membership in the American Home Post Card Club secures you full privileges of our big Post Card Exchange Department. Your address will also be printed free, so as to reach 1,000,000 readers in America, Germany, France, India, China, Australia, etc., etc. Secure free membership by merely forwarding a dime for the great national monthly and Post Card Exchange. Address

**AMERICAN HOME MAGAZINE POST CARD CLUB**  
Dept. N. C. :: 4 Duane Street, New York City

## A G E N T S

Use our reputation; a mine for live agents; establish a pleasant, profitable, permanent subscription business of your own by representing **Cosmopolitan Magazine**. Free outfit and instructions, write for them today.

**Cosmopolitan Subscription Agency**  
Rose and Duane Sts., Dept. W. H. T., New York City

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

# Your Last Chance

## Before the Large Increases This Fall in Subscription Price

Avail yourself of the following remarkably low-price offers NOW. They are here presented for the LAST TIME, previous to the increased prices at which many of these magazine clubs will, in a few weeks, be offered in the catalogues of all the large subscription agencies, publishers and every other authorized source.

¶ Inasmuch as a general rise in subscription rates now prevails throughout the magazine field, we strongly suggest that you take advantage of the very low subscription prices here listed by ordering at once one or more of the clubs at the remarkably low rates named below. These prices easily represent a saving of 30 to 40 per cent. on your next year's reading.

¶ In spite of the general rise in price among high-class, 15-cent magazines from \$1.00 to \$1.50 a year—or higher—nevertheless it will still be possible for you to secure COSMOPOLITAN and the other magazines at the present low rate, provided you will remit now—at once—before the proposed rise. Therefore, select one of the low-priced clubs below and remit by return mail.

<b>COSMOPOLITAN . . . . .</b>	<b>\$1.00</b>	Our Price Only <b>\$1.65</b> (After Oct. 31, \$2.50)
<b>McClure's . . . . .</b>	<b>1.50</b>	
(or Woman's Home Companion or any "Class A"* magazine)		
	<hr/> <b>\$2.50</b>	

<b>COSMOPOLITAN . . .</b>	<b>\$1.00</b>	<b>Our Price Only \$2.30</b>
<b>American Magazine . .</b>	<b>1.00</b>	
<i>(or any "Class A"* magazine)</i>		
<b>Woman's Home Companion</b>	<b>1.00</b>	
<i>(or any "Class A"* magazine)</i>		
	<b>\$3.00</b>	

<b>COSMOPOLITAN</b> . . . . .	<b>\$1.00</b>	Our Price Only <b>\$2</b>
and either		
<b>Pearson's</b> . . . . .	<b>1.50</b>	
Hampton's Broadway, National Mag., Van Norden's Mag., or Technical World		
	<b>\$2.50</b>	

<b>COSMOPOLITAN</b> . . . . .	<b>\$1.00</b>	Our Price Only <b>\$3.25</b>
<b>Everybody's</b> . . . . .	<b>1.50</b>	
<b>World's Work</b> . . . . .	<b>3.00</b>	
	<b>\$5.50</b>	

<b>COSMOPOLITAN</b> . . . . .	<b>\$1.00</b>	Our Price Only <b>\$3</b> (After Oct. 31, \$3.25)
<b>Review of Reviews</b> . . . . .	<b>3.00</b>	
(or any "Class B"* magazine)		
<b>McClure's</b> . . . . .	<b>1.50</b>	
(or Woman's Home Companion or any "Class A"* magazine)		
	<b>\$5.50</b>	

<b>COSMOPOLITAN</b> . . . . .	<b>\$1.00</b>	Our Price Only <b>\$3</b>
<b>Delineator</b> . . . . .	<b>1.00</b>	
<b>World's Work</b> . . . . .	<b>3.00</b>	
	<b>\$5.00</b>	

<b>COSMOPOLITAN</b> . . . . .	<b>\$1.00</b>	Our Price Only <b>\$2.50</b>
<b>Everybody's</b> . . . . .	<b>1.50</b>	
<b>Delineator</b> . . . . .	<b>1.00</b>	
	<b>\$3.50</b>	

<b>COSMOPOLITAN</b> . . . . .	<b>\$1.00</b>	Our Price Only <b>\$3</b>
<b>Smart Set</b> . . . . .	<b>2.50</b>	
(or Outing or any "Class B"*)		
<b>Success</b> . . . . .	<b>1.00</b>	
(or World Today or any "Class A"*)		
	<b>\$4.50</b>	

## IMPORTANT NOTICE:

COSMOPOLITAN's location in the greatest publishing center of the country makes it possible for us to offer purchasers unrivalled facilities for securing both the lowest obtainable subscription prices and promptest service. COSMOPOLITAN, therefore, guarantees its subscribers the lowest prices obtainable from any subscription agency or other source whatsoever. ¶ Many purchasers find it difficult to figure the lowest prices on publications, especially when the magazines wanted are not all listed in the usual clubbing combinations. Our new plan this year, therefore, is merely to allow our patrons to forward us their list of magazines, for us to bill them later—at what we guarantee will be the very lowest prices obtainable. If this page, therefore, does not contain what you wish, or if a money-order is not handy, merely send us then the list of magazines you wish, and we will bill you later at positively the lowest rates. ¶ Renewal subscriptions will be started with the month following the expiration date of the old subscription.

\*NOTE: For list of "Class A" and "Class B" magazines, see these two groups below. All such "Class A" and "Class B" publications may be substituted for similar class magazines named in the various clubs above.

**Class A** { American, American Boy, Good Housekeeping, Harper's Bazar, Metropolitan, Pictorial Review, Success, Sunset, Taylor-Trotwood Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, World Today.

**Class B** { Ainslee's, Bookman, Outing, Review of Reviews, Smart Set.

Address all orders to **COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, 6 Duane Street, New York City**

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

# FASHIONS FOR YOU

*Do You Sew? Are You a Dressmaker? Do You Sometimes Make Over Clothes? Have You Children to Clothe? Do You Want Neat, Economical, Easy-to-Make, Up-to-Date Dressmaking Ideas?*

## THEN READ EVERY WORD

Our newly improved and enlarged Fashion and Household magazine, **Popular Fashions**, is just what you want. We claim and prove by letters from an army of delighted women that it is the best popular priced fashion journal published in America today.

While leading in number, variety and helpfulness of its fashion and dressmaking hints it is also brim full of other good things, serial stories, short stories, Fancy Work, How to Live, Question Box, Cookery, Health and Beauty, Sunshine Corner, etc., etc.

Each instalment of the great two-part story by Herbert Myrick, "A Swim for Life," which started recently, is worth many times the price of a year's subscription.

We also publish stories by Mary E. Wilkins, Libbie Sprague Phillips, Booth Tarkington, Arthur Applin and many other of the best story writers of the day.

But naturally you want something besides our word for it so here we offer you a **big bargain**



## Trial Trip for 10c

Send us only **one dime, silver, or 10c** in stamps, and we will send you **Popular Fashions on trial for 4 months**. If at the end of that time you are not in love with the magazine and will honestly write us that you do not feel you have had your money's worth **the dime will be refunded**. What could be fairer? Send full name and address

today, enclosing **10 cents, silver or stamps**, and test this trial trip tip.  
Address

**POPULAR FASHIONS,** Dept. 28, **Springfield, Mass.**

### BOYS AND GIRLS CAN MAKE GOOD MONEY

representing us in their neighborhood, selling copies to friends and securing yearly subscriptions. No teasing, no begging necessary. Send at once for our full free outfit, and become our representative



## MAYOR JOHNSON

started this institution as a bank for all the people and at his suggestion we adopted the now famous



### BANK MONEY ORDER PLAN OF BANKING BY MAIL

which gives the depositor advantages he never had before. By this unique plan your money begins to draw

#### 4% INTEREST

the moment it reaches us and you receive not the ordinary, clumsy, unsafe pass book but a Money Order which shows on its face the amount of principal and interest and is a certified check

### CASHABLE—ANYWHERE—AT ANY TIME

By our method your money is always on deposit, yet always in your possession ready for instant use when needed.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET No. 51

THE DEPOSITORS SAVINGS & TRUST COMPANY  
Tom L. Johnson, President Cleveland, Ohio



## COOPEROSITIES

Unique, Breezy Little Ads.

I write Ads filling two-inch double column space for age each. More money for larger space. They talk to people in a natural tone. Coal, Clothing, Jewelry, Insurance, Real Estate, Ice, Groceries and every line of trade can be advertised for a little money. Form Letters, Magazine Advertisements, etc.

GEO. H. COOPER, Pittsfield, Mass.

## BE A RAILWAY MAIL CLERK

We prepare you by mail to successfully pass the Civil Service Examination. Our instruction embraces features no other school can use. If you want to be sure to pass get our free catalog. Write today.

THE WENTHE NY. CON. SCHOOL, Dept. C-S 127, Freeport, Ill.

Let Me Show You how easy it is to make a large salary by representing my magazine subscription agency in your locality. Many of my representatives make from \$20 to \$100 a week, and the work is as pleasant as it is profitable. I get customers for you by advertising (see next column). Outfits free. Ask me for full particulars. Write today.

**Crowley**  
THE MAGAZINE MAN

P. O. STATION T, NEW YORK

Between NOW and Christmas

## Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Will happily solve your Gift Problems

Put this down on your Xmas list: Waterman's Ideal is a useful gift.

**GIFT STYLES:**

Beautiful plain patterns or superbly mounted in gold or silver. In Holly boxes. The gift that will last.

L. E. Waterman Co., 172 Broadway, N. Y.  
8 School St., Boston; 209 State St., Chicago; 114 Market St., San Francisco; 136 St. James St., Montreal.

## STEAM OR HOT WATER HEATING PLANT FOR THIS HOUSE \$125.00



INCLUDING BOILER, RADIATORS, PIPE, VALVES, FITTINGS, and everything complete for installation according to our simple plans and diagrams. We can save you an immense amount of money on any kind of a heating plant—furnace, hot water or steam—installed under our binding guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. FREE BOOK and FREE ESTIMATES. If you are interested in any kind of a heating plant for either a new or an old house, write for our 80-page book, "Modern Systems of Home Heating," state what kind of heating plant you want and we will give you a detailed estimate and plan for your building that will show you how you can save one-third to one-half on your outfit and take no risk whatever. WE GUARANTEE EVERYTHING. Write today. Address SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

If You Read Magazines I know how you can get them for a great deal less money than you're paying now. My representative in your town will call and tell you all about it if you drop me a line enclosing list of magazines you want. You'll be surprised to find out how far my prices are below the prices you ordinarily pay. Write me today.

**Crowley**  
THE MAGAZINE MAN

P. O. STATION T, NEW YORK

**IMPORTANT NOTICE!**

COSMOPOLITAN'S location in the greatest publishing center of the country makes it possible for us to offer purchasers unrivalled facilities for securing both the lowest obtainable subscription prices and promptest service. COSMOPOLITAN, therefore, guarantees its subscribers the lowest prices obtainable from any subscription agency or other source, whatsoever. ¶ Many purchasers find it difficult to figure the lowest prices on publications, especially when the magazines wanted are not all listed in the usual clubbing combinations. Our new plan this year, therefore, is merely to allow our patrons to forward us their list of magazines, for us to bill them later—at what we guarantee will be the very lowest prices obtainable. If this page, therefore, does not contain what you want, or if a money-order is not handy, merely send us then the list of magazines you wish, and we will bill you later at positively the lowest rates. ¶ Renewal subscriptions will be started with the month following the expiration date of the old subscription.

# COSMOPOLITAN

¶ You can rest assured that the "cream" of this year's best magazine offers has easily been included in the great clubbing combinations here listed. In view of the general rise in price this Fall among the standard-size magazines, we urgently suggest that you take advantage of the 30 to 40 per cent saving possible in the low-priced magazine clubs offered on this page. Select today one of the low-priced offers here listed and forward your remittance to our address as below. This may be your last opportunity to secure a big 30% to 40% saving on your next year's reading.

¶ Although there has been a general rise in price among high-class 15-cent magazines from \$1.00 to \$1.50 a year—or higher—nevertheless it will still be possible for you to secure COSMOPOLITAN at its present low dollar price, provided you remit now—at once—before its rise in price.

<b>McCLURE'S</b>	with COSMOPOLITAN (after October 31st, \$2.50)	<b>\$1.65</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Woman's Home Companion or Success (after October 31st, \$2.50)	<b>2.30</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Review of Reviews (or any "Class B"*) (after October 31st, \$3.25)	<b>3.00</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN, Sunset and Metropolitan (or any "Class A"*) (after October 31st, \$3.40)	<b>2.95</b>
<b>WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION</b>	with COSMOPOLITAN	<b>\$1.65</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and World Today (or any "Class A"*)	<b>2.30</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Travel or Pearson's	<b>2.65</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Smart Set (or any "Class B"*)	<b>3.00</b>
<b>AMERICAN MAGAZINE</b>	with COSMOPOLITAN	<b>\$1.65</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and American Boy (or any "Class A"*)	<b>2.30</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Travel Magazine or Pacific Monthly	<b>2.65</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Lippincott's	<b>3.40</b>
<b>REVIEW OF REVIEWS</b>	with COSMOPOLITAN and Good Housekeeping (or any "Class A"*)	<b>\$3.00</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Technical World or National	<b>3.35</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Outing (or any "Class B"*)	<b>3.70</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Forest and Stream or Burr-McIntosh	<b>4.35</b>
<b>EVERYBODY'S</b>	with COSMOPOLITAN and Delineator	<b>\$2.50</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and World's Work	<b>3.25</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN, Delineator and World's Work	<b>4.00</b>
<b>HARPER'S BAZAR</b>	with COSMOPOLITAN and Metropolitan (or any "Class A"*)	<b>\$2.30</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Pearson's or National	<b>2.65</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Ainslee's (or any "Class B"*)	<b>3.00</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Burr-McIntosh or Forest and Stream	<b>3.65</b>
<b>SUCCESS</b>	with COSMOPOLITAN	<b>\$1.65</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Sunset (or any "Class A"*)	<b>2.30</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and McClure's (after October 31st, \$2.50)	<b>2.30</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Smart Set (or any "Class B"*)	<b>3.00</b>
<b>HAMPTON'S BROADWAY</b>	with COSMOPOLITAN	<b>\$2.00</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Pictorial Review (or any "Class A"*)	<b>2.65</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Appleton's or Etude	<b>3.00</b>
	with COSMOPOLITAN and Recreation (or any "Class B"*)	<b>3.35</b>

\*NOTE: For list of "Class A" and "Class B" magazines, see these two groups below. All such "Class A" and "Class B" publications may be substituted for similar class magazines named in the various clubs above.

<b>Class A</b>	<i>American</i>	<i>American Boy</i>	<i>Good Housekeeping</i>	<i>Harper's Bazar</i>	<b>Class B</b>	<i>Ainslee's</i>	<i>Bookman</i>
	<i>Metropolitan</i>	<i>Pictorial Review</i>	<i>Success</i>	<i>Sunset</i>		<i>House and Garden</i>	<i>Outing</i>
	<i>Taylor-Trotwood Magazine</i>	<i>Woman's Home Companion</i>				<i>Recreation</i>	<i>Review of Reviews</i>
	<i>World Today</i>					<i>Smart Set</i>	

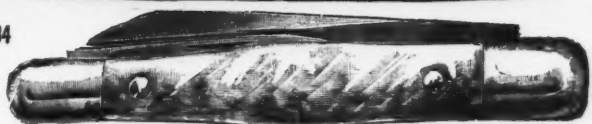
Address all orders to COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, 5 Duane St., New York City

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

No. 58



No. 34



## Here is a Knife Men Love so Much

They Hate to Throw an Old Handle Away

No. 58. Cut is exact size; ebony handle, 3 blades, German silver ends. The long blade is for rough or fine work; the medium blade is as thin as a razor. Price, postpaid \$1.00. If you are not "DE-E-E-LIGHTED" send it back.

With Choice Pearl Handle, \$2.

Our strong 2-blade, 75c Jack Knife we send for a while for 48c, postpaid; 5 for \$2.

No. 34 we call "Our Master-piece"; weighs only 2 ozs.; 3 cutting blades; will cut a quill pen or an ax-handle; price, with ebony handle, post-paid, \$1.25; ivory, \$1.50. choicest pearl, \$2.00.

Send for 80 page Free List and "How to Use a Razor"

**MAHER & GROSH CO.**  
77 A STREET, TOLEDO, OHIO




**Cuts and Holds Its Edge**  
This is but one of the advantages found in  
**Novelty Knives**  
Your photo on one side with name, address, etc., beneath transparent, indestructible handles. Guaranteed best quality razor steel and fully warranted. Style 118 (like cut) 3 1/2 inches long, 2 blades, \$1, with pictures of Taft and Sherman, or Bryan and Kern. Your money refunded if dissatisfied.  
**Agents Earn \$75 to \$250 a Month**  
We show you how. Write quick for terms and great special offer to agents. Exclusive territory. Send 2c for catalog.  
**NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 7 BAR ST., CANTON, O.**

**Strop Your Double-Edged Blades with The Rundel Automatic Stropper**  
Makes old, double-edged razor blades better than new, improves new blades and insures a perfect shave.  
Absolutely automatic and cannot cut strop. Nickel-plated strop and best quality horse hide strop, post-paid, for \$3.00.  
Money back in fifteen days if not satisfactory. In ordering state make of razor. Illustrated folder free. Terms to dealers.  
**The Rundel Sales Co.,**  
70 State St.,  
Rochester, N. Y.



**ROCKAWAY**  
Boys and Girls, get a Rockaway. Runs on roller bearings. Can safely coast without snow, anywhere a sled runs—on streets or grassy slopes. No dragging feet. Entirely new guiding principle. Safety brake regulates speed. Sold by dealers or sent direct \$3; express prepaid east Rocky Mts. Write for free booklet, "Snowless Coasting."  
**THE ROCKAWAY COASTER CO., 67 Race St., Cincinnati, O.**



Coaster Safety Wagon

**We Will Make Your Dreams of an Ideal Home Come True**  
Have you special ideas for a home, but unable to make them a reality? Let us put them into practical shape for you. No stock plans. We will furnish  
**Sketches FREE** to suit your special requirements. Write at once and let us know your ideas.  
**STEINLE & HULSKEN, Architects**  
5-7-9 Elks Building  
FREMONT, OHIO



**WINSLOW'S Skates**  
THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES  
Send for new catalogues describing the different styles and models. When writing, please state whether you are interested in Ice or Roller Skates.  
**THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.,**  
8 Long Lane, E. C. London. Worcester, Mass., U.S.A. 84-86 Chambers St., N.Y.

SKATE MAKING WITH US IS NOT AN EXPERIMENT; IT'S A SCIENCE.

NO OTHER MANUFACTURER OFFERS SO GREAT A VARIETY OF SKATES AS WE DO.



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



### Electricity is Life

The scalp has comparatively few blood vessels—the hair gets dry and harsh, thin and full of dandruff when any fail to act. Electricity, generated by the use of Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brush, stimulates these blood vessels to youthful vigor, relieves dandruff, gives health to the scalp and luxuriant growth to the hair.

#### The Only Guaranteed Hair Brush

Made of selected bristles—not wire—five sizes. Sent postpaid with free compass to test power.

No. 1, \$1.00; No. 2, \$1.50; No. 3, \$2.00; No. 4, \$2.50; No. 5, \$3.00

Prices according to size and power. If not satisfactory, your money will be refunded. Don't accept any substitute. Interesting book on Electro-Magnetism mailed free.

Agents Wanted—liberal commission

PALL MALL ELECTRIC CO. (Estab. 1878), 870 Broadway, New York

## NO MORE BALD HEADS



When our VACUUM CAP is used a few minutes daily. We accept no pay until you have tried the Cap 60 days and are satisfied. The Vacuum Cap is an appliance that draws the blood to the Hair Roots, and starts a new healthy crop of hair. It cures Dandruff, stops hair from falling out.

Bought by Doctors and men who know that it is the only reasonable Hair Grower known to science. No Drugs Used. Write for application blank, testimonials and booklet on "HAIR." Sent sealed in plain envelope. FREE.

### THE MODERN VACUUM CAP CO.

K. 593, Barclay

DENVER, COLO.



### A Sample Box of KOSMEO Face Powder FREE

I want you to know just how good it is—how pleasant and how beneficial to your complexion. Write at once and I will also send you free my useful book, "Aids to Beauty."

Kosmeo Powder comes in flesh, white and brunette. Price 50 cents at all dealers or by mail. Mrs. Gervasio Graham, 1433 Michigan Ave., Chicago

Mrs. Graham teaches her profession. Paying Positions in every city. Write for terms.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

## This Child Crippled Now Well

Read What Mr. Funderburk Has to Say About the Cure of His Child.

To those who are directly interested in crippled or deformed children or young adults, the following should appeal.



Springfield, Ills., Sept. 10, 1907.

The L. C. McLain Sanitarium, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—Edith has no trouble at all. She uses her limbs as if they had never been paralyzed, and that is hard to realize when we remember that when we took her to your Sanitarium five years ago she had no use of her legs at all, due to infantile paralysis which followed a severe attack of brain fever.

We recently had her picture taken and mail you one to show you how well she is now, but the picture does not convey an adequate idea and you should see her run about in order to realize just how well she is.

I have referred dozens of afflicted people to your place and hope some of them have seen you.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE W. FUNDERBURK.

What we have done for this child and hundreds of other crippled and afflicted people, we can do for you if given the opportunity.

Write us freely and at once regarding any case of spinal deformity, crooked feet, infantile paralysis, crippled or deformed joints or limbs and we will be pleased to advise you. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," with references, is Free for the asking. The L. C. McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium, 3104 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.





## DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

**20% Down, 10% Per Month**

Why wait for your Diamond until you have saved the price—pay for it by the Lyon method and *get it at once*. Lyon prices are 20% below all competitors'. We import in the rough, cut and polish, saving you middlemen's profits and the duty levied on polished stones. We deal only in perfect blue white diamonds. A written guarantee accompanies every sale. Exchangeable any time at *full price*. All goods sent prepaid subject to examination. Send for our Catalogue No. 4 richly illustrated.

Established 1843.

**J. M. LYON & CO.**  
71-73 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK

## HS & Co QUALITY TOOLS

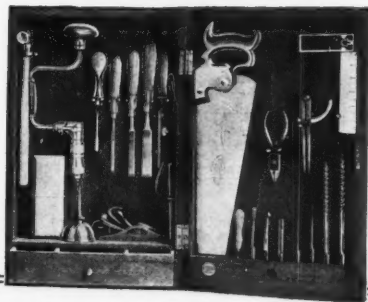


Illustration is of Set No. 52 @ \$10.00

EVERY business day since 1848 we have sold Tools, none but the best. These Outfits are strictly high grade, not "seconds," and not toys, simply the best brands of Standard Mechanics' Tools in polished Oak Cabinets.

No.	Tools	\$
47	21 tools	7.50
52	24 "	10.00
53	36 "	15.00
54	40 "	20.00
100	95 "	85.00

Ask for catalogue No. 2508.

**HAMMACHER, SCHLEMMER & CO.**  
Hardware and Tools for all Trades.  
New York, Since 1848. 4th Ave. & 13th St.

## "Handy" Shur-On Eyeglasses



*The newest Shur-On style*

### On and off with one hand

All the spring is in the neat finger pieces—no coil springs to break—and the bridge is rigid and always keeps the lenses in proper position before the eyes.

You get, besides, all the other *Shur-On* qualities—good looks, comfort and firm hold.

Get the genuine "Handy" *Shur-On*, backed by our 44 years' reputation. Look for *Shur-On* stamped on the mounting and be protected against substitution.

Ask your optician. Shapes to fit any nose. Illustrated book free.

**E. Kirstein Sons Co., Dept. O**  
Established 1864 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## Puts the Best Cutting Edge on Any Razor

There is a *quality* in the smooth surface of a Torrey Strop which gives a wonderfully fine edge to a razor—our *free* catalogue tells you about it. Once you shave with a razor stropped on a "Torrey," you know what is meant by a "perfect edge" and you know how to get it.

## TORREY STROPS

are best. To use one, just before shaving, puts a razor in such fine trim that shaving is a luxury.

Torrey Stropps can be had for 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 in style and quality to correspond with the prices. Postpaid if your dealer doesn't have them, and a new strop or money back if not satisfied.

**Ask for TORREY STROPS and RAZORS**

Torrey's *Oil-Edge* Dressing will keep any strop soft and pliable. Price 15c at dealers or mailed on receipt of price. Catalogue containing valuable information free.

**J. R. TORREY & CO., Dept. F, Worcester, Mass.**



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



## Built for Business

The Swan Fountain Pen is made to stand the wear and tear and hard work of every-day business usage. It has the best Gold Pen ever put into a Fountain Pen and a natural feed that is thoroughly dependable, always ready to write.

It is the absolute mechanical and scientific perfection of these fundamental parts which makes

MABIE, TODD & CO.'S  
**Swan**  
FOUNTAIN PEN

immeasurably superior to any other. Constant use very soon demonstrates this superiority.

Get a Swan Fountain Pen that just suits your hand and you have a pen that will last a lifetime.

*You will be interested in our illustrated booklet about the Swan Fountain Pen. Write for it today.*

**Mabie, Todd & Co.**

Established 1843.

Department J

17 Malden Lane  
New York

149 Dearborn St.  
Chicago

LONDON PARIS BRUSSELS MANCHESTER

**Always Writes  
When You Want  
It to Write**



ONE OF OUR 15-MONTHS  
OLD TREES

## \$1500 A YEAR FOR LIFE

Any one who can spare \$2.50 or more a month can purchase an undivided interest in our 15,000-acre rubber plantation in Tropical Mexico. \$25 a month paid through the development period of our plantation, should bring you an average revenue of \$1,500 a year net profit as long as you live and leave an annuity for your heirs. If you wish to save for old age or provide for the days when you feel entitled to retire from constant work, this is a most excellent opportunity. It is more profitable than life insurance, and not so long to wait—safe as city real estate, yet not so costly; better than a savings bank, for the profit is greater.

All wealth comes from the earth and our 15,000 acres well watered, accessible to markets and superintended by an experienced and capable American manager, should yield large and steady profits.

We are changing the production of crude rubber from the primitive and destructive methods heretofore employed by the natives to the most scientific and successful plan known to modern forestry.

There is nothing speculative about crude rubber. It can be sold every day in the year in any market in the world at a price that has been steadily increasing for years. For a quarter of a century the world's supply has been spoken for, months before it reached the civilized market. The price has doubled in a decade and the question of future supply is of vast moment and can only be solved by the scientific cultivation of the rubber tree.

We are engaged in this immensely profitable industry on a large scale, having nearly one million rubber trees under cultivation which will be producing rubber in due time.

The unusual opportunity is now open to you to secure shares in our plantation. Each share represents an undivided interest in our land upon which we expect to soon have growing at least 1,500,000 rubber trees and 500,000 coconut trees, besides other tropical products. The great work we have accomplished absolutely assures the success of our enterprise.

We have full and complete literature showing conclusive facts, logical figures and definite references of good character, proving beyond any doubt that our proposition is bona fide, certain and profitable.

It is worth your time to ask for our booklets. In justice to yourself you should provide against the ravages of time, the chances of poverty and the misfortunes of ill health, by making an investment and securing a competent income that will cover all necessary living requirements.

Write for our booklet, "A Safe and Profitable Investment," and satisfy yourself that our statements are correct. Over 900 people, after thoroughly investigating our proposition, have become associated with us in this great enterprise.

Write to-day for facts which will put you in close touch with every detail of our plan. Our literature is sent free, and every request will receive immediate attention.

**CONSERVATIVE RUBBER PRODUCTION CO., 613 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, Cal.**

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



# Bull Dog SUSPENDERS

## STRETCH A PAIR

More and Better Rubber is responsible for the quickly noticed superiority and comfort

Unbreakable, non-rusting, gold-gilt, metal parts, tough, pliable BULL DOG ENDS, that will not pull out at the button holes, and careful workmanship enable us to absolutely guarantee that

## THEY OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS

MONEY BACK IF NOT ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY

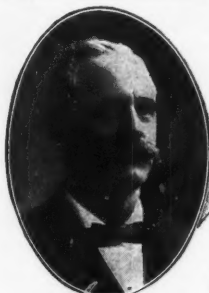
Made in seven different styles, each for a purpose, light or heavy weights, medium or extra long, as desired. A pair of BULL DOGS, suited to your particular needs, for each pair of trousers you possess, will save labor and add to your comfort and pleasure in a way that will surprise you

**50 CENTS AT YOUR DEALER**

Or by mail, post-paid, if he cannot supply you

**HEWES & POTTER**

Dept. 24, 87 Lincoln Street : : : Boston, Mass.



CHARLES K. SHAROOD

## Comfort is the Prime Requisite in a Shoe—

There is one shoe that affords *comfort* as no other shoe does and in addition measures up to the highest standards of style, workmanship, fit, wear. The

**Sharood** *Pneumatic Soles* **RE-Z \$5.00 Shoe**

is a custom shoe with this advantage—the soles are *RE-Z Pneumatic*—made of antiseptic felt, covered with softest leather and laid over waterproof canvas on a cork insole. Not a suggestion of dampness can penetrate. They are so soft and resilient that so long as you wear the Sharood R E-Z \$5.00 Shoe you seem to tread on air. Try a pair.

Most live dealers have them in stock. If yours hasn't, send us his name and we will mail you a copy of our R E-Z Style Book and a pair of Sharood's R E-Z Shoe Laces FREE.



**SHAROOD SHOE CORPORATION**

351 Broadway

ST. PAUL, MINN.

MADE ON **TREBSTRATE** LASTS

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

# PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS



**"THE CORDS SLIDE"**

have the exclusive and common sense cord action at the back which gives and takes with every movement. This overcomes all strain at the shoulders and buttons and means long wear. Highest quality of elastic webbing over the shoulders. Different weights and lengths to suit all requirements.

**MAKER'S GUARANTEE** on every pair—Satisfaction, new pair or money back.

Price 50c at your dealer, or sent prepaid on receipt of price.

**THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.**  
705 Main St., Shirley, Mass.



**REVERSIBLE "Linene" COLLARS**

**MADE IN 10 STYLES.**

10 collars for 25 cts. of stores. By mail 30 cts., or sample 5 cts. in stamps. Give size and style.

**REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. 57, Boston, Mass.**



**PARIS GARTERS**

Pat'd Dec., 1906.  
Other Patents Pending.

**PERFECT FOR ALL SEASONS**

PARIS is the only shaped and fitted garter. No metal comes next the wearer.

An article that careful dressers buy repeatedly must be superior.

That's the story of the PARIS Garter. One man writes: "I've been waiting 18 years for this garter."

Copyright, 1909  
A. Stein & Co.

In six months time PARIS has taken the lead, strictly on its merits.

If your dealer is sold out, send us 25 cents for mercerized, or 50 cents for silk. Money back if you are not enthusiastically satisfied.

Made only by A. STEIN & CO., 157 Center Ave., Chicago



**Lightest, Easiest, Coziest Made**

Women's \$1.00  
Men's - \$1.25  
DELIVERED

**Comfy Slipper**

Made of pure "Comfy felt," soft leather soles with one inch of carded wool between felt inner sole and felt and leather outer soles, making a perfect cushion tread. Ideal for the bedroom.

Colors: Navy Blue, Gray, Brown and Red

Send for CATALOGUE No. 33 showing many new styles.

**DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE CO.**  
American Felt Co. Building  
114-116 East 13th Street, New York

**STYLE  
NEATNESS  
COMFORT  
THE IMPROVED**

# BOSTON GARTER

The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there

THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON **CLASP**

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

Sample pair, Silk 50c, Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers  
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

**INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE  
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES**



## Geisha Diamonds

THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY

Bright, sparkling, beautiful. For brilliancy they equal the genuine, standing all test and puzzle experts. One twentieth the expense. Sent free with privilege of examination. For particulars, prices, etc., address

THE R. GREGG MFG. & IMPT. CO.  
Dept. 10, 52-58 W. Jackson Boul. Chicago, Ill.

## "Korrek Shape"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

### Patent Leather Shoes GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK

We authorize your dealer to give you a new pair free should the patent "Burrojaps" leather in the uppers of your "Korrek Shape" shoes break through before the first sole is worn through. Look for the "Burrojaps" label in the lining.

This label Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Isn't a broad guarantee like this a good reason in itself for you to wear "Korrek Shape" shoes? It means that in buying patent leathers you need no longer have any doubt as to their reliability. It is proof of satisfaction furnished in advance. Send for catalog.

The name "Korrek Shape" signifies exactly and literally that the "Korrek Shape" model is based on the right principle of foot-anatomy. A pair of these shoes that fits you comfortably when tried on in the store will be comfortable every minute as long as you wear them. The price is \$4 a pair.

5000 dealers sell "Korrek Shape" shoes for men. If you do not find a dealer near you, write for our Catalog showing 21 beautiful styles. Shoes sent prepaid.



Patent Blucher, Box Kid Top, "Winton" Toe. Style No. 25.

PRICE Custom Made  
\$4 \$5



THE BURT & PACKARD CO., Makers  
Department C-1  
BROCKTON, MASS.

## Clothes Count



CLOTHES that fit: That look smart and fashionable: That are well-made, serviceable, dressy: Clothes that have distinction and individuality—that look, in fact, as if they belonged to the wearer, and not to some other man. There is that something about custom-made, made to measure, clothing that always shows a man's regard for his personal appearance. The New York Tailors of New York City set the fashion for the country in men's clothes. Have your clothes custom-made in New York by

### The New York Tailors

and be confident that there can be nothing better in style and workmanship. Our system of home measurement, with Style and Sample Book, enables us to tailor for men from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Upon request, we send you, free, our new illustrated Fall Style Book, containing detail charts of color harmony and correct dress for all occasions, with our complete line of samples of imported and domestic textiles, suitable for all ages. Also outfit for our system of home measurement which enables you to have a custom-made suit in less time and at less cost, of better material and style, than you can get from your local tailor.

We make suits and overcoats from \$12.50 to \$25.00. Actual value \$20.00 to \$50.00 and Direct to the Consumer only; delivered expressage prepaid. Made from your own special pattern, cut from your measurements. All cloth carefully inspected, cold water sponged and London shrunk. Exclusive designs, many of which we control absolutely. No detail of workmanship neglected. We back our statements with an iron-clad guarantee of perfect fit and satisfaction or your money refunded. This assures absolutely, no risk to you.

Send postal to-day for our catalog. It's worth your while. Free and Post Paid.

**The New York Tailors, Established 18 Years H 729-731 Broadway, New York City**



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

## The Hose With the Real Guarantee—**SIX MONTHS NO HOLES**

Six pairs of Everwear hose must wear 6 months. If a hole should develop anywhere in any pair during that time, we give you a new pair free. That's the only condition upon which they're sold. And mighty few are returned, because they are made to live, and *do live*, the life of this guarantee. Tell you why. We use only the finest Yarn of extra strength and wearing quality. Then, by a special knitting process, we give extra strength to the heel and toe, which does *not* permit these parts to become bulky or stiff. The colors are absolutely fast—they are seamless, and fit perfectly. They're not only the best hose you can buy, but the most comfortable, neatest, most stylish.

Men's Half Hose in Egyptian Cotton—two weights—light and medium—\$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, steel gray, light and dark tan. Silk Lisle—two weights, Summer and Fall—\$3.00 a box. Colors, black, blue, light and dark gray, tan, champagne, green and burgundy.

Everwear Hose for ladies in Egyptian Cotton—\$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet, and tan. Silk Lisle—\$3.00 a box. Colors, black and tan. Both Men's and Women's Hose are sold in boxes of six pairs only—one size to a box—solid or assorted colors as desired.

Order 6 pairs to-day. Ask your dealer. If he hasn't them he can get them. If he refuses send us the price, stating size, kind, weight and colors desired, and we'll send them express paid to any part of the United States.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., Dept. 16, Milwaukee, Wis.



**Everwear**  
TRADE MARK  
**Hosiery**

For Men and Women

## "THEY FIT ROYALLY"



TRADE MARK  
**Emperor**

Shirts, \$1.00 and up

TRADE MARK  
**Princely**

Shirts, 50¢ and 75¢

SLIP into an "EMPEROR" or a "PRINCELY" Shirt at your favorite shop. The first thing you perceive is the fullness of cut. That means no binding anywhere and delightful freedom everywhere. What next impresses you is the firmness of the fabric, the richness of the coloring, and the exclusiveness of the pattern.

Then—if you are observant of details—you will pause at the well-worked button-holes; the fine-quality pearl buttons; the true stitching; the perfect shaping of the armholes and the beautiful laundering.

The quality of "EMPEROR" and "PRINCELY" Shirts belittles their moderate price. They are custom-made in all but name, and "they fit royally."

Your dealer sells them. More than 900 modish and exclusive designs to choose from. Insist on getting "EMPEROR" or "PRINCELY" Shirts, and look for either of the labels shown above. None genuine without them. Beautiful Style-Panoramas "E" in colors sent free. Write for it.

**PHILLIPS-JONES COMPANY, 502-504 Broadway, New York**

Also Makers of "Jack Rabbit" Work Shirts

Largest Shirt Manufacturers in the United States. Established 1862.



# Lord & Taylor

Wholesale Distributors

"Onyx"



Hosiery

Look for this

Trade-Mark

Stamped on every pair.

TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT of all the Hosiery imported into the United States bears the "ONYX" Trademark and gives satisfaction to the millions of users. There is no reason why you should not be one of this great army of contented patrons.

"ONYX" Hosiery provides a greater variety—a wider range of qualities—and represents the highest standard of efficiency possible to obtain in Hosiery. Every pair is guaranteed.

## For Women

**109/K.** Women's "Onyx" Black Sea Island Medium Weight Cotton; spliced sole. 50c. per pair.

**151/K.** Women's "Onyx" Black Gauze Cotton. Garter top; spliced heel, sole and toe. 50c. per pair.

**599/S.** Women's "Onyx" Black Gauze Lisle. Garter top, spliced selvage, reinforced heel and toe; unusual value; delightful weight. 50c. per pair.

**310/13.** Women's "Onyx" Black Medium Weight Four-Thread Lisle, superior quality, wear resisting. 50c. per pair.

*Silk Lisle Hosiery  
Feels Like Silk—Looks Like Silk  
Wears Better Than Silk*

**409/K.** Women's "Onyx" Black, Tan and White Silk Lisle, gauze weight; soft, glossy, flexible, durable; double sole; spliced heel. 50c. per pair.

## Out Size Lisle Hose

**121/9.** Women's "Onyx" Black, Tan and White Gauze Lisle, extra size—a spliced sole, heel and toe; reinforced garter top. 50c. per pair.

**130/K.** Women's "Onyx" Black Gauze Silk Lisle; double sole; high spliced heel; soft, silky, extra wide and elastic. 75c. per pair.

## For Men

**E/310.** Black and Colored Lisle, Six-Thread Heel and Toe. Four Threads all over. The only Lisle Hose that will not burn nor is harsh to the feet. 50c. per pair.

**E/325.** Men's Black and Colored Lisle, every desirable shade, a soft lustrous silky hose. Exceptionally satisfactory. 50c. per pair.



## Special Value

**No. 106.** Pure thread silk. Black, White, Tan, Ox-blood, Copenhagen Blue, London Smoke, Paris Tan, American Beauty, Pongee—all colors to match shoes or gown—unquestionably the best value in America—pure dye. Every pair guaranteed. Price \$2.25 per pair.

Sold everywhere. Ask your dealer or write Dept. 5. We will direct you to nearest dealer or mail postpaid on receipt of price any number as above stated.

# Broadway New York

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

IN ANY WALK  
OF LIFE YOU CAN  
"STEP HIGH" IN

**Kenyon**  
HANGWELL  
TROUSERS



They satisfy pride in dress. Impose no strain on seams when seated. Correctly designed and cut. Made by the makers of Kenyon Overcoats, which guarantees quality and workmanship. Your dealer should have them; if not, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied. Tell us the type of garment you desire and about what you wish to pay. We will send samples of cloth, or will, if desired, forward complete garments to a dealer for your inspection. This liberal offer also applies to our Kenreign Rain Coats and Kenyon Overcoats, enabling you to inspect all these at your own convenience.

**C. KENYON CO., 23 Union Square, New York.** Address Mail to Factories, 710 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**MEN WHO LOOK FOR  
QUALITY DEMAND**

**KING QUALITY SHOES**

¶ If you toe in, toe out, or straight ahead it is here that you can make your head save your feet. Select a King Quality Shoe with a sole cut to the curve of your foot. Don't imagine that your foot is hard to fit. If a shoe can be made to fit your foot we have it. Our argument is the shoe itself. Heel, toe, instep, it fits at every point. Material, workmanship, style, they are all there. The result is shoe perfection.

¶ Note particularly the advantage of the reinforced instep in the King Quality Shoe. It is the latest idea in practical shoe construction.

Any dealer in the United States wishing to control the \$4.00 and \$5.00 men's shoe trade will be sent a sample line express paid.

¶ King Quality Shoes for men are sold by first class retailers the country over. Let us send you our catalogue.

**ARNOLD SHOE CO., No. Abington, Mass.**

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



**M**OST high-fold collars set like No. 1. "OLYMPIC" and "CARLTON" set like 2 and 3. There is room for the cravat knot and for the fingers when buttoning or unbuttoning the collar.

## ARROW COLLARS

15 cents—2 for 25 cents.

Made in CLUPECO SHRUNK,  
QUARTER SIZES, under  
the ARROW label only.

Proper Dress—A booklet,  
yours on request.

CLUETT, PEABODY & Co.  
Makers of Cluett Shirts  
443 River St., Troy, N. Y.

OLYMPIC,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  in. high  
CARLTON,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  in. high



The above is but a slight exaggeration of some of the styles seen to-day, whose wearers are under the delusion that they are fashionably dressed.

If you want decided style and novelty in your garments, tempered by unmistakable refinement, insist on obtaining our "Ultra" Suits and Overcoats.

If not carried by your local dealer, send us your name and address and we will see that you wants are filled.

Handsome Memorandum Book sent *Free of Charge*.

*David Marks & Sons*

Makers of "Horse Shoe" Clothes  
BROADWAY NEW YORK

*The*  
**Florsheim**  
SHOE  
LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

### The Frat Blucher



This  
dull  
leather  
blucher

makes a good,  
every day shoe for

the dressy, particular man.

It is both stylish and serviceable—like all Florsheim Shoes.

The quality is built in and results from the careful selection of materials handled by experts from cutting to finishing.

Every Florsheim Shoe is made over "natural shaped" lasts which insure real foot comfort. Most styles \$5 and \$6.

Write for style book.

**The Florsheim Shoe Co.**

Chicago, U. S. A.

**INCOME WITHOUT CAPITAL**  
**\$2500. TO \$7500. YEARLY**

The capital required to deal in Real Estate, Brokerage and Insurance, is furnished by the people you do business with. You draw an income on this free capital. We teach and train you how to handle these branches so that you can do it better than others and your services are in demand. As our scholar we instruct and develop you. In a few weeks we can fit you to be

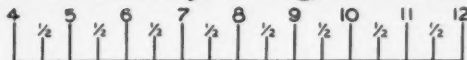
**OUR ACCREDITED REPRESENTATIVE** in your locality. We help you from the start; put you in touch with all our representatives with whom you may co-operate in business; furnish you readily salable real estate and investments and help you secure customers. In short, we put you in the way of an income instead of a salary; make you an employer instead of an employee.

Write for our free pamphlet of 30 pages giving full information concerning our most successful method of instruction.

**INTER-STATE SALES COMPANY, 297 Times Building, New York.**

# 1/4 SIZES

The ordinary range of sizes



The REGAL range of sizes



## Insure Perfect Fit

Unless you wear Regal Shoes, the chances are that you've often bought ill-fitting, uncomfortable shoes, rather than take the time and trouble to go from store to store, hunting an accurate fit. That's all unnecessary.

Regal Quarter-sizes give you *double* the assurance of a perfect fitting—because they provide a special *quarter-size in between* each regular half and whole size.

*No other shoes give you this advantage.*

The 243 Regal styles for this season are exact reproductions of the made-to-order, metropolitan models.

The name REGAL is itself a guarantee of style-correctness and highest quality.

And Regal Shoes are sold directly from the factory to *you*, with all intermediate profits eliminated. Nowhere else in the world can you obtain equal shoe value at anywhere near Regal prices.

### \$3.50

Specials, \$1.00 and \$5.00

Largest retail shoe business in the world.  
487 Stores and Agencies in the United States and  
24 foreign countries.

**REGAL SHOE COMPANY.** Mail Order Dept.: 319 SUMMER STREET, Boston, Mass.  
Mail-Order Sub-Stations—Factory, Whitman, Mass. Box 913. San Francisco, Cal., 791 Market St.  
London, Eng., 97 Cheapside, cor. Lawrence Lane, E. C.



**RECTOR**  
**\$3.50**

*Delivered, prepaid, \$3.75*

Style E6307—As illustrated,  
High shoe, made of King  
Patent Leather.

**FALL STYLE BOOK:**

Illustrates the correct  
models for both men and  
women. It's an acknowledged  
authority on styles. Magazine size.  
Handsome cover in colors. Postpaid  
on request.

# REGAL SHOES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



## O'Sullivan's Heels of New Live Rubber Give Energy and Elasticity to Your Walk

In the economy of walking, heels of live new rubber are an essential factor.

Nothing explains the value of Heels of new live rubber in walking better than Mr. Carnegie's version of elasticity as the element necessary for the United States currency.

The energy, yes, the energy, of new **LIVE Rubber UNDER YOUR HEEL AT EVERY STEP**, whether you stand or walk, is what you want.

Energy to walk, energy to work, to act, to think; the more energy the more life; the more success the more achievement, the more happiness; energy imparts energy; energy means power.

Apply it to yourself; the young people need it, the conservative, behind-the-times people need it, and what is there to mark a well-spent life so well as energy in the centenarian?

Last fall, when the O'Sullivan Rubber Company had an opportunity to save 10 per cent. in the cost of their heels, owing to the low cost of crude rubber, **THEY PUT IT IN THE GOODS.**

They wisely applied the 10 per cent. to secure added **ENERGY**, elasticity and durability to their heels, soles and other specialties in the form of a higher grade of Para Rubber, without any additional cost to the public.

They want no thanks for doing so; the fact is cited to show the business policy of the O'Sullivan Company.

The purpose of this communication to the public is to call attention to the energy, life and snap in the O'Sullivan Heel of New Rubber **AND THE NECESSITY** for this quality in the heels **TO FILL THEIR MISSION FOR THE PEOPLE.**



**HUMPHREY O'SULLIVAN**  
Founder of the Rubber Heel Industry

Carnegie says: "Elasticity is what the currency needs."  
O'Sullivan says: "Elasticity is what your walk needs to make it natural, graceful and easy."

It won't do to have heels made of dead, musty, ground-up old door mats and the like.

When you decide to wear rubber heels demand O'Sullivan's, that have energy, life, durability; and after telling you why you should demand them, if you don't get them, it's your fault.

We have in mind many people for whom rubber heels are an absolute necessity, but none more so than the Housekeepers.

Juliets and Oxfords for their wear and the wear of Nurses are generally made with rubber heels on.

The merits of the O'Sullivan heels led the manufacturers to do so; but the shame of it is that some makers, just to save a few cents, put on any old kind that looks like rubber, and it is passed out as "just as good" to the Housekeeper or whoever it may be—and there are thousands who use them.

**NOW THIS IS TO TELL THE PUBLIC IMITATIONS ARE "NOT AS GOOD."** They are used because they cost less than O'Sullivan's, and the few cents saved by the manufacturers is taken out of the vital point—the comfort to the wearer. If those using house shoes with Rubber Heels on will refuse to accept imitations

they'll show the dealers that they know. There's only one kind of heels made of New Live Rubber, that have energy, life and durability—O'Sullivan's. The same difference exists between O'Sullivan's Heels and the imitations that there is between the live wire and the dead one.

## O'Sullivan's New Live Rubber Heels Encourage Walking

Have a pair fitted to your street shoes and you'll want to walk. **ALL SENSIBLE people WEAR THEM.** Whether you work with your hands or brain, or both, whether you stand or walk, heels of **NEW LIVE rubber** will aid you. They act as a buffer against the daily grind.

*For Men and Women who are doing things, who are making the city's wheels move, they are **ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.***

Only cost 50 cents and they wear **TWICE AS LONG AS LEATHER**, so that they are **CHEAPER TO WEAR.** When you decide to get rubber heels demand **O'SULLIVAN'S**; they are the **PIONEERS** and the only kind made of **LIVE RUBBER.** The name **O'SULLIVAN on RUBBER** is like "**STERLING**" on silver. All shoe dealers will supply you.

**O'SULLIVAN RUBBER CO., LOWELL, MASS.**

# Are Your Hosiery Insured?

This is the guarantee that comes in each box of six pairs of "Holeproof" Hose: "If any or all of these hose come to holes in six months from the day you buy them, we will replace them free."

The great success of our men's and women's hose has forced us to increase our line.

## We Now Make Children's Stockings

These have 6-ply reinforced knees as well as 6-ply heels and toes. So their cost is 50c a pair or \$3 a box of 6 pairs. But once you try them you would pay \$1 if we asked it.

They save all the darning—they outwear many pairs of the best unguaranteed stockings, so the saving in dollars and cents at the end of the year makes them the cheapest by far.

No other hosiery equals "Holeproof" in quality.

## We Pay an Average of 73c Per Pound for Our Yarn

We buy the best Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the softest and finest we know—regardless of what we must pay.

Our yarn is 3-ply. We could pay 35c and get weak and coarse 2-ply yarn as others do. But you wouldn't buy such hosiery because it is uncomfortable. We are not trying to sell you wear only. Buy "Holeproof" for all of the qualities of the best unguaranteed hosiery—buy it for 6 months' longer wear.

Your whole family will wear it once they know what it means.

## \$30,000 a Year

### Spent for Inspection Alone

80 people in our factory do nothing but examine "Holeproof" Hosiery to see that it is perfect before it is sent out. We do this to protect our reputation. But you get the benefit.

We were the first to guarantee hose in this way. Our hose are so good that the demand is now

## 15,000 Pairs a Day

Think how much darning—how much trouble and how much money you can save in a year with hosiery that is guaranteed as ours is. Think what a pleasure to wear such hose since they are soft, comfortable, stylish and well fitting.

Try a box. Let what they prove and save decide what hosiery you'll buy in the future.

If your dealer does not have genuine "Holeproof" Sox, bearing the "Holeproof" Trade-mark, order direct from us. Use the coupon. Remit in any convenient way and we will ship you the box and prepay transportation charges.

## FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

**Holeproof Sox** 6 pairs, \$2. Medium, light and extra light weight. Black, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, and black with white feet. Sizes, 9½ to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. One color or assorted to order.

**Holeproof Stockings** 6 pairs, \$2. Medium weight. Black, tan and black with white feet. Sizes, 8 to 11.

**Holeproof Lustre-Sox** Finished like silk. 6 pairs, \$3. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan and pearl gray. Sizes, 9½ to 12.

**Holeproof Lustre-Stockings** Finished like silk. 6 pairs, \$3. Extra light weight. Tan and black. Sizes, 8 to 11.

**Children's Stockings** Boys' sizes, 5 to 10, and Misses' sizes, 5 to 9½. Colors, black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Six pairs, \$3.

Ask for our free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

and light they are. Compare any brand of sock with "Holeproof." Then let "Holeproof" show how they wear.

## This Is a Fact to Note:

Please learn that the only difference between the best unguaranteed sock and "Holeproof" is that "Holeproof" wear longer. Examine them. Notice how soft

## Cut Out Coupon as a Memo

Men's  
Women's  
Boys'  
Misses'

☐  
☐  
☐  
☐

Put check mark in square opposite kind you want.

Holeproof Hosiery Co.  
191 Fourth St.  
Milwaukee, Wis.

Enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_ Please send me \_\_\_\_\_

boxes of Holeproof \_\_\_\_\_

Size \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_

Colors \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906  
This trade-mark is put on our hose and each box.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

# Hawes. von Gal HATS



**O**CCASION, season and a man's taste have a bearing on the type of hat worn. Fall is the time that permits the greatest indulgence of fancy, the transition from the negligé to the more formal dress, bringing into use both the soft and stiff hat. Men find in the **Hawes, von Gal Hats** the style, the individuality and the quality that distinguish them from other makes.

Every Hawes, von Gal Hat guaranteed. Prices, \$3, \$4 and \$5.

**We are Makers of the *Hawes* Celebrated \$3.<sup>00</sup> Hats**

If not at your local dealer's, write for our new Fall and Winter Style Book "D." We will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of expressage

**Hawes. von Gal**  
INCORPORATED

1178 Broadway, New York

FACTORY:  
DANBURY, Connecticut

Wholesale Offices:  
CHICAGO BOSTON

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

# Stein-Bloch Styles for Fall & Winter

THEY are now ready for you at the best clothing store in your town.

This means more than the mere fact that designers and cutters have completed their work of offering something new.

It means that fashions and weaves being made up at *this moment* by the foremost tailors abroad and at home, for their most particular customers, are placed *now, at the same time*, within reach of you and of your pocket book.

We have made the round for you, as your commissioners, to the world's fashion centers. For months the pick weaves of the best looms have been submitted to us.

We have worked the styles and woollens into shape, have given them form in suits and overcoats that will appeal with particular force this season to the good taste of the modern American—and fit him better than most high-priced made-to-order clothes.

Write for "Smartness," the book of Fall and Winter Styles, mailed you free.

## The Stein-Bloch Co.

Tailors for Men

Offices & Shops  
Rochester, N.Y.

New York  
130-132 Fifth Avenue

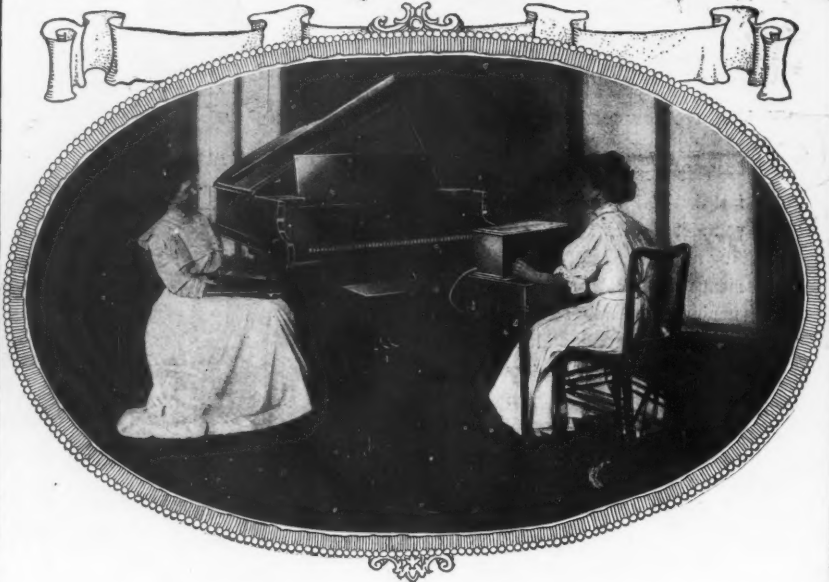
This label has had the respect of well dressed men for 54 years



When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



# TEL-ELECTRIC PIANO PLAYER



*To understand how well The Tel-Electric plays, you must first remove every impression which any other piano player has given you.*

The Tel-Electric does *more* than strike notes with perfect accuracy as to time and rhythm. That is only the *beginning* of piano playing. The realm of touch and tone, of delicate shading and interpretation, is the musicianly side of piano playing, the quality which makes it *artistic*.

## **In this Realm of Artistic Playing The Tel-Electric Stands Alone.**

You can either listen to it play the compositions of the masters with perfect fidelity to the expression marks indicated by the composers on their original scores, or you can control the playing and give it any interpretation you wish.

In either case there is no tiresome pumping to take your strength and attention. The Tel-Electric can be attached to any Piano—grand or upright—is invisible, does not obstruct the keyboard and is the *one* player which does not harm the instrument.

The highest grade piano of any make with The Tel-Electric attached can be purchased at a price materially lower than that of the best pneumatic player-piano.

Before purchasing any other piano player, or before sacrificing your piano in buying a player-piano, let us demonstrate to you the superiority of The Tel-Electric.

Write us for descriptive booklet and name of nearest representative.

## **The Tel-Electric Piano Player**

285 Fifth Avenue,

Corner 30th Street

New York





## ALL OVER THE LAND

The Genuine Welsbach is Acknowledged  
the Best and most Economical Light.

Gives three times the amount of light, yet saves 50% of the gas bill.  
It is positively and unqualifiedly 83 1-3% less expensive than electric light.  
The cost of Welsbach Lights is promptly repaid in the gas-saving.

## TWO NEW LIGHTS THIS SEASON



### Price \$1.75, Complete

Throws all the light DOWN, just where you want it, without shadow from fixture. Looks like electric light, at one-eighth the cost. The ideal light to read or work by. Save your eyes by using the Reflex Inverted Light.



### Price 35 cents, Complete

Gives 50 candle power and consumes less than two feet of gas per hour. Think of it! Five hours lighting at a cost of one cent. Discard your open flame tips, burning eight feet of gas per hour. With the Welsbach Junior you'll have double the light at 1/4 the cost.

Ask your dealer about these lamps or write us.

### GENUINE WELSBACH MANTLES.

Made for 20 years—better every year. The best is "J" brand Welsbach. Price 30 cents—others 25, 20, 15, 10 cents.

**WELSBACH COMPANY, Gloucester, New Jersey**

# COLUMBIA

Double-Discs



**65c—Two records in one**

Your record money will go nearly twice as far hereafter!

Columbia Disc Records are now **two records in one**—a **different** selection recorded on **each side** of the disc.

Even if you had to pay \$1.20 for a Columbia Double-Disc Record, it would be worth it—for you would get two selections that have always cost 60 cents each. But the price is only 65 cents for the two selections. And it isn't putting it too strong to say that **no other record is worth considering.**

We are not merely offering you unquestionable double value for 65 cents; we are offering you actually a better record on each side of the Columbia Double-Disc than you have ever bought at the old price, under

any name, for the single record—better in surface, tone and durability.

If you have never played a Columbia record on your machine, be sure to get at least one of the new Double-Disc Columbia Records from your dealer and take it home and hear it.

Don't spend another cent for records till you have seen and heard the Columbia Double-Discs. There's a dealer near you who has them ready. Be sure you see a **Columbia** dealer—or write us direct.

Get the new catalog: includes the famous "Fonotopia" series of Grand Opera Double-Disc records. 39 Grand Opera stars in the list, 59 Operas represented—over 200 Grand Opera selections including 22 by Bonci, the world's greatest tenor.

**WANTED—Exclusive dealers, with exclusive rights,**

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

DOUBLE-  
DISC

# RECORDS

Double-Discs



**Fit any disc machine — 65c**

No one thing will give so much pleasure, to so many people, for so long a time, at so little cost, as the Columbia Graphophone (\$20 to \$200). Get a catalog!

New machines for old. Any Columbia dealer will make a liberal allowance for your machine toward the purchase of a new Columbia Graphophone. Ask the dealer or write us.

**COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH  
Co., GEN'L**

**Tribune Building, NEW YORK**

**STORES OR DEALERS IN ALL CITIES**

**MAIN STORES:**

35 West 23d St., NEW YORK  
88 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO  
953 Van Ness Ave., SAN FRANCISCO

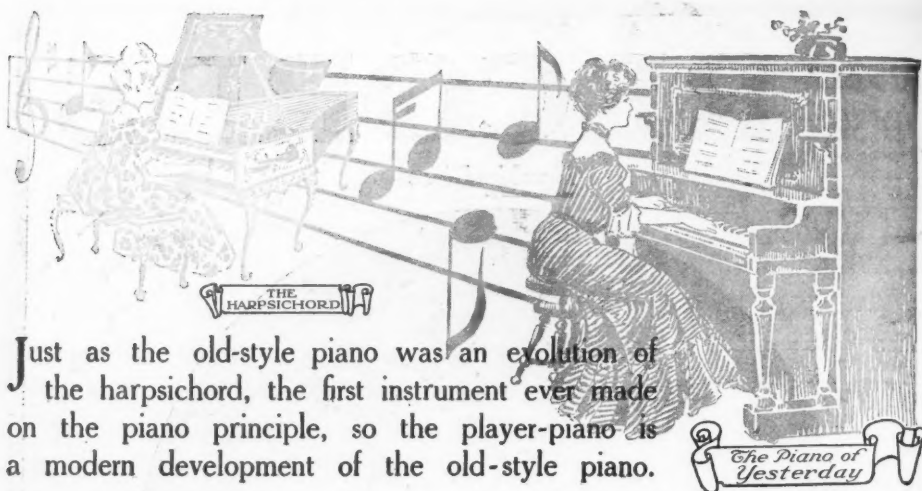
**Headquarters for Canada:**

107 Yonge St., TORONTO, ONT.



**where we are not represented. Write for particulars**

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



Just as the old-style piano was an evolution of the harpsichord, the first instrument ever made on the piano principle, so the player-piano is a modern development of the old-style piano.

There is no longer any question as to which is the more desirable instrument—the piano or the player-piano. Nor, after hearing all player-pianos is there any room for intelligent argument as to which affords the greatest satisfaction to use.

The reason you will choose the

# ANGELUS PLAYER PIANO

is simply because it is the one player-piano with which it is possible to produce music of a nature sufficiently artistic to completely satisfy yourself and those who know and appreciate good music when they hear it.

Good music is infinitely preferable to indifferent music. You should make your choice of instruments accordingly. The ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO, through its marvelous expression devices, enables you to produce music of the most pronounced artistic character. These patented and exclusive expression facilities are very easy to manipulate. They provide you with every means necessary to the most successful and satisfactory piano-playing.

Everyone interested in player-pianos or pianos should send for a copy of our beautiful new booklet. This gives you many facts about the various instruments which it will actually pay you in dollars and cents to know about.



#### THE MELODANT

the wonderful new device, which brings out the complete melody clearly and distinctly, subordinating the accompaniment and emphasizing the melody notes. The Melodant produces all the master effects which mark the performance of the accomplished pianist.

#### THE PHRASING LEVER

enabling you to retard or accelerate at will—to pause on any particular phrase or rest on any note. By this means the most delightful tempo effects may be secured. This device is necessary, absolutely, to artistic and effective renditions.

#### DIAPHRAGM PNEUMATICS

increase or decrease the blow of the fingers. This gradation of volume is accomplished either gradually or instantly, which gives the effect of the human touch to your playing.

#### MELODY BOTTOMS

provide a means for accenting in either base or treble. When desired, the base notes may be delicately softened or subdued independently of the treble, and vice-versa.

*The Piano of Today*

**N**one but the ANGELUS instruments are equipped with these wonderful expression facilities. When you, therefore, consider that the entire success of your playing necessarily depends on the degree of spirit or musical feeling you are enabled to put into your music, you will appreciate what their presence means.

**Y**our player-piano is usually a lifetime purchase. Before purchasing yours, you should be sure to hear and play the ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO. It is to your interest to do this, as you will thus be saved the certainty of disappointment later on.

The little ANGELUS, in the form of a small portable cabinet, plays any make or style of piano. The ANGELUS is also incorporated in the world-famous Knabe and in the Emerson piano, making the KNABE-ANGELUS and the EMERSON-ANGELUS.

Send for name of convenient representative.

**THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.**

MERIDEN, Conn.

Established 1876.

Regent House, Regent St., LONDON.

**E**very lover of music should have a copy of this book. You will find it an invaluable reference book when the time of purchase comes. Send for your copy now. Read this book over carefully and learn by it. It's free.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan





## The Truth About Chemical Preservatives in Foods

*The United States Government says they slowly but surely destroy health and they are often used to conceal inferior materials.*

Benzoate of Soda and other drugs and chemicals in foods generally, have but two uses—either to preserve that which is not good and clean enough, or that which is not well enough prepared to keep otherwise.

### Look at all Ketchup Labels

Beware of brands labeled as containing Benzoate of Soda. It may be—too often is—used to preserve materials of doubtful quality—refuse cores and skins of tomatoes, for instance—canners' waste, which in its original state is actually repulsive.

To make Ketchup, Chili Sauce, etc., without Benzoate of Soda or other chemical preservatives, requires wholesome materials and clean methods.

Heinz Tomato Products are made from whole, ripe, selected tomatoes, prepared fresh from the vines, put up hot direct from the kettles, and contain no drugs or chemicals of any kind. They are safe to buy in every sense.

The Law requires the presence of Benzoate of Soda in a package to be stated on a label—these labels are often small and obscure. Your only protection is to read all labels on prepared foods.

# HEINZ

## Tomato Ketchup—Chili Sauce Tomato Soup

*Do not contain one drop of chemical preservatives. They are even purer than the law prescribes.*

**TOMATO KETCHUP**—not overloaded with spices and sweetening; the delightful tomato flavor predominates. The special growing of Heinz tomatoes in soil and climate that produce the best, results in a high quality that makes this ketchup a surprise to one accustomed to ordinary kinds. **No preservatives.**

**CHILI SAUCE.** In this popular relish the fine savor of the tomato is accentuated by skillful seasoning. Smooth, uniform, appetizing. **No preservatives.**

**TOMATO SOUP.** The secret of its goodness lies not only in the high grade of tomatoes used, but in their careful blending with pure, rich cream and spices of our own grinding. The most delicious of purees—and there's none like Heinz. **No preservatives.**

All sold under positive guarantee of purity and satisfaction or grocer refunds money.

*The Heinz Kitchens—always open—annually receive 30,000 visitors. Those who cannot come will enjoy our instructive booklet on Heinz methods and Heinz foods. Sent free.*

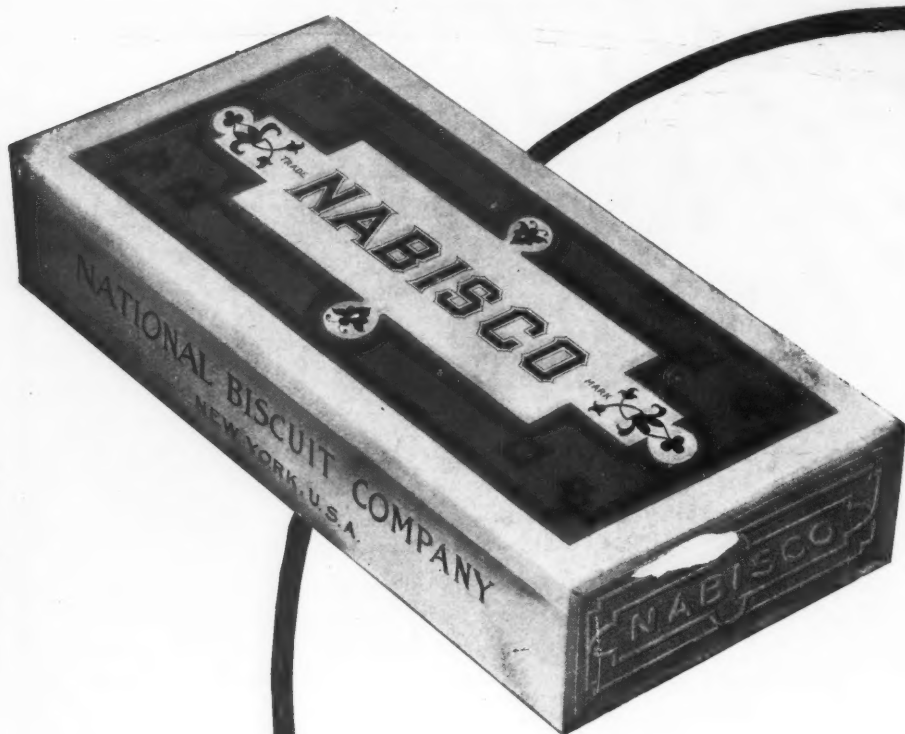


**H. J. HEINZ COMPANY**

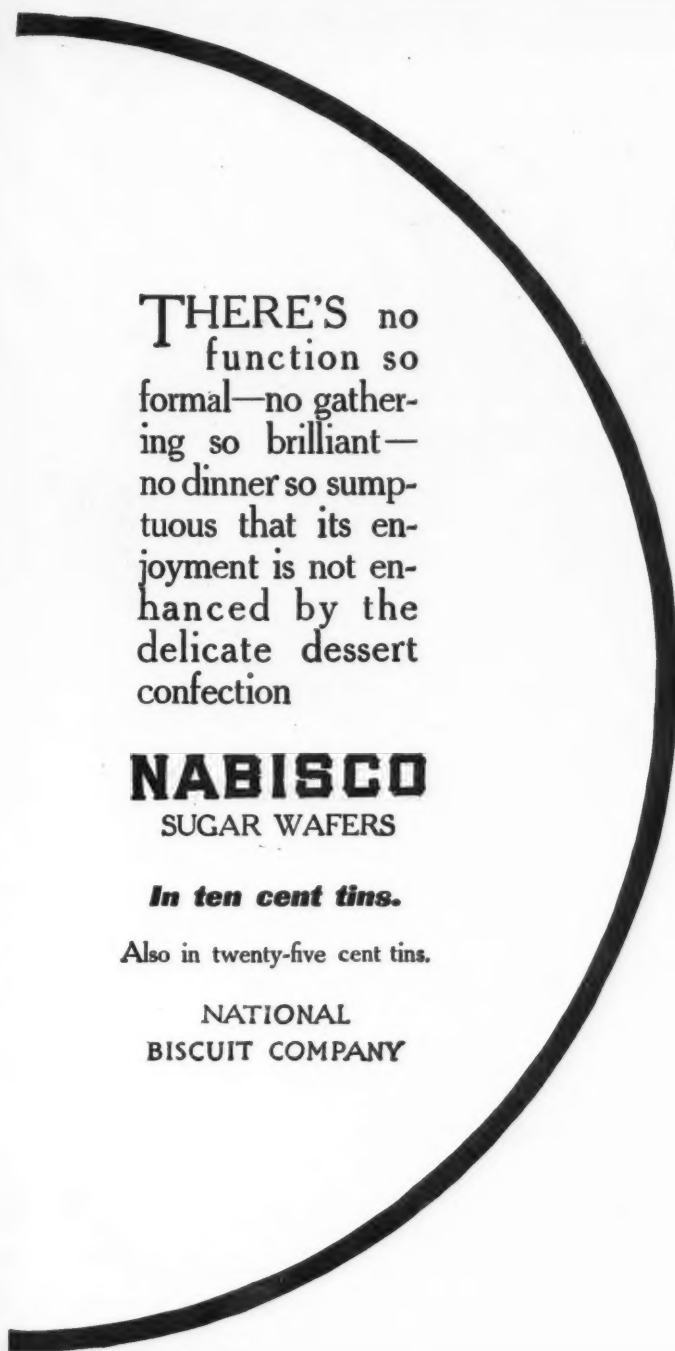
New York  
Chicago

Pittsburgh  
London

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



When you write, please mention the *Cosmopolitan*



THERE'S no  
function so  
formal—no gather-  
ing so brilliant—  
no dinner so sumptu-  
ous that its en-  
joyment is not en-  
hanced by the  
delicate dessert  
confection

**NABISCO**  
SUGAR WAFERS

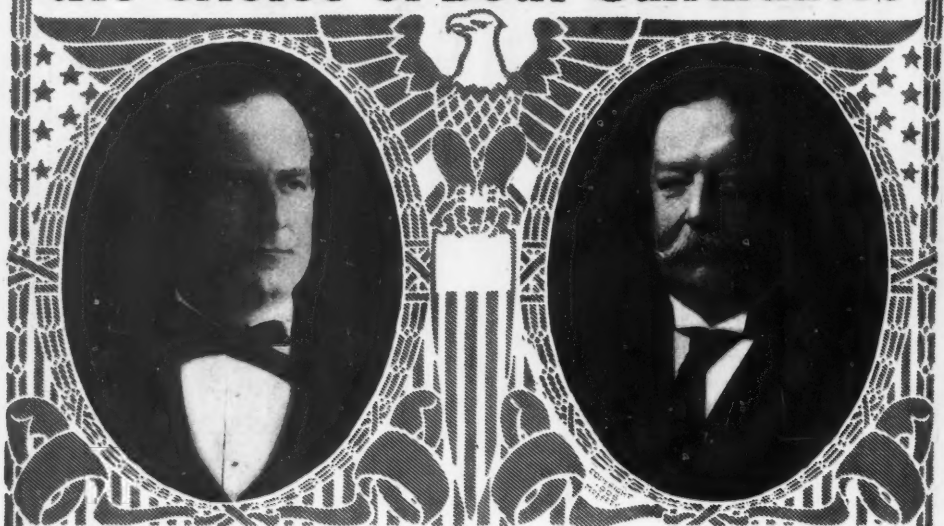
***In ten cent tins.***

Also in twenty-five cent tins.

NATIONAL  
BISCUIT COMPANY

# The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

the choice of both Candidates



**Y**OU can buy of any dealer in Edison Records records made by the Republican and Democratic candidates for President.

For the first time in the history of politics, candidates for the highest office in the gift of the people have made Records for Phonographic use.

The Phonograph selected was the Edison Phonograph, both on account of the prominence of Mr. Edison in the scientific world, and on account of the accuracy of Records made by his process.

You can hear not only the exact words, but the exact tone and inflections of each Presidential candidate as he makes his speeches. There are twelve selections from Taft's speeches and ten selections from Bryan's speeches, each one on burning topics and each one a life-like reproduction.

Go to the nearest dealer and hear them, and no matter how you vote, get the Records of both candidates. If you haven't an Edison Phonograph, get one also. Presidential Records 35 cents each.

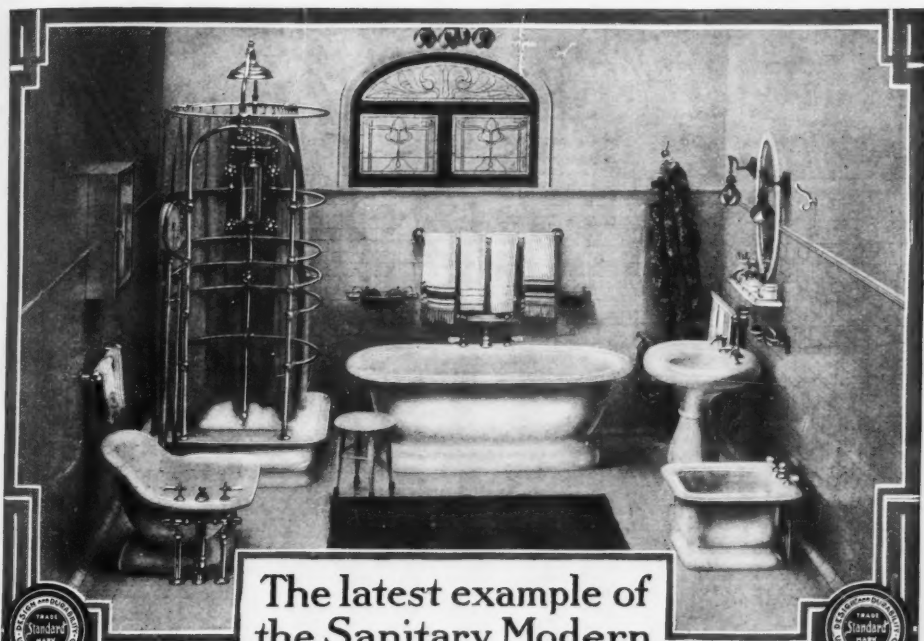
Ask your dealer or write to us for the new catalogue of Edison Phonographs, THE PHONOGRAM, describing each Record in detail; the SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE, listing the twenty-four new October Records, and the COMPLETE CATALOGUE, listing all Edison Records now in existence. Records in all foreign languages.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 57 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J.



Thomas A. Edison





The latest example of  
the Sanitary Modern  
Bathroom completely equipped with  
**"Standard"**  
Green & Gold Label Plumbing Fixtures

In a new edition of our beautiful 100-page book—"MODERN BATHROOMS"—there are a number of bathrooms, both elaborate and inexpensive, splendidly illustrated and described in detail. If you are building a new house or modernizing the old, it will pay you to send for a copy and read it carefully. The prices of the bathrooms, completely equipped, range from \$69. to \$542. The equipment of each bathroom is the best and most economical possible to procure at its price. This book means money-saved to you. Send for your copy now.

*Please enclose six cents postage and give us the  
name of your architect and plumber, if selected.*

Address **Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Dept. F** Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A.

Offices and Showrooms in New York: **"Standard" Building**, 35-37 West 31st Street.

Louisville: 325-329 West Main Street.

London, Eng.: 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.

Pittsburgh:

949 Penn Avenue.

New Orleans: Cor. Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.

Cleveland: 648-652 Huron Road, S. E.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

*Hasn't scratched yet!!!*


REGISTERED 1901. BY BON AMI CO.



# Bon Ami

A SCOURING SOAP  
A METAL POLISH  
A GLASS CLEANER

*The Best Scouring Soap Made*  
(16 y'r's <sup>ON</sup> THE m'kt.)




## The "Likly" Wardrobe Trunk

Built for your traveling comfort and convenience by the most experienced trunk makers in America.  
 The wardrobe section will carry, without wrinkling, sixteen suits or gowns and any one may be removed without disturbing the rest.  
 The drawer section is exceptionally roomy, and keeps accessories and minor articles of wear in perfect condition. Easy to pack and unpack, attractive in appearance and built in the most scientific manner.

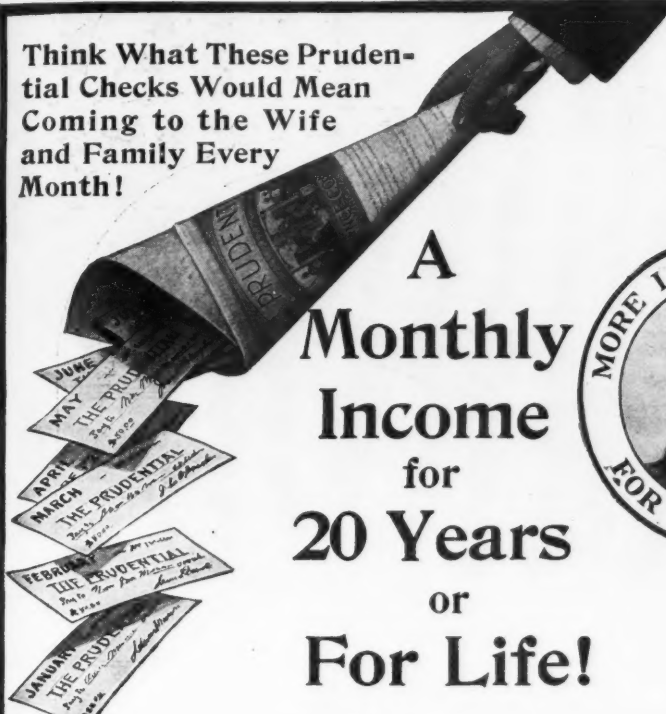
Ask your dealer or send for free catalogue showing trunks and bags for every conceivable want.

**Henry Likly & Co.**  
 370 Lyell Ave. Rochester, N. Y.

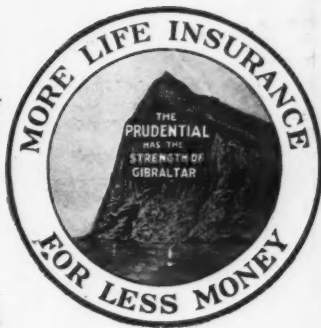


When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan

Think What These Prudential Checks Would Mean Coming to the Wife and Family Every Month!



A  
Monthly  
Income  
for  
20 Years  
or  
For Life!



# The Prudential's Very Newest Idea in Life Insurance

At age 30, for \$167.35 a year during your life, (a saving of \$13.95 a month) your Family Will Receive after your death \$50.00 Every month for 20 years, or \$12,000 in all!

At slightly higher cost, the income would continue for life!

Write for Rates at Your Age and Learn How You can  
Provide an Absolute Guaranteed Income for Your Family.

## The Prudential Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Dept. 47

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

When you write, please mention the Cosmopolitan



How can you expect your piano to look as well as it should if you never wash it?  
Wash it? Yes, wash it.  
Dusting is not sufficient. The woodwork needs to be gone over thoroughly, at least once a month; and the keys should receive attention every week—oftener if you live in a city.

**TO CLEAN THE WOODWORK:** Dissolve a quarter of a cake of Ivory Soap, shaved fine, in a pint of boiling water. When lukewarm, apply with a soft cloth. Rinse with cold water, which should be applied with another soft cloth. Rub dry with a chamois.

**TO CLEAN THE KEYS:** Dip a clean cloth of some soft material into a bowl of tepid water. Wring it almost dry. Rub the cloth on a cake of Ivory Soap. Wipe dirt off the keys. Polish with a chamois or a clean, soft cloth.

For every purpose that involves the use of a better-than-ordinary soap, Ivory Soap is unequalled. It contains no "free" alkali, no harmful ingredient of any kind. It is pure soap; and nothing else.

**Ivory Soap . . 99<sup>4</sup>/<sub>100</sub> Per Cent. Pure.**

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI



THERE'S  
ALWAYS  
MORE  
CREAM  
*of*  
WHEAT

George Gibbs

Painted by George Gibbs for Cream of Wheat Company

Copyright 1907 by Cream of Wheat Company.



# CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR



**5<sup>lb</sup> Sealed Boxes Only! Best Sugar for Tea and Coffee!**

R

!